

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR NORMA SHEARER?

Modern Screen

DECEMBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
SCREEN MAGAZINE

PERIODICAL DIVISION
JUL 11 1936

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BOB TAYLOR'S TRUE LIFE STORY

BE IRRESISTIBLE—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

IRRESISTIBLE

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IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK

"Ridiculous"SAYS
MODERN
MATRON

A MODERN MATRON AND A DENTIST

BATTLE OVER A CARROT

*"Intelligent"*SAYS
YOUR
DENTIST

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

"**R**IDICULOUS," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" *That's the social side of the debate.* But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about

tender, rundown gums—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

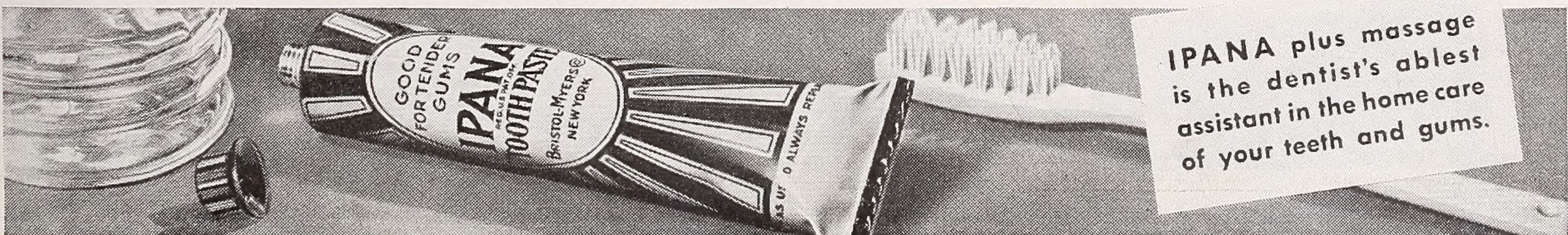
"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

When you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well

as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and *switch* today!



IPANA plus massage
is the dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.

*She's a Tournament
BRIDGE PLAYER...
yet she TINTS
her own nails!*



HER playing is clever, but more clever still is the way her tinted finger tips focus attention and compel admiration. Feminine to the nth degree, she knows the eyes of the table are on her hands, and she dramatizes their effectiveness with F-O Nail Polish.

It's as simple as putting on lipstick to keep your finger tips always in perfect condition. At your own dressing table with eight shades of F-O you can vary your tone of polish at a second's whim.

There is a marvelous F-O Oily Polish Remover to forestall brittleness, and a cuticle remover that makes a self manicure the simplest of all your toilet routines. Smart women know that F-O Polish gives their finger tips increased seductiveness. You try it, too!



● F-O manicure preparations are available in liberal 10c size packages at all ten cent stores.

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN

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Regina Cannon, Editor

Adelia Bird, Associate Editor

Abril Lamarque, Art Editor

Leo Townsend, Hollywood Editor

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She's back (and will you ever forget her in "*Broadway Melody of 1936*") in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "*Great Ziegfeld*" ...brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell ("*Easy to Love*", "*I've Got You Under My Skin*", "*Swingin' The Jinx Away*", "*Hey, Babe, Hey*", and lots more).

BORN TO DANCE

Starring

ELEANOR POWELL

with

JAMES STEWART • VIRGINIA BRUCE

UNA MERKEL • SID SILVERS • FRANCES LANGFORD

RAYMOND WALBURN • ALAN DINEHART • BUDDY EBSEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth

Cecil B. DeMille, director, and Gary Cooper, star of "The Plainsman" accept the Award of Merit from Leo Townsend, Hollywood Editor of Modern Screen.



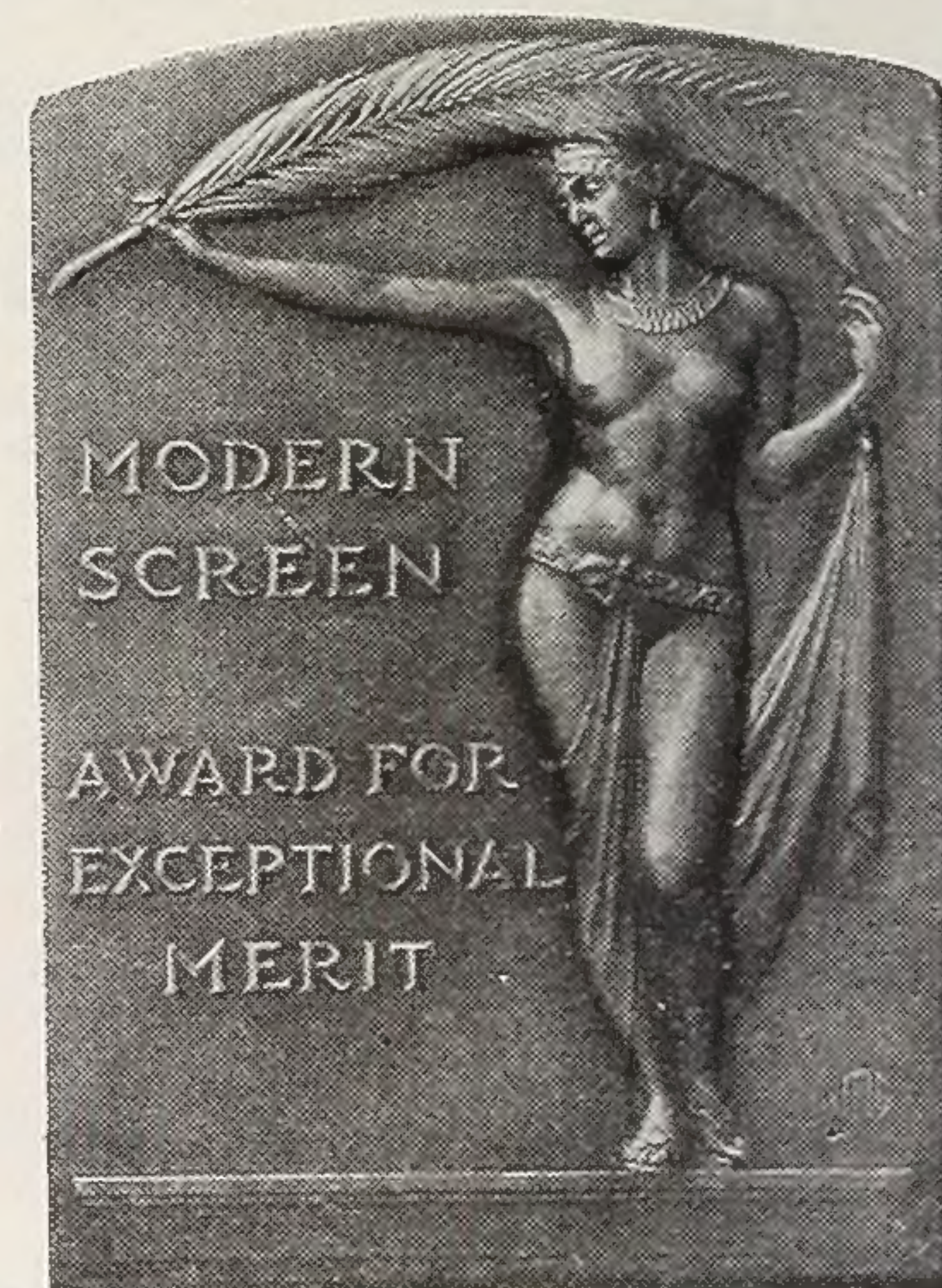
**we
SALUTE**

"The Plainsman"

Our congratulations to everyone who helped make "The Plainsman" a fine and moving spectacle, a dramatic and colorful picture of America when it was young.

Cecil B. DeMille, who produced and directed the picture for Paramount, caps a quarter of a century of making movies. Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, in the leads, as well as the supporting players, contribute to the entertainment with highly commendable performances.

Each month Modern Screen will award a medal to the most outstanding about-to-be-released production. Our Award of Merit is given, after careful consideration, to the picture we feel will offer you the most entertainment, the picture you'll most want to see. Let Modern Screen be your guide to good pictures, and watch for next month's Award of Merit.



Deviating from his allegiance to biblical times, producer-director Cecil B. DeMille turns his attention and his cameras to that period in American history when Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok roamed the plains. With the DeMille touch in evidence throughout, "The Plainsman" is an exciting slice of Early America. It has the color and the pace of a glorified western plus the power and the epic sweep expected of a DeMille production. Around such historical events in American history as the Indian massacres and Custer's Last Stand, Mr. DeMille has woven a story of the heroism of Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill and the frustrated love of Calamity Jane. Briefly, the plot concerns the activities of John Lattimer, a rifle-running renegade (Charles Bickford) who sells guns and ammunition to the Indians. Wild Bill Hickok (Gary Cooper), determined to curtail the gun smuggling, is assigned by General Custer (John Miljan) to head off a band of Indians who are attempting to capture one of Custer's

ammunition trains. With the aid of Buffalo Bill (James Ellison) he holds off the redskins until the arrival of Custer and his men, after which he sets out to find the rifle-runner. In the meantime, Custer and his troops are wiped out by a fresh attack from the Indians. Hickok gets his revenge when he meets Lattimer in a saloon owned by Calamity Jane (Jean Arthur) and beats him to the draw. A few minutes later Wild Bill's career is ended when he's shot in the back by a bartender.

Gary Cooper plays Wild Bill in a manner reminiscent of his excellent similar role in "The Virginian;" Jean Arthur's Calamity Jane will add considerably to her growing reputation and James Ellison's Buffalo Bill proves him one of the most adept of the screen's younger players. In the supporting cast, Charles Bickford, John Miljan, Porter Hall and a newcomer, Helen Burgess, are outstanding. Don't miss this picture

New York's glorious prize play becomes the year's prize picture

(We nominate "Winterset")
(for the Best Picture of 1936)

Like a thunderbolt of naked light, "Winterset" struck Broadway! Youth's impassioned cry for love, rising out of a great city's sound and fury!...Crowded audiences sat enthralled by its swift, burning drama. For months, they warmed their hearts in its deep-glowing romance... "Winterset" won the Critics' Award as the best play produced in New York last season. Now, with the three exciting stars who made it a stage sensation, it tears at your heart on the screen.

"Winterset"

Maxwell Anderson's Famous Play with
BURGESS MEREDITH
MARGO

EDUARDO CIANNELLI
in the roles they created on the stage
John Carradine • Edward Ellis

Directed by Alfred Santell
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
A Pandro S. Berman Production



BURGESS MEREDITH... brilliant young actor who scored a triumph as "Mio," sworn to avenge his martyred father.



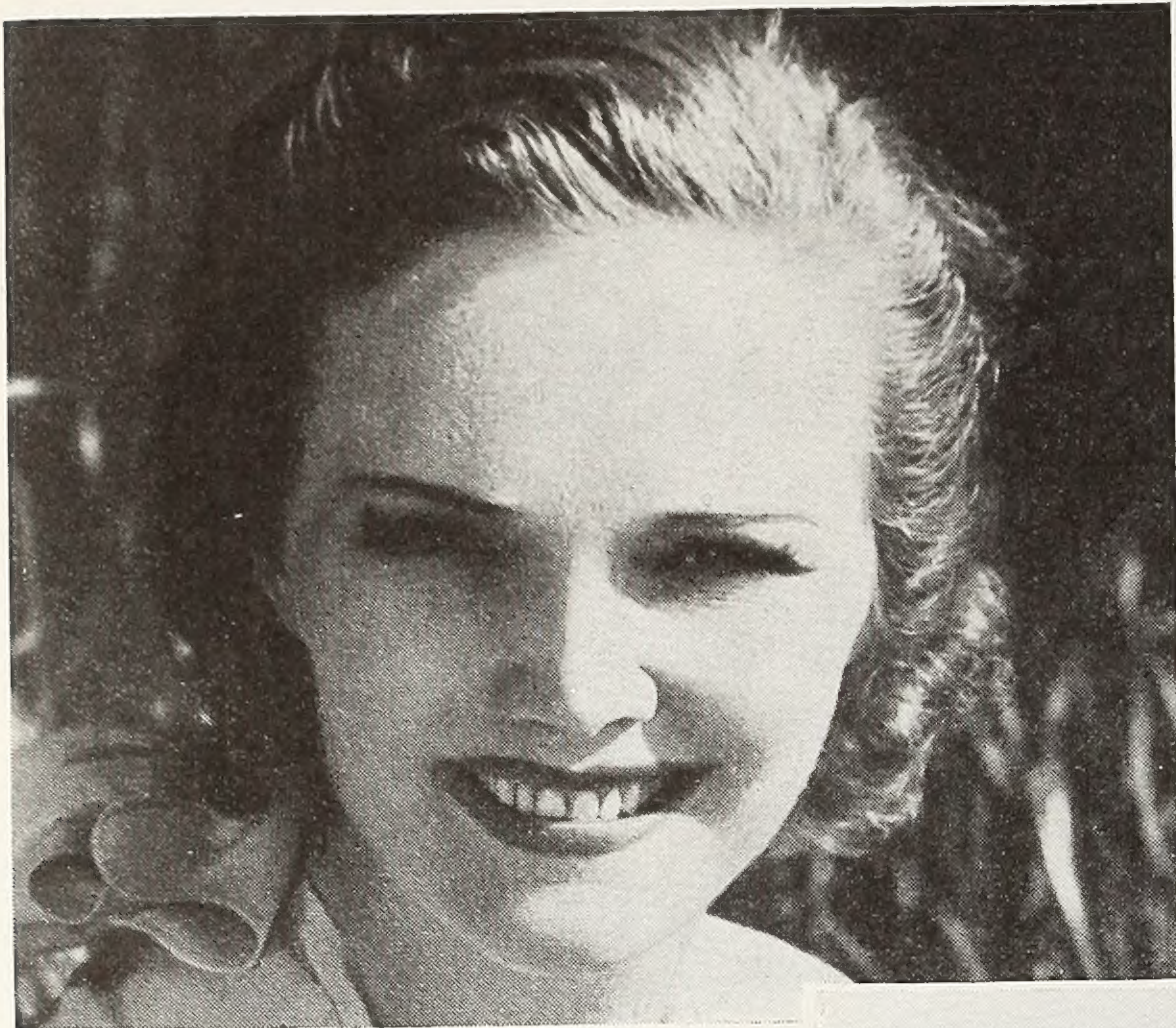
MARGO... who captured New York's heart as "Miriamne," the girl who fled to Mio's arms from a world of hate and danger.



EDUARDO CIANNELLI... unforgettable as the assassin whom Mio hunted down. Cold, savage killer, he could not kill love.

SLATED FOR SUCCESS

They're not stars yet but—just watch them!



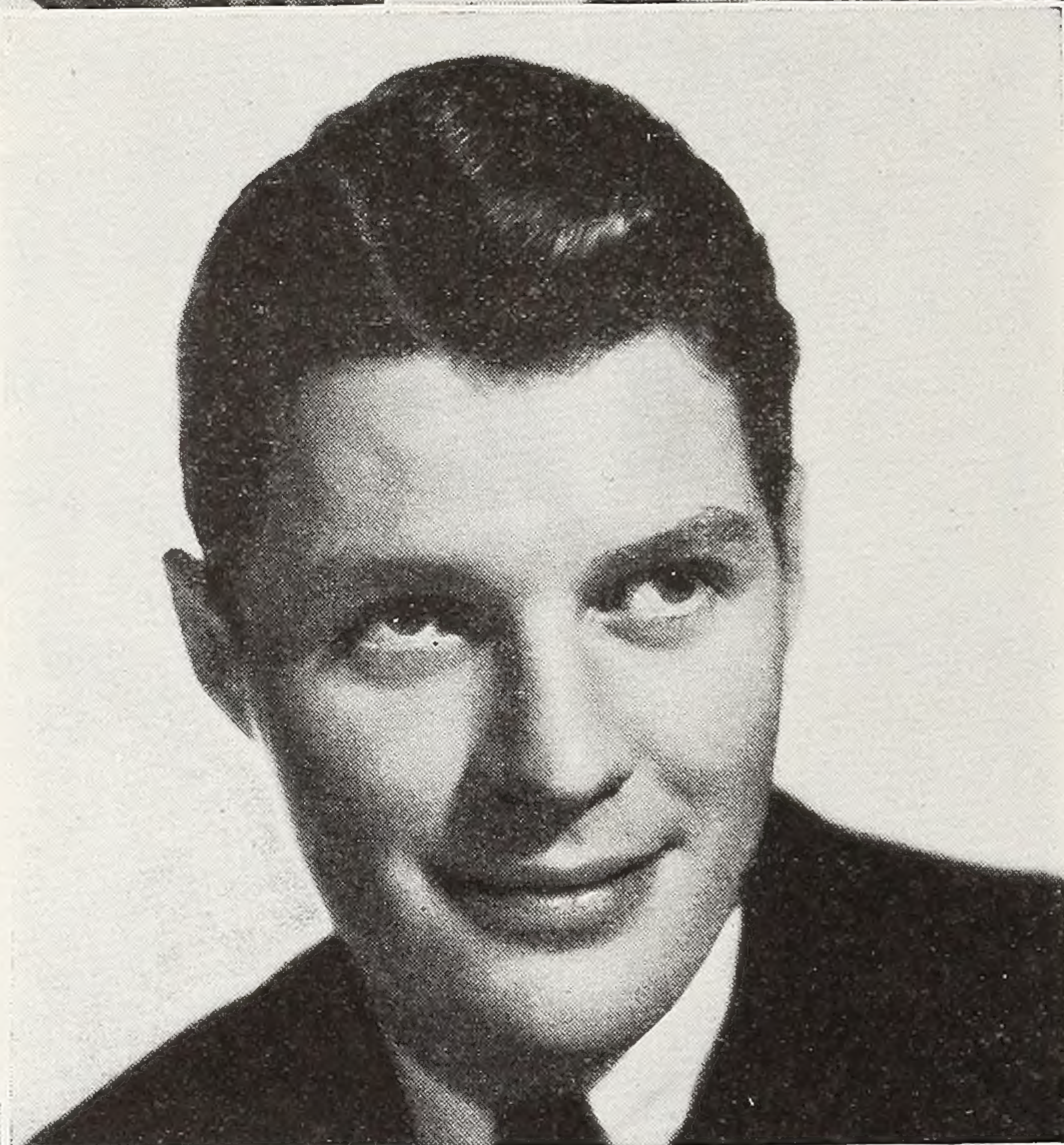
Elizabeth Russell is one of Paramount's fair-haired darlings. She came to the screen via the model route and will be seen in "Hideaway Girl."

Right, Robert Kent won the much-coveted role in the Quints' next picture, "Reunion." He plays opposite pretty Rochelle Hudson.

Below, here's a beau-about-town and one of Twentieth Century-Fox's bright hopes, Tony Martin. Tony will be seen in "Banjo on My Knee."



Warners gave Jeanne Madden one of those Cinderella breaks by letting her co-star with Dick Powell in "Stage Struck" for her debut.

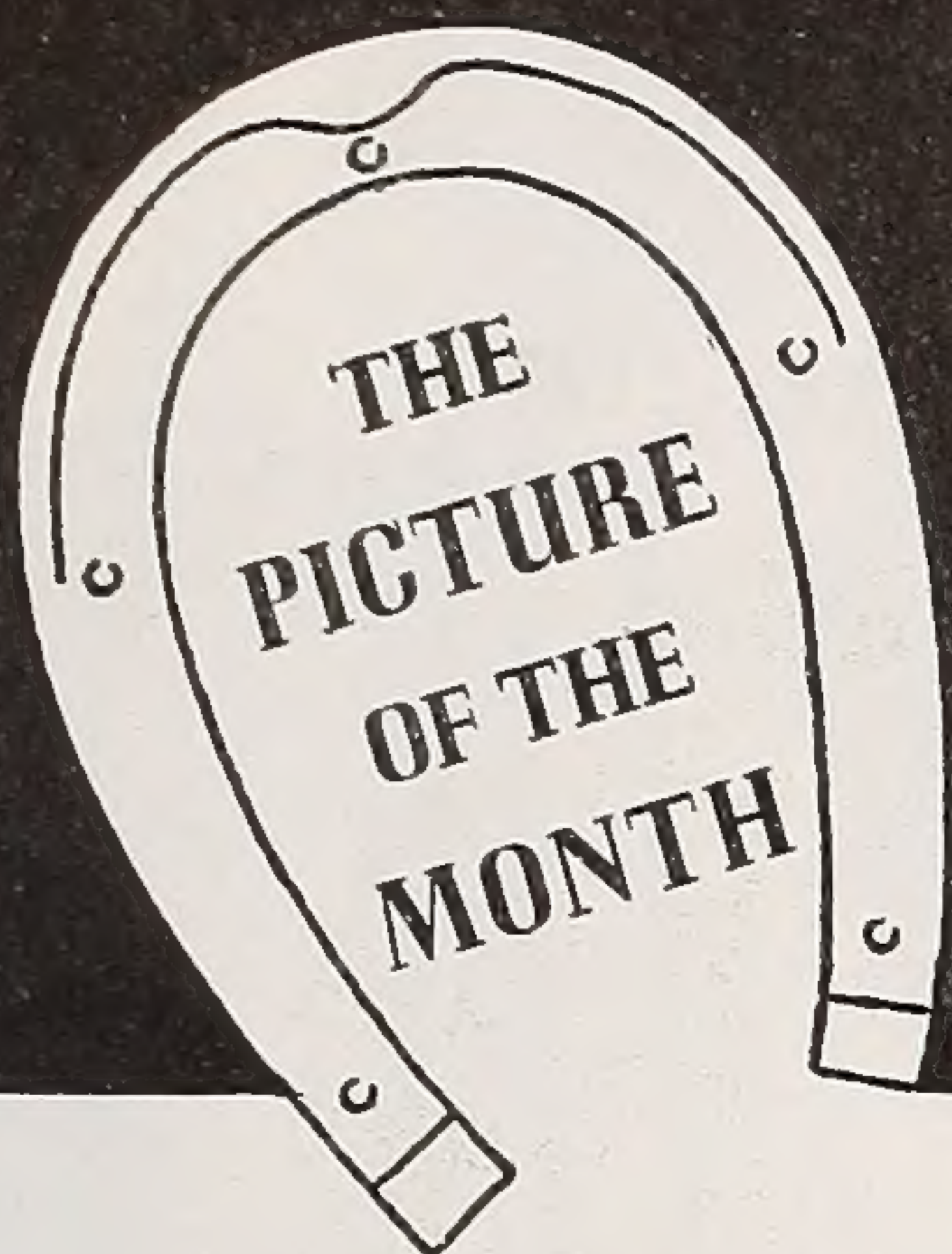


Over at Universal they plan big things some day for Jeanne Dante, below. She's a vivacious youngster. See her in "Four Days' Wonder."



WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!



'Oiwin' had two great passions —poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"



The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!

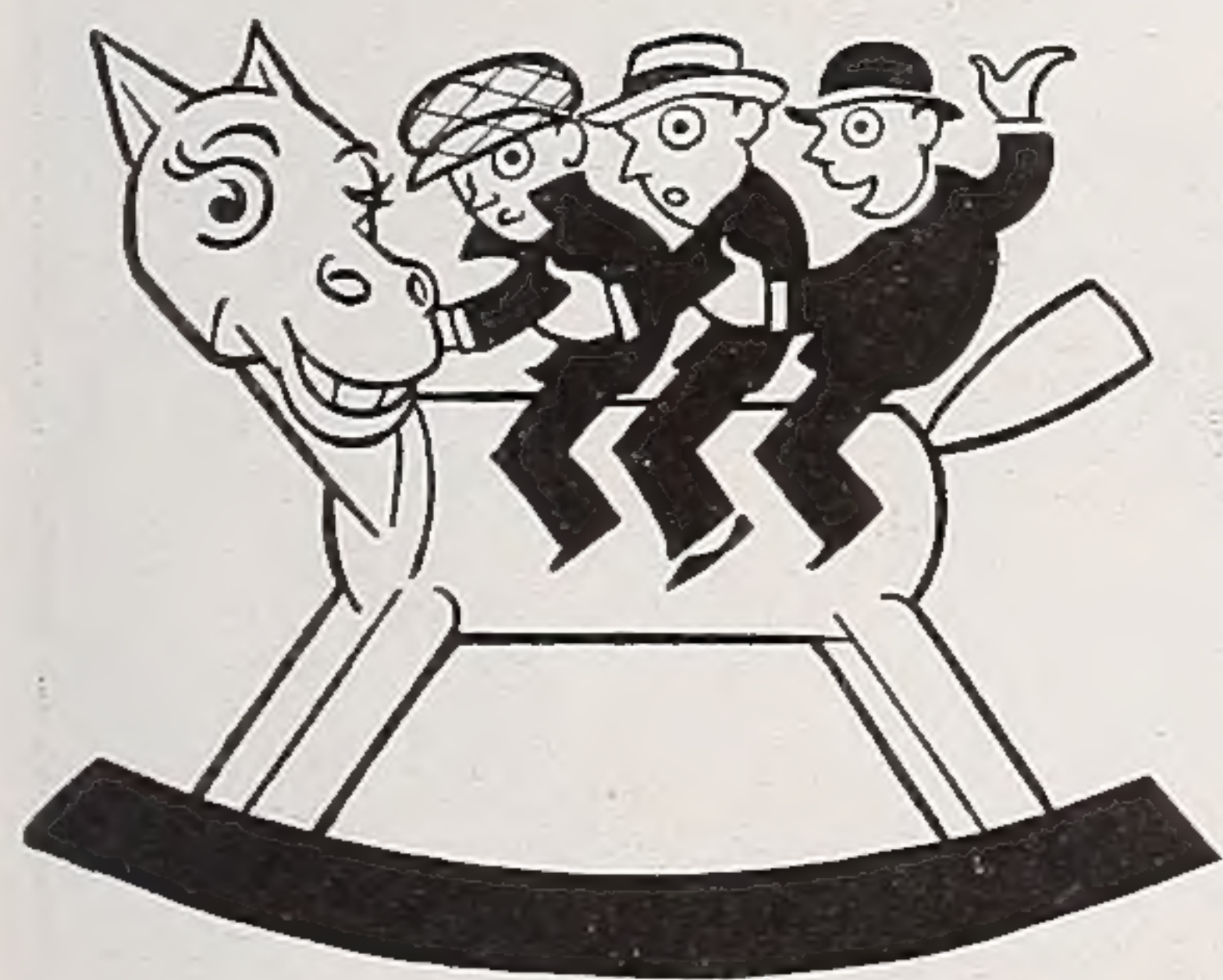


"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."



When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!



3

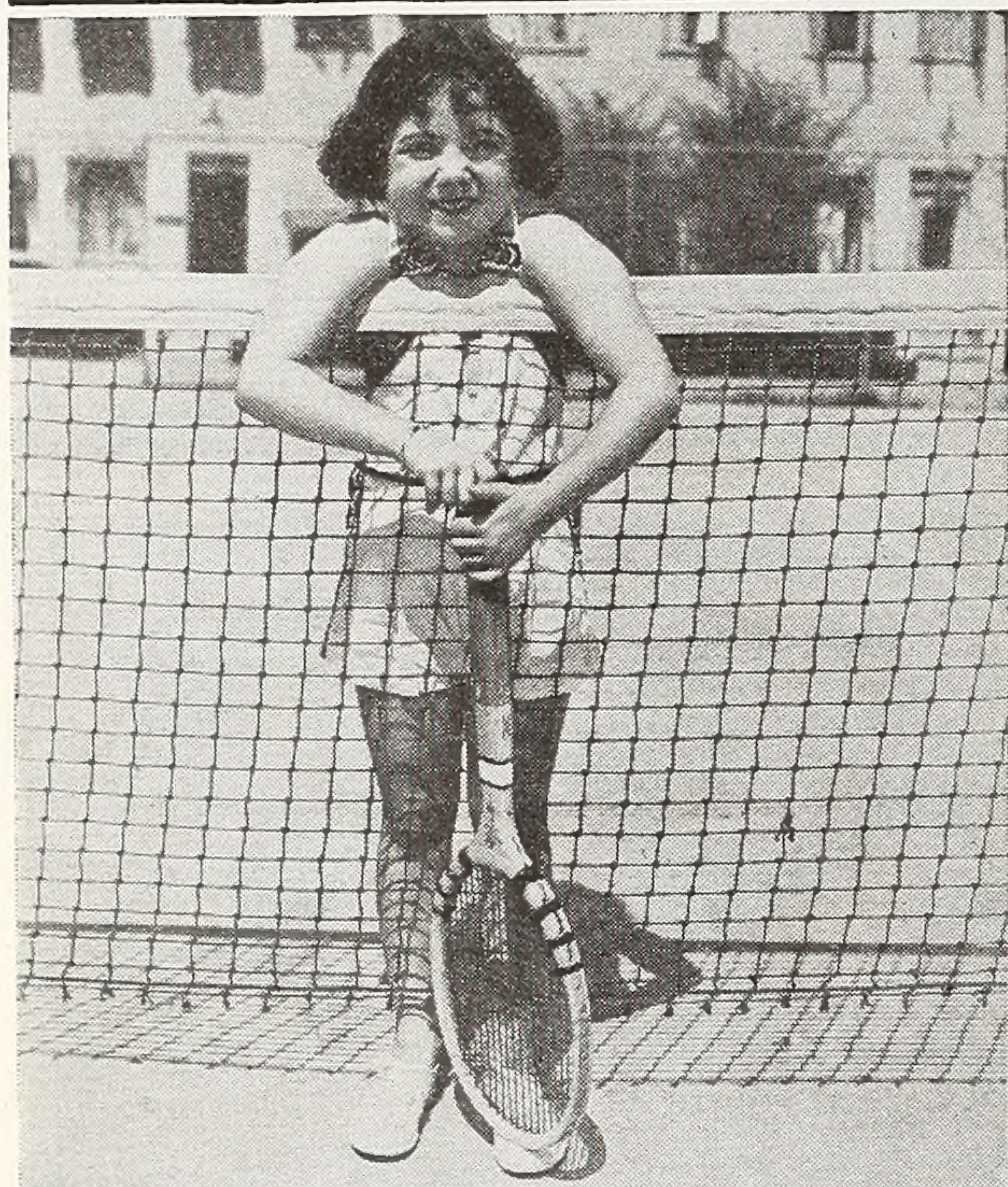
MEN ON A HORSE

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY



Right, Miss S. Temple looks the fairway over for a likely spot to tee off. This is one of the ways in which she relaxes after a day's busy work in "Stowaway."



Left, the racket looks almost as big as the girl, but Sybil Jason has a lot of fun just batting balls back and forth. She's in "The Making of O'Malley."



Left, Jane Withers' hobby is animals—her menagerie includes a cat, two dogs, two rabbits, a monkey, goldfish and a turtle. See her in "Can This Be Dixie?"

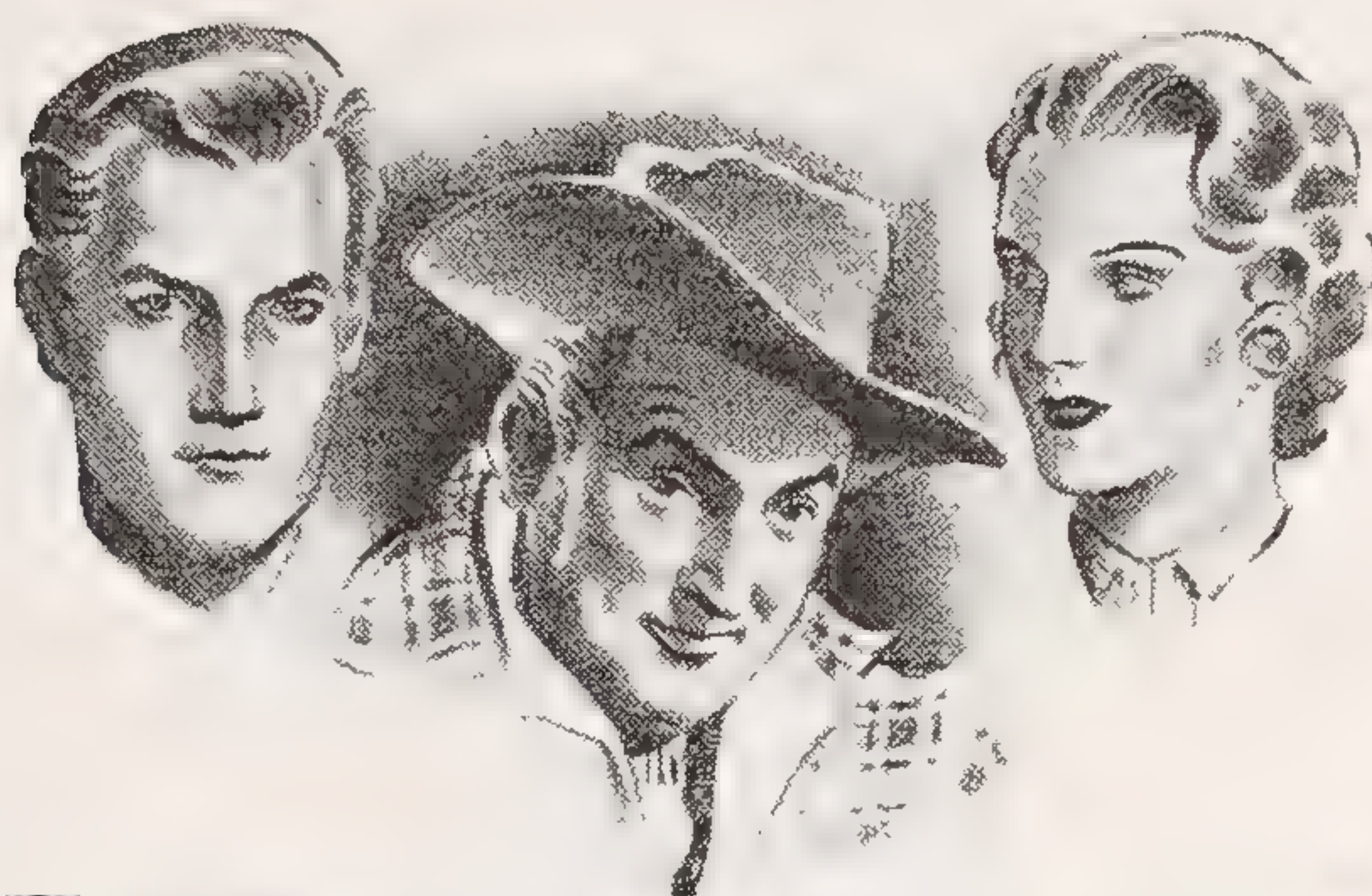


As for Virginia Weidler, right, she can't be separated from her pet scooter even during studio hours! Here she is "scooting" to the "Our Miss Keane" set.



A day off! And Edith Fellows gets into slacks and sweater for fun at a nearby amusement park. A pony ride is her idea of fun. She's in "Pennies from Heaven."

MODERN SCREEN



SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

Edna Ferber's
"COME AND GET IT"

with

EDWARD ARNOLD
JOEL MCCREA • FRANCES FARMER

MADY CHRISTIANS • WALTER BRENNAN

THE AUTHOR OF "CIMARRON" AND "SHOW BOAT"
WRITES ANOTHER TRULY BIG STORY...AS
TOWERING IN ITS POWER AS THE GIANT
TIMBER FASTNESS WHOSE STORY IT TELLS

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



Doris Nolan divides her time between the stage and screen. And left, you see her in a scene from "The Man I Marry," with Michael Whalen.



Heartbreak and tears played no part in Doris Nolan's rise to fame

By Dorothy Herzog

MAYBE IT WAS TOO EASY!

MAYBE IT was too easy!"

So said Doris Nolan, twenty-year-old featured player. No grim, hard struggle to get into motion pictures for this youngster. Not even any difficulty to get a featured player foothold in the New York theatre.

"It just seemed to open up for me in both pictures and the stage," Doris remarked over a cautious luncheon. The luncheon consisted of a pineapple and cream cheese salad and coffee with one lump of sugar, but no cream. "Yes," Doris admitted to our question if she were dieting, "I'm on a diet," and she smiled, revealing two very engaging dimples.

"How much do you weigh?" She appeared a very slender five foot five.

"A hundred and eighteen, but I want to keep down to that. You see, on the picture"—her current release, "The Man I Marry"—"I had quite a stretch of water scenes. I got soaked to the skin for days and it brought on laryngitis. I was pretty sick for a time, and worked every day. So they gave me egg-nogs to keep me going—I couldn't eat anything—and you know how rich egg-nog is. Now I'm back on my diet."

"Have you ever gone in for the Hollywood diets—that four-day one that's the new craze, for instance?"

"No. I don't like to feel self-conscious about dieting. It makes me irritable, although it doesn't seem to affect most people like that. Clark Gable lost twelve pounds on that four-day diet. But I just keep to salads and lamb chops and stay away from sweets. It's no hardship."

"Do you exercise, too?"

"I love horseback riding and mountain climbing. When I'm in New York I walk around the reservoir about four times every day or so for exercise—even in winter." She laughed. "That's when I started to wear flannels, but you really have to, for the wind comes tearing around that reservoir and cuts clean through you."

We returned to her career.

"Maybe it was too easy," she repeated, "and then again, maybe not. I'm glad it wasn't too hard anyway, because when a career comes with too much difficulty it seems to make one a little bitter against the profession one's trying to get into. Hollywood isn't the easiest place in the world. They either ignore you or try to spoil you, but I like it," and she laughed.

She's very young, this Doris Nolan, even for twenty. She's young in a healthy, buoyant but not at all obnoxious way. She's young in her keen appreciation of life that has been most generous and kind to her. But she's a well-poised young lady with a sense of humor that enables her to laugh at herself, as well as at less personal affairs.

"Did Hollywood try to make you over?" we asked, knowing this little trick of the film capital.

She nodded, dimpling into a smile. "Oh, yes, and I like that, too."

"How did they make you over?"

She doesn't appear to require outside help. She has rather gay, though moody, brown eyes; a small nose; sensitive lips; light brown hair cut in a longish, wavy bob; long eyelashes generously (Continued on page 92)

MODERN SCREEN

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL PRESENTS

Golden Cleansing Cream

**Bringing you the radiant beauty
of a truly clean face**

GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains *Colloidal Gold*, a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty.

This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues

to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

Golden Cleansing Cream is a non-liquefying type of cream, delightfully smooth and pleasant to the touch. It is rose-pink in color and has a pleasing, delicate perfume. It is suitable for every type of skin.

A Special Kind of Gold

You can't see or feel the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream because it is not a metal any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in colloidal form similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream.

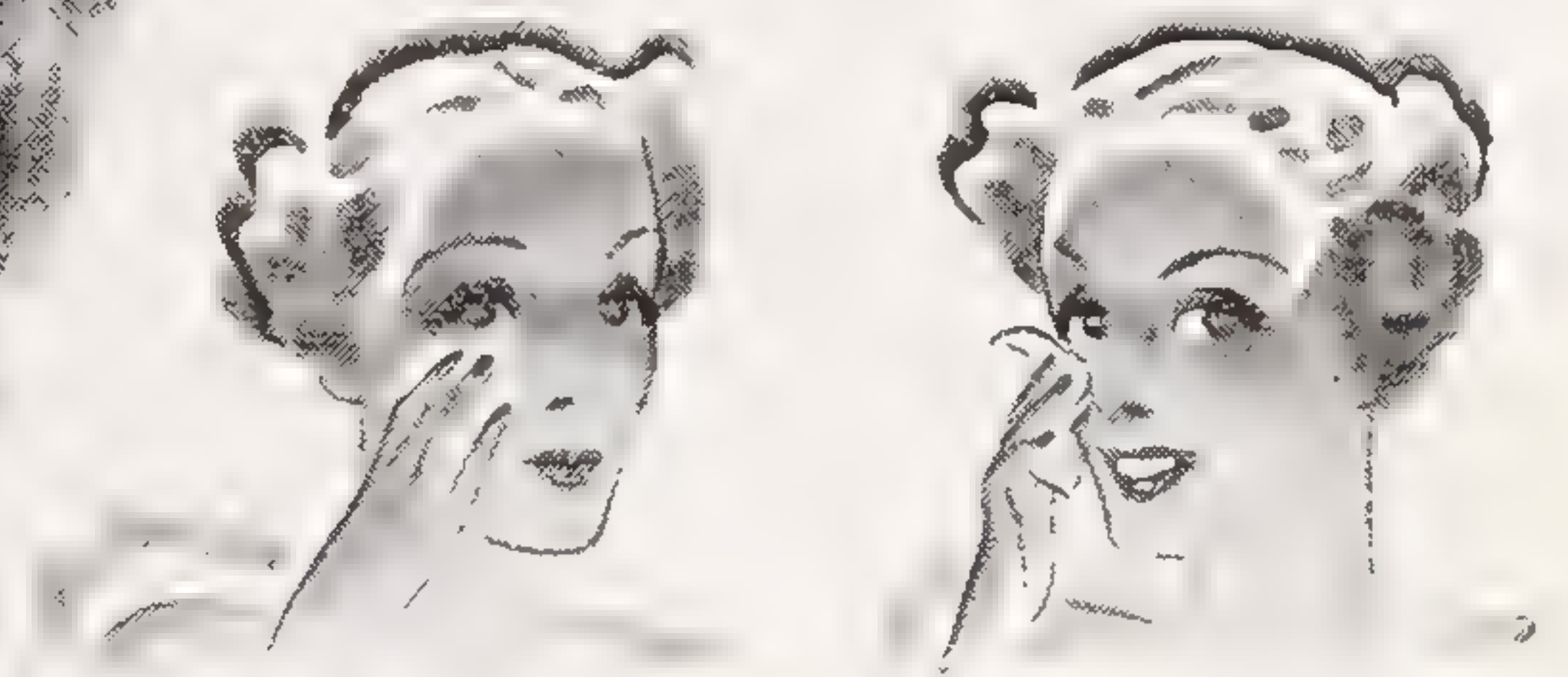
Backed by a Famous Reputation

Behind this unusual new skin cleanser lies the famous reputation of one of America's oldest cosmetic houses. The name Daggett & Ramsdell has been a symbol of purity and quality since the time (46 years ago) when they first amazed mid-Victorian America with an entirely new type of Cold Cream which did not spoil or turn rancid. Now, in Golden Cleansing Cream, Daggett & Ramsdell brings to you the greatest advance in skin cleansing of our own time.

Costs No More

Daggett & Ramsdell's new Golden Cleansing Cream is within the reach of every one of you. You'll soon say you never made a more economical investment than the \$1.00 which the cream costs. It is obtainable at leading drug and department stores—ask for it today!

Make This Simple Test!



• Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?

• Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. On your tissue you will find *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Send for a Trial Jar

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Dept. MM-1

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in the United States only.)

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Dealer's Name.....



Copy. 1936, Daggett & Ramsdell

THE INCIDENTAL

Frank McHugh takes Joan Blondell and Carol Hughes for a ride in "Three Men on a Horse"—the screen version of the popular play that enjoyed a three-year run on the New York stage. His role in this bright comedy is undoubtedly Frank's best to date.

Incidentally, the irrepressible McHugh has worked out an unique philosophy which will both inspire and amuse you.



FRANK McHUGH doesn't want to be a star—and six years of concerted effort to prevent such a catastrophe has proven that he is still of the same frame of mind.

You see, the ambition of almost every picture player is to rate top billing, but, as we've said, that's not Frank's problem. He is satisfied to remain the incidental guy at his studio. Perhaps you think that this indicates a self-satisfied or lazy attitude. But just stop to analyze why McHugh hesitates to enter the envied ranks of the great.

Frank says, "I play whatever they give me, and hope for the best. The actors can all fight about roles if they like, but to me it's just like butting your head against a stone wall, so why get excited?"

The screen's most famous portrayer of piffling gents has some of the best reasons you'll find in a day's march for his complacent attitude toward his movie career. And, practically born in the theatre and an actor for the past thirty years, he certainly should be in the know.

"You see, all my family are actors," McHugh began. "I was actually raised behind the footlights. There is hardly an aspect of the theatre and acting that I don't know about from experience. So, when I see players fighting with studios, I wonder why and for what."

At first McHugh scored in movies because

GUY

By Robert McIlwaine

The star may take the bows, but Frank McHugh claims the featured player has his big moments, too

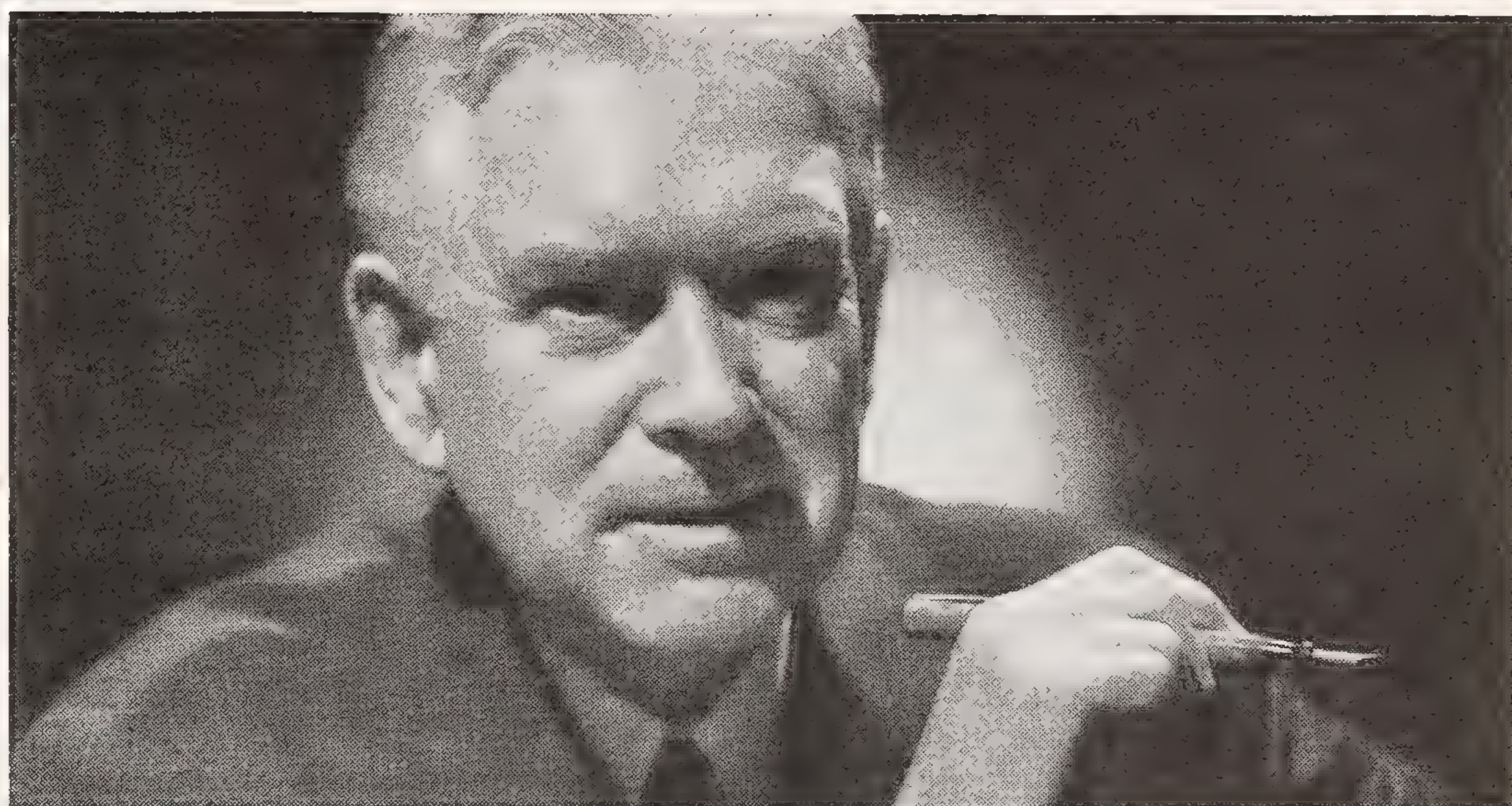
of the humorous and witty manner in which he enacted a drunk. So successful was he in this role that he soon became known as the *funny drunk*. The part has practically typed Frank; but he doesn't seem to care a hang. In fact, he is almost glad that he is allowed the privilege of playing it, for he can do more or less as he pleases in the development of the character he is to create.

In fact, he expressed his sentiments with, "They can all have the star parts; just give me a featured role and I'll be satisfied. You see, then what I do, isn't too important to the story, so I can interpret the character in any way I see fit. Even if I change the lines around, the change isn't too vital to the story."

"But with the star, it's another matter. He has to play a role as it's written, because, if he switches his dialogue it affects the plot. You know the action is usually built around the star. But I'm just incidental to the plot and so have a lot more fun making my role grow as I go along."

Frank McHugh doesn't worry about the pictures that he thought were poor; (Continued on page 99)

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



YOUR doctor is a guardian of health. He knows that many things that seem unimportant to you may be vital to your well-being.

For instance, doctors expect a laxative to measure up to certain definite standards before giving it their approval. If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative, these are the points he would consider important:

WHAT DOCTORS LOOK FOR IN A LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should be thorough.

Its merit should be proven by the test of time.

It should *not* form a habit.

It should *not* over-act.

It should *not* cause stomach pains.

It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

Ex-Lax meets the doctor's demands. Meets them so completely that many doctors use Ex-Lax for themselves and for their own families.

For over 30 years mothers have been giving Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today, Ex-Lax numbers its users in the millions. They have made

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

it the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

Try Ex-Lax. Prove to yourself how fine a laxative it is. Ex-Lax is *not* disturbing or upsetting. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax is thoroughly effective. Ex-Lax is particularly kind to the delicate systems of children. They need this type of laxative as much as you do—or even more.

THE TASTE IS DELIGHTFUL

Try Ex-Lax for a pleasant change from nasty, bitter medicines. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children like it, of course, and take it without resistance. . . . All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular — with Ex-Lax, the Chocolate Laxative.

-----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!-----
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-126
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Age.....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

MEALS IN JIG-TIME

By Marjorie Deen

SWING INTO it, sister, we're going to study the "quickies." Of course, if you're up on your Hollywood terminology you know that that word is used to describe pictures which are turned out by the studios at a minimum of time and expense—in a period of weeks instead of months and with the cost cut down to almost nothing. But those aren't the sort of "quickies" I'm referring to, here since this is, by and large, a cooking article. Besides, our bright and particular guest star on this occasion is Ginger Rogers, whose name these days is associated only with the most lavish productions and the most colossal successes! So I'll set your mind at rest by telling you that the "quickies" I'm about to describe for you—and in which Ginger is pleased to appear, just this once, for our especial benefit—are those last minute, hastily assembled, easily prepared meals which all too frequently, alas, are sacrificed on the altar of speed.

Yet, with a little serious thought and some well applied effort these repasts can be truly delicious. And Ginger is the one to prove it; for what culinary talents she possesses shine forth in the preparation of just such meals as these.

"I'm only a Thursday-night cook, but a good one," declared Miss Rogers. "And even at that there aren't many Thursday nights when I go domestic," she assured me laughingly. "But when I do, the pots fly, the dishes rattle and the neighbors wonder at the din. While Mother stands by to assure an anxious world that it's only little Ginger gently pattering around in the kitchen, throwing together one of those quarter-of-an-hour meals for which, she declares, I should be famous! So if you are looking



Just about as fast as Ginger can tap out a new dance, she can get a meal together on cook's night out. Right, you see one of the Rogers "quickie" dishes. It's the Rogers Supper Ring made of a delicious combination of many familiar and popular foods.



Courtesy "Salmon Packers"

for soup and pot roast recipes or fruit cake and the like—things that take hours to simmer, or boil, or bake—don't come to me. No, I'm only able to suggest ways to fix up a meal in jig-time. Why, I watch the clock like a radio announcer and after fifteen minutes my cooking program must be 'off the air' and on the table, or else!"

"Or else what?" I wanted to know.

"Or else I sincerely wish I'd gone to the Trocadero along with the rest of Hollywood!"

"You see," she continued, "Thursday night is cook's night out in Beverly Hills, on Outpost Drive, at Santa Monica Beach, just as it is on Park Avenue or Michigan Boulevard. So everybody dons their best duds and out they go for dinner. But sometimes I'm just too tired to bother, and fixing a meal—especially the kind I prepare—

**Ginger Rogers
puts a jiffy tempo
into her cooking
routine. Here's
how she does it**



Just fifteen minutes is the time Ginger gives to a food "workout!"

seems like much less effort than would be *more* dressing, *more* hair-fixing and *more* dancing after a day at the studio devoted to those very things. And that day probably started at seven with a make-up man and coiffeuse working over me as I breakfasted and ended at seven with one last exhausting pirouette! Then, 'nothing to do till tomorrow' except lines to learn and a dance step to practice! Gracious, where do people get the idea that it's all play and no work, this business of being a star! Yes, there are many times when you're just too exhausted to face the music and dance, when home and slacks and a pair of old bedroom slippers have more appeal than the most exciting date. And if that happens to occur on a Thursday then some real thought must be given to food. So here in Hollywood, as elsewhere, the familiar words are heard, 'What will we have for dinner?'

Then Ginger went on to describe some of the ways in which she solves this (Continued on page 72)

P. S. Print my letter if you like,
but don't print my name.



My daughter, Joan, loves parties. She has plenty of friends too. But she never used to invite them into her home. One day I asked her if she was ashamed of it.



After I coaxed her, she broke down and told me that the girls at school joked a lot about "tattle-tale gray." And Joan was afraid her friends would notice that my linens and things had it bad.



I was plenty mad because I work hard. But Joan showed me one of your ads about how the wrong kind of soap gives clothes "tattle-tale gray" by leaving dirt stuck in the clothes.



So just to please her I changed and tried Fels-Naptha Soap. And my, the difference it's made! All that gentle naptha along with that wonderful golden soap wash so clean. I've never had my things look so white!

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**Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

"YOUR AUTOGRAPH.

A fan tells you
his varied expe-
riences in col-
lecting famous
stars' signatures

It wasn't the "getting" of
Loretta Young's autograph
that made it valuable. But—
guess what?



I'VE OFTEN wondered what Clark Gable, Norma Shearer and Wally Beery thought of me when I asked for their autographs. Did they consider me a nit-wit for waiting hours for the privilege of getting them to place their signatures in a book of mine? Were they flattered, even to a small degree, because I asked for their written names as a keepsake, or did they feel that my request for their autographs was just an excuse on my part to accost them in person?

I doubt if I'll ever have this, and many similar questions, answered truthfully. But of this I am sure—my own reactions towards the many motion picture stars whose autographs I now possess. And nothing can take away the variety of experiences I went through to get these signatures, experiences that gave me an entirely different set of impressions about the various film stars as compared to the ones I had gained by watching them on the screen.

For instance, my favorite actor on the screen had always been Jack Oakie. Yet, when I asked Jack Oakie for his autograph, one day in front of the Trocadero Cafe, that comedian none too gently placed his fist in the middle of my face and shoved me down several stairs. I never could get up much enthusiasm where John Boles was concerned, but his reception of the same request was considerably different. He not only signed my book, but after doing so bowed very politely and, with genuine pleasure written all over his handsome face, *thanked me*



"Out of my way, Son," said Mae West. But did our collector, his mind made up, obey?

with a smile. He made me feel as if I were doing him a favor; not that he was doing one for me.

A gentleman of almost identical calibre was Oliver Hardy. Incidentally, off-screen, Hardy presents an immaculately groomed contrast to the rather shabbily attired, rotund comedian who makes Stan Laurel turn loose his excruciatingly funny cry-baby act. When asked to sign my book, as he was entering his golf clubhouse, Oliver Hardy stopped, smiled at me, carefully cleaned his glasses, then picked up my book and wrote, "With best wishes,

PLEASE?"

By Herbert L. Strock

Oliver Hardy." As I thanked him he countered with a pleasant, "It was a pleasure, I assure you."

Just as John Boles and Oliver Hardy are perfect gentlemen, so is Jean Muir a thorough lady—even under trying circumstances. She proved it recently, when a mob of about fifty autograph seekers "ganged up" on her in front of a Beverly Hills theatre. Completely disregarding the fact that they were practically tearing her apart, she took her time and calmly signed each person's book in turn, until everybody was satisfied. If that isn't playing the martyr to your public, I don't know what is.

Of all my "No" stars, Myrna Loy is the favorite. When asked to sign my book she refused, telling me she was in a hurry. But I wouldn't take "No" for an answer. I kept right



You'd guess John Boles to be agreeable, wouldn't you? Well, you're right.

alongside her as she started to walk away, and persisted in my request for her signature. It looked almost hopeless, because no matter how much I refused to take "No" for an answer, that was all I got—for a few minutes. Then she said, "Maybe later." It was her first sign of weakness, and it made me chuckle. She heard it, (Continued on page 108)

Do you take hearts
by storm?

YES, IF YOUR
MAKE-UP'S NATURAL

WHAT IS BEAUTY FOR— if not to set masculine hearts athrob—if not to bring the thrill of conquests—if not to sing little songs of happiness in your heart when he admires? Make-up's so important—especially your rouge!

There's nothing beautiful about rouge that looks painted, that outlines itself as a splotch. But Princess Pat rouge—duo-tone—Ah, there is beauty!

Princess Pat cosmetics are non-allergic.



All over the world smartly-groomed women say Princess Pat rouge is their favorite. Let's discover its secret of utterly *natural* color. Your rouge—unless it is Princess Pat—most likely is one flat tone. But Princess Pat rouge is duo-tone.

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Story by
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NOTE: Here are the biographies you have been clamoring for. Whether one is printed or not depends on the number of requests recorded for it. Remember, every request counts, so if you really want to insure seeing your favorite's life story, don't overlook the handy coupon which you will find on page 21.

FREDRIC MARCH: If, in 1920, a fortune teller had predicted that Fredric March would be an actor, no one would have been more surprised than Fredric himself. He was 22 years old at the time and already launched on a promising career. Born in Racine, Wisconsin, on the 31st of August, 1898, he graduated from the university of that state, after winning his numerals in football and track and being elected president of the senior class. While at college he had been granted one of the National City Bank scholarships and was hard at work soon after graduation, with an interesting future ahead. But the bank changed presidents and Freddy was afraid they might change scholarships, too, so he asked for a leave of absence and got a job as third assistant stage manager on a Belasco production. He never went back to the bank. Numerous stock company successes were followed by important Broadway roles, and before very long his name got to be known in Hollywood. But Fredric wasn't interested—not until the advent of talking pictures. Since 1928, when he made his first picture for Paramount, "The Dummy," he has created one vivid screen characterization after the other, and in 1932 his efforts were crowned by the Academy Award for his performance in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." You might guess that Fred has brown hair and brown eyes. He is five feet 11 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. If you are a good friend of his, you are very likely to play lots of tennis with Fred and go on long horseback jaunts. He is happily married to Florence Eldridge and has adopted two children. His next starring picture will be "Saint in New York."

LISELOTTE BORCHMEYER, Milwaukee, Wisconsin—No, Dick Powell is not going to live in his Toluca Lake home with his new bride. He and Joan moved into their ritzy Beverly Hills mansion before starting out on their honeymoon.

FRANCHOT TONE: The fact that Franchot was born in the honeymooner's town of Niagara Falls doesn't seem to have made him especially marriage conscious. He's only married once and is still very much in love with his wife, Joan Crawford. But that's getting ahead of the story. Franchot's father is an important business executive. He is not an only child, since he has one brother who is four years his senior. When it comes to "book larnin," it is hard to find Tone's equal in Hollywood. His prep-school education was completed at the Hill School of Pottsdam, Pa. His college alma-mater is Cornell. After three years there, he attended a summer session at the University of Rennes in France, was president of the Cornell Dramatic Club while there, and

returned to Ithaca to serve as an assistant to the head of the Romance Language Department. His introduction to the stage was via the accepted stock-company route. From a Buffalo stock company to Broadway is quite a hop, but Franchot made it in his stride and before very long found himself playing an important role in the Group Theatre's box-office sensation, "Success Story." It proved to be the beginning of his own success story. M-G-M heard of the brilliant young Broadwayite and wanted him to sign a long-term contract. He signed. And then in his first picture, "Today We Live," he met Joan Crawford. Sorta makes you believe in Fate, doesn't it? Franchot is a real golf and swimming fan—not the type that sits on the sidelines, either. Believe it or not, his idea of recreation is to see a good movie. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has light brown hair and hazel eyes. You can see him now in "Love on the Run" with the old team of Crawford and Gable, to be followed by "Quality Street" with Katharine Hepburn.

KATHRYN FERGUSON, Dallas, Texas—Very few of the stars in the Hollywood firmament have the time to read their fan mail. Sometimes the truth is disappointing, isn't it? Whether he reads it or not, Bob Taylor gets more mail than any of the stars of his sex.

JEAN PARKER: The girl paints; she dances; she loves music; she loves dogs, kittens, rabbits—not to mention her pet monkeys; her favorite play is Barrie's "Peter Pan." There you have Jean Parker in a nut-shell . . . aesthetic, loving, imaginative. And, with a sort of poetic justice, Destiny smoothed her path to stardom, gave her a career without the usual fierce prelude of struggle and disappointed ambitions. A movie executive saw her ride past in a float in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses. He saw and she conquered. She was hired almost immediately and began her screen career with an important part in "Divorce in the Family." Her first leading role was in "What Price Innocence?" Jean, whose real name is Mae Green, was born in Deer Lodge, Montana. Her father was a designer and the prizes that she has won in that field of endeavor mark her out as pretty much of a chip off the old block. She has brown hair and dreamy hazel eyes, weighs 109 pounds, and is all of 5 feet 3 inches tall. Jean was recently married to Newspaperman George McDonald. Her last picture was "The Texas Rangers" with Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie.

THELMA DUBROVNIK, Grand Rapids, Mich.—James and Lucille Gleason recently celebrated their silver wedding anniversary. Quite a record these days, specially in

Hollywood where that sort of thing is frowned on.

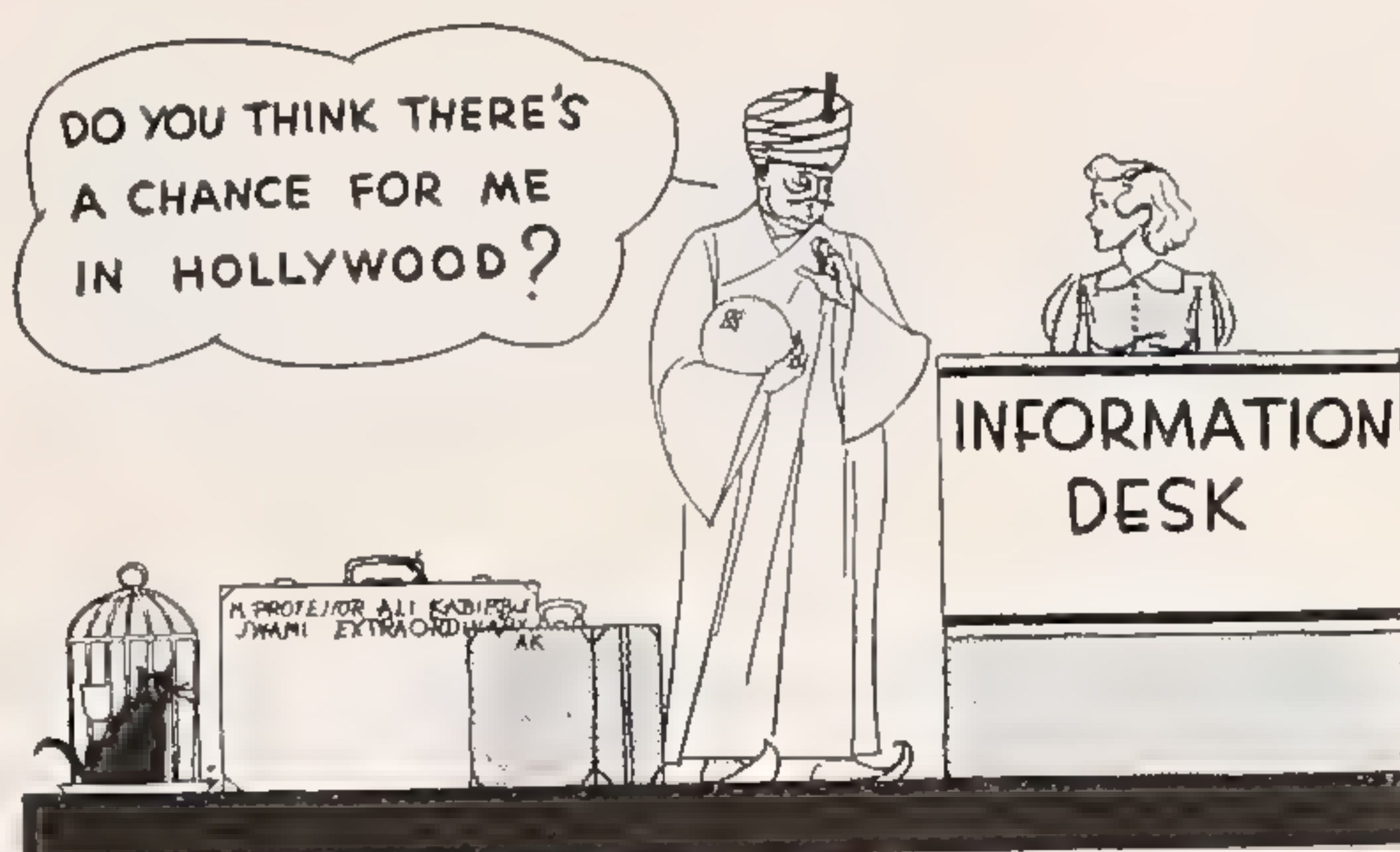
ALICE FAYE: The temperament with which Alice Faye sings or rather swings her songs bespeaks a metropolitan background. It ought to, because it was Manhattan which bore her, Manhattan's schools which educated her, and Manhattan's Broadway which gave roots to her talent. And don't get the idea that she's

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 21. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. If your question is not answered here, look for it in your mail box. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

forgotten her debt. A vacation to Alice Faye, when she's been slaving away out on the coast, means nothing more or less than a trip back to good old Gotham. Alice has one other great debt. That's to Rudy Vallee. You see, Alice was just a chorus girl. Popular—yes, and lots of engagements, too . . . now at the Hollywood, now at the Palais d'Or, and then in the chorus of George White's "Scandals." But, to speak the truth, she wasn't getting ahead too rapidly—not until a 25c home record and the generosity of Rudy Vallee entirely changed the course of her star. It seems that she was taking singing lessons and a friend of hers who knew Rudy wanted her to have an audition. Nothing doing, said Alice, she wasn't going to make a fool of herself. So the friend suggested singing into a record instead of the more conventional personal hearing. Alice took him up. Rudy was so impressed by the canned audition he gave Alice her first big-time job, featured singer with the Connecticut Yankees. The rest of the story you know. Twentieth Century-Fox starred her in the movie version of George White's "Scandals" and, since that time, the petite blonde, blue-eyed vocalist has been going places. In her latest hit, "Sing Baby Sing," she was costarred with Adolphe Menjou. She is now scheduled to do "On the Avenue" with the newlywed Dick Powell.

MARY WILSON, Hope, Arkansas—Modern Screen had a Loretta Young cover in April, 1931; Miriam Hopkins in March, 1934; and Margaret Sullavan in February, 1935. You can get these issues by specifying their date and mailing ten cents for each copy to our Subscription Department, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Sorry, but we have never run a Robert Taylor cover.

JAMES ELLISON: Yes, his name is Smith. And that isn't just the story he tells the cops, either. Born James Ellison Smith at Valier, Montana, he dropped the Smith to go on the stage. James Ellison isn't one of those slick fellows who gets into the movies by accident or just because he is 6 feet 3 inches tall and awfully good looking. He preferred to make his entrance "legiti-



mately," gradually earning a reputation for himself by his numerous artistically interpreted roles at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. The next stop on the Ellison itinerary to glory was a part in Billie Burke's "Vinegar Tree," with which production he toured the country. Later he appeared with Laura Hope Crews in "As Husbands Go" and with Frances Starr in "What Every Woman Knows." His successes on the road were followed by three more years of serious study in the field of dramatics. Then, because the wolf had to be kept away from the door somehow, he accepted a laboratory job at Warner Brothers. A subsequent screen test was successful and James found himself "in the movies." But not really IN them . . . not until Paramount cast him with Bill Boyd in the "Hopalong Cassidy" series. This proved an important break, since his hard riding and sincere acting in this series was quite good enough to convince Cecil B. DeMille that here was the man he needed to play Buffalo Bill in his production of "The Plainsman," starring Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. Good luck, James Ellison, and let's hope this is only the beginning of your career.

PHILOMENA BONELLI, Trenton, N. J.—Robert Taylor loses a night's sleep if a black cat crosses his path . . . but it has to be a full grown cat . . . a kitten doesn't worry him in the least.

J. D. W., Salina, Kansas—You'll be seeing

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of

.....
in your department.

Name.....

City..... State.....

Zasu Pitts pretty soon in "The Riddle of the Dangling Pearl." Neil Hamilton isn't so very busy right now. Too bad. Last year he played in "Fugitive Lady," "The Daring Young Man," and "Mutiny Ahead." **FRED MacMURRAY**: Jack of all trades and master of quite a few is Fred. If he weren't acting he could be singing, and if he weren't singing, he could be tooting a mean sax. Or if none of these opportunities were open to him, you can be sure that Jack Curley would be billing this rangy 6 foot 3 fellow as "Man Mountain" MacMurray, or, in view of his feminine appeal, as the "Wisconsin Adonis." Fred began life on the road. His dad, violinist Fred MacMurray, was on a concert tour with his wife, when young Fred Junior was born in Kankakee, Illinois. The family later removed to Wisconsin where Fred was educated. After a year at college Fred got on his high horse and said he'd had enough. He could afford to be independent. Without any trouble at all he nailed a saxophonist's job in Chicago. His luck repeated in Los Angeles where he arrived just in time to fill a vacancy in Warner's Hollywood Theatre. And before long he not only played but was featured as vocal soloist. For Fred had a voice. The voice took him places that the sax wouldn't have. In 1929 Fred was booked in "Three's a Crowd," in which he was featured in a singing sketch with Libby Holman. For five years, Fred, as soloist of the California Collegians, was a popular figure in all New York's hot spots. When the band was featured in Max Gordon's hit, "Roberta," Fred was chosen to understudy (Continued on page 74)

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FAST COLORS
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"So, when they step out on their daily rounds, you can be sure that Father's, Bill's and Ted Junior's shoes are neatly and trimly laced... with laces that will keep their shape under the hardest kind of wear, and will stay good-looking, month after month."

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Picture and Producer	General Rating
Abdul the Damned (Columbia).....	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M).....	2★
*The Accusing Finger (Paramount).....	1★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists).....	2½★
And So They Were Married (Columbia).....	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount).....	1½★
Annie Oakley (RKO).....	4★
Anthony Adverse (Warners).....	4½★
Anything Goes (Paramount).....	3★
The Arizona Raiders (Paramount).....	1★
August Week-End (Chesterfield).....	2★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield).....	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners).....	2★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger).....	2½★
The Big Noise (Warners).....	2★
Blackmailer (Columbia).....	1★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M).....	2½★
Border Flight (Paramount).....	2★
The Border Patrol (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Boulder Dam (Warners).....	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National).....	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO).....	2½★
Bullets or Ballots (First National).....	3★
Bunker Bean (RKO).....	2★
*Cain and Mabel (Warners).....	1★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
*The Captain's Kid (Warners).....	1★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger).....	3★
*The Case of the Black Cat (Warners).....	2★
The Case of the Velvet Claws (Warners).....	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners).....	4★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Charlie Chan at the Race Track (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
China Clipper (First National).....	2½★
Coronado (Paramount).....	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia).....	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
*Craig's Wife (Columbia).....	3★
Crash Donovan (Universal).....	1½★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic).....	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO).....	3★
Dangerous Waters (Universal).....	2★
*Daniel Boone (RKO-Radio).....	2★
The Devil Doll (M-G-M).....	3★
*The Devil is a Sissy (M-G-M).....	3★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia).....	2½★
*Dimples (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Dizzy Dames (Liberty).....	2★
Dodsworth (United Artists).....	5★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia).....	1½★
Don't Turn 'Em Loose (RKO).....	2½★
Drift Fence (Paramount).....	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount).....	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National).....	3★
East of Java (Universal).....	2★
Easy Money (Invincible).....	2★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO).....	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO).....	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO).....	1½★
Fatal Lady (Paramount).....	2★
The Final Hour (Columbia).....	2★
First a Girl (GB).....	2½★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Florida Special (Paramount).....	2½★
F-Man (Paramount).....	1½★
Follow the Fleet (RKO).....	4★
Follow Your Heart (Republic).....	1★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount).....	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners).....	2★
Fury (M-G-M).....	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M).....	2½★
The General Died at Dawn (Paramount).....	4★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
*The Girl on the Front Page (Universal).....	1★
Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Give Me Your Heart (Warners).....	3★
Give Us This Night (Paramount).....	1½★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
The Golden Arrow (First National).....	2½★
The Gorgeous Hussy (M-G-M).....	4★
Grand Jury (RKO).....	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal).....	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M).....	4★
The Green Pastures (Warners).....	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Harvester (Republic).....	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan).....	3★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia).....	2★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
His Brother's Wife (M-G-M).....	2½★
Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount).....	2★
Hot Money (Warners).....	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
I'd Give My Life (Paramount).....	2½★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia).....	4★
I Live My Life (M-G-M).....	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners).....	3★
The Invisible Ray (Universal).....	1½★
I Stand Condemned (London Films).....	2★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
It's Love Again (GB).....	3★
Jailbreak (Warners).....	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
King of the Damned (GB).....	1½★
King of the Royal Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The King Steps Out (Columbia).....	3★
*Lady Be Careful (Paramount).....	3★
The Lady Consents (RKO).....	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia).....	1★
The Last Journey (Twickenham).....	2★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M).....	2★
The Last of the Mohicans (United Artists).....	3½★
The Last Outlaw (RKO).....	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic).....	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National).....	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic).....	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic).....	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic).....	2★
Let's Sing Again (RKO).....	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists).....	4★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia).....	2★
*The Longest Night (M-G-M).....	1★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal).....	2½★
Love Begins at 20 (First National).....	2★
Love on a Bet (RKO).....	1½★
Man Hunt (Warners).....	2★
Mary of Scotland (RKO).....	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia).....	2½★
Millions in the Air (Paramount).....	1★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia).....	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners).....	1½★
*Mister Cinderella (Roach-M-G-M).....	2★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia).....	4★
Mister Hobo (GB).....	2★
M'Liss (RKO).....	3★
Modern Times (United Artists).....	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger).....	3★
The Morals of Marcus (GB).....	1★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners).....	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National).....	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO).....	2★
*Murder with Pictures (Paramount).....	1★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO).....	2★
My American Wife (Paramount).....	3★
My Man Godfrey (Universal).....	4★
Next Time We Love (Universal).....	3★
Nine Days a Queen (GB).....	4★
Nobody's Fool (Universal).....	2★
Old Hutch (M-G-M).....	1★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
\$1000 a Minute (Republic).....	2★
One Rainy Afternoon (Pickford-Lasky).....	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia).....	2½★
*Our Relations (Roach-M-G-M).....	1★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Palm Springs (Paramount).....	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia).....	2★
Parole (Universal).....	2★

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

The Passing of the Third Flood Back (GB).....	3★
Pepper (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Petrified Forest (Warners).....	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M).....	3★
Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M).....	3½★
*Polo Joe (Warners).....	2★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Poppy (Paramount).....	4★
Postal Inspector (Universal).....	2★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount).....	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia).....	1★
The Princess Comes Across (Paramount).....	3★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners).....	2★
*Ramona (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Red Wagon (Alliance).....	1½★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin).....	1★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount).....	3★
Road Gang (First National).....	2½★
The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Roaming Lady (Columbia).....	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M).....	2½★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M).....	5★
San Francisco (M-G-M).....	4★
Satan Met a Lady (Warners).....	1★
Second Wife (RKO).....	1½★
Secret Agent (GB).....	3★
Seven Sinners (GB).....	3★
Shakedown (Columbia).....	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Silly Billies (RKO).....	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
The Singing Kid (Warners).....	3★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Sitting on the Moon (Republic).....	1½★
Sky Parade (Paramount).....	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M).....	3★
Snowed Under (First National).....	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount).....	2½★
A Son Comes Home (Paramount).....	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
*Song of China (Douglas MacLean).....	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National).....	2★
Sons O' Guns (Warners).....	3★
Special Investigator (RKO).....	2★
Speed (M-G-M).....	1½★
Spendthrift (Wanger-Paramount).....	2★
Stage Struck (First National).....	2½★
Star for a Night (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners).....	4★
Sutter's Gold (Universal).....	2½★
Suzy (M-G-M).....	2★
Swing Time (RKO).....	4½★
Sworn Enemy (M-G-M).....	2★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO).....	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M).....	5★
Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
The Texas Rangers (Paramount).....	3★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn).....	4★
They Met in a Taxi (Columbia).....	2★
Things to Come (United Artists).....	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount).....	3★
36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Three Cheers for Love (Paramount).....	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M).....	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M).....	2★
*Three Married Men (Paramount).....	1★
Three on the Trail (Paramount).....	2½★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M).....	2½★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Ticket to Paradise (Republic).....	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount).....	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners).....	1★
To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Tough Guy (M-G-M).....	2½★
*Trailin' West (Warners).....	1★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount).....	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia).....	2★
Trouble Ahead (Pathe).....	1½★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M).....	2★
Two Against the World (First National).....	2★
Two Fisted Gentleman (Columbia).....	2★
*Two in a Crowd (Universal).....	1★
Two in Revolt (RKO).....	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO).....	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M).....	3★
*Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount).....	2★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners).....	2★
Walking on Air (RKO).....	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion).....	1½★
*Wedding Present (Paramount).....	2★
We're Only Human (RKO).....	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M).....	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M).....	2½★
The White Angel (First National).....	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners).....	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M).....	3★
The Witness Chair (RKO).....	2★
*Wives Never Know (Paramount).....	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount).....	1½★
Yours for the Asking (Paramount).....	2★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox).....	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

"My pet hate—powder that shows up chalky in strong light"



WE asked 1,067 girls—One of their pet hates in a powder, they voted, is *showing* too much!

And Pond's Powder led all others in "not giving that powdered look." Twice the number of votes of the second favorite. Three times the vote of the third!

"Glare-proof" colors—The reason is in Pond's colors. "Glare-proof," they catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest light. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it fresh looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorative screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Pond's never
looks powdery—
It clings
—voted the 2 most important
points in a powder



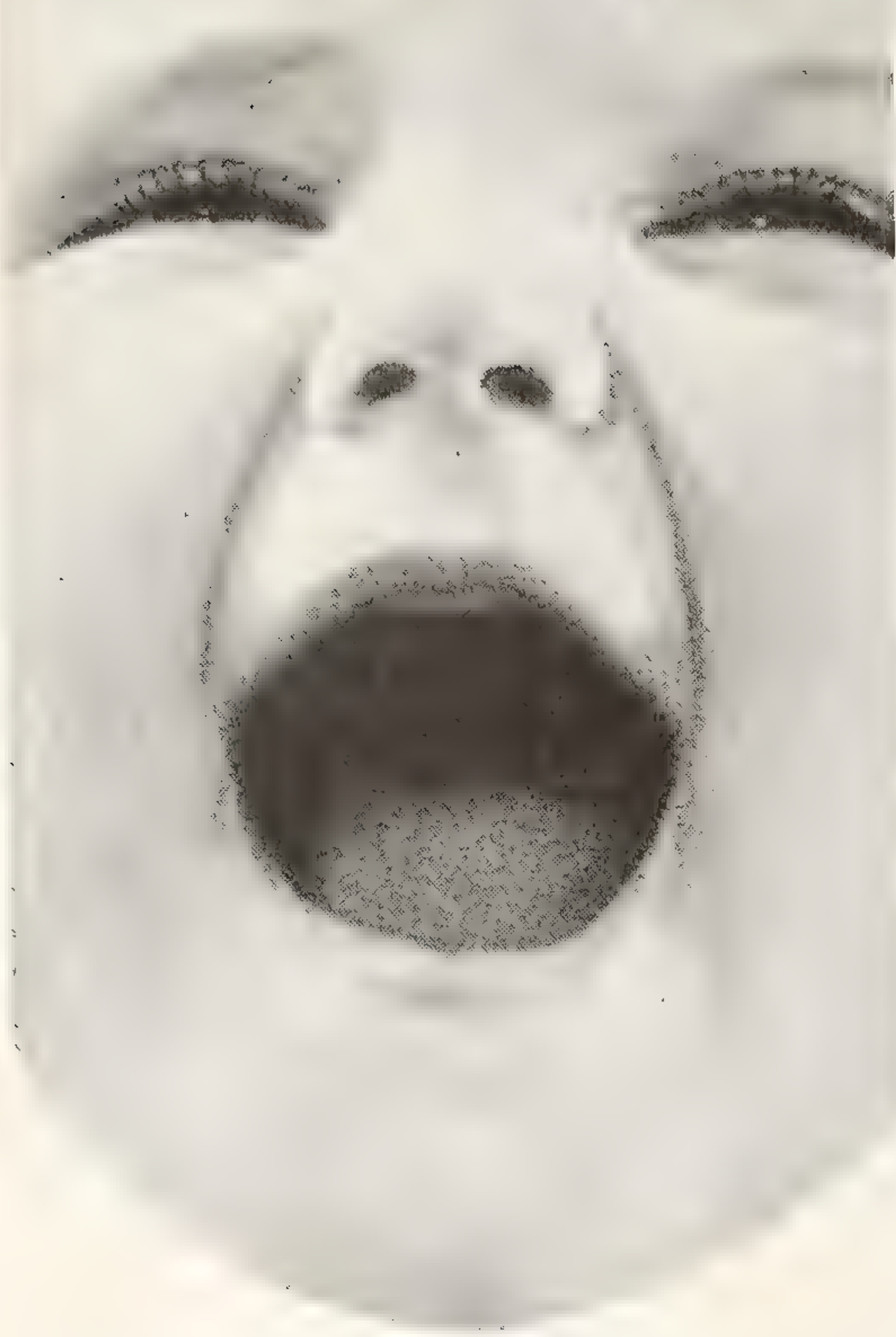
FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires Feb. 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. M-94, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush, free, 5 different shades of
Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough
of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____

Address _____

HURRAY !!
I'VE STRUCK
OIL !



"Just wait till you
discover this Oil Rub
used by almost
all hospitals"

"Gosh, how I used to be scared of germs. But now . . . what do you think . . . the germs are scared of me! Isn't that wonderful? Well . . . it's because I struck oil. Yes—my mother now gives me a body rub every day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil; so I've always got a film of safety over me that keeps away the germs and stops infection. The other day I heard our doctor say that almost all hospitals* now give their babies the daily protection of Mennen Antiseptic Oil. It keeps us so much safer and healthier. Gee, I'm glad my mother's up-to-date and knows about important things like this."

*Nine-tenths of all the hospitals that are important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies, daily. Your baby deserves it, too!

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL

BETWEEN YOU

\$5.00 Prize Letter Disappointed

Recently I saw "Anthony Adverse." I had been acquainted with the voluminous novel by Hervey Allen, the sensitiveness



What's the matter with our leading men, queries a Washington gal. She doesn't leave the question unanswered either.

of imagination, the exquisite prose, the stimulating characterizations. Like many others I awaited the release of this unusual screen endeavor with something of misgiving, lest the story, due to its immensity, be impaired. Newspapers assured the public that the novel had not suffered, that the film was lengthy, gigantic, to say the least, but more than adequate, that its treatment had been delicate and that the full flavor of the book had been preserved. Hervey Allen gave the film its most potent attraction among the readers of this nation when he declared his approval without reservation.

So, eagerly I, too, hastened to see the valiant Anthony relive again in part the inevitable misery that was his birthright. But this was not the Anthony I knew, nor the Angela, nor the Faith. They were not the beings of vast emotions written into them. And the Madonna—how ineffectual and devoid of the spiritual solace she rendered Anthony.

My disappointment in this huge episodic rendition of "Anthony Adverse" I do not attribute to the producers, for the screen has its limitations, nor to its advertisement in the superlative, for I am not susceptible to the racket that accompanies forthcoming productions, but rather to the vigorous consent with which Mr. Allen blessed the film.—Lee Hosford, Jersey City, N. J.

\$1.00 Prize Letter An Open Letter to Bob Taylor

I think you should treat your fan mail with a little more consideration, because if you don't you are sure to lose many of your fans. After seeing you in "Small Town Girl," I wrote you a letter. I never

received a reply. In fact I wrote you three letters which were unanswered. For your birthday I sent you a lovely card and you didn't even thank me for it. Do you think you should treat your fans like this? Perhaps your secretary didn't give you the letters and card, if so then you have an excuse, but if she did and you just cast them away you're not worth going to see. Just put yourself in my place and see how it feels not to hear from someone you're fond of.—Lola Day, San Jose, Calif.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Are Leading Men Too Nice?

Remember when Clark Gable took a couple of wallops at Norma Shearer and Jean Harlow and we liked it so very well we hailed him as a great actor? Remember when James Cagney treated the ladies in cave-man fashion and we thought it was swell?

Isn't that one reason we so admire Fredric March? Even if he doesn't actually hit a lady he has a fire in his eye which glints and tells you he might strike



Do you agree with the gent from Massachusetts, who claims that Jessie Matthews is the Queen of Dancing?

her if he thought she needed it.

All of which makes me wonder: Aren't the leading men of today rather effeminate? Robert Taylor is a very nice chap. So is—well, most of the new crop. But they aren't what I'd call regular brawny he-men. They make me think too much of the dapper Louis XIV and his court. Even Clark Gable seems to have lost his mortgage on the slap-'em-down policy. I'll take Wallace Beery any old day. He looks like he could put away a dish of corned-beef and cabbage and then go out and get up a good alley brawl. He may not be handsome, but he's no sissy at least! K. B., Seattle, Washington.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Queen of Dancing

Who's the king of dancing? Everyone without a question will say Fred Astaire.

'N' ME...

Write us a letter and win a prize! Choose your own movie topic—here are some suggestions: Why you enjoy hearing screen stars on the radio, the best screen performances you've seen recently, movie-boners, suggested casts for best-sellers and favorite books and plays which are scheduled for early screen production, the best technicolor film you've seen to date, etc. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, \$5; five 2nd prizes of \$1 each. Send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

But when you ask who's the queen of dancing, some will say Ginger Rogers, others will say Eleanor Powell, and some might even suggest Ruby Keeler. However, in my mind there's only one girl who can take that title without a question. Yes, it's that beautiful English beauty, Jessie Matthews. She's the Queen!

What a thrill if she and Fred Astaire will get together for a picture. I've seen everyone of her pictures from "Evergreen" to her most recent release "It's Love Again" and she has improved with each one. She's the greatest dancing star alive.—Kenneth F. Parker, Brookline, Mass.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

What the Movies Done for Me

1. I have improved in my English conversation, which formerly was all Greek to me until the players on the screen taught me how to speak English.
2. I can use Roosevelt's English and not the King's English, the former easier to "pick up."
3. I can now understand American slang

(Continued on page 104)



A California reader writes an open letter to Robert Taylor, which should interest everyone, including Mr. T.



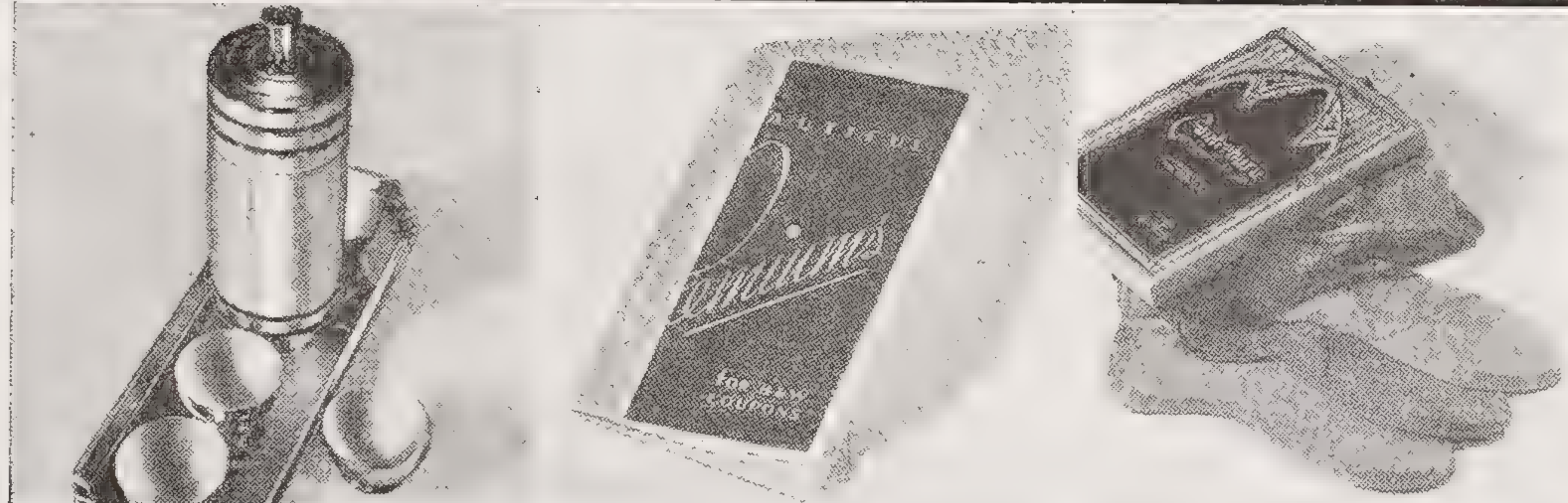
MERRY, XMAS TO ALL (and a carton of Kools)

WHERE'S the holiday throat that won't enjoy their soothing touch of mild menthol? Where's the smoker of either sex who won't relish KOOLS blend of superior Turkish-Domestic tobaccos? Remember that each pack not only carries a valuable coupon,

but there's two extra coupons in a carton! — a good start toward those attractive B & W premiums (offer good U. S. A. only). So give 'em all KOOLS . . . they'll appreciate 'em most! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Chase Cocktail Set. Shaker, 300 coupons; 4 cups—175; tray—200; set—650

FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 12

Sheer Silk Hosiery—Full length. Run-stop band. Newer shades. 125 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"



A society woman nearly stole him from her.



An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.



The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.



In this reunion, they almost parted forever.



Inseparable comedy pals . . . the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in **REUNION**

with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON

HELEN VINSON

SLIM SUMMERVILLE

ROBERT KENT

DOROTHY PETERSON

JOHN QUALEN

ALAN DINEHART

J. EDWARD BROMBERG

SARA HADEN

TOM MOORE

GEORGE ERNEST

MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog

Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson





It takes a Vietnamese to make a good Chinese woman. As Luise! So perfectly did the vacuous Rainer become O-lan of "The Good Earth" that it must be hard for her to get out of character again. Her next picture will be "Adventure for Three," with Robert Taylor.

l u i s e r a i n e r



"Champagne Waltz" sounds as if it would be just the picture that Gladys has been waiting for to set off both her fine voice and sparkling charm. Everyone wondered if Jack Oakie was going to warble an aria or two when his name was added to the cast, but Jack will stick to wisecracks. And Fred MacMurray, you'll be glad to hear is the handsome heart interest.

gladys swarthout

It doesn't take much guessing to know that this smiling fellow is as Irish as the shamrock. Michael has had a speedy rise to screen popularity and well deserves it, because he has both personality and talent. He temporarily has left his home studio to do "The Man I Marry" with Doris Nolan and Chic Sale in the cast.



michael whalen



WASHING WINDOWS chaps hands so, they positively hurt. But Hinds quicker-acting softeners soon soak your roughened skin with comfort. Its creamy texture shows that Hinds works better. . . . It isn't watery!



SORE CHAPPED SKIN
"FEELS GOOD" SOONER WITH

Quicker-Acting
Lotion

LEGS CHAP TOO—Smooth away roughness with quicker-acting Hinds. Its special *creamy* lubricants soak chapped skin soft again. To prevent further chapping, apply Hinds before putting on stockings. It softens and soothes those hard, dry "skin cracks" that sting and burn.



(left) **MEN LOVE** to look at—and hold—hands kept smooth and white with Hinds. Skin looks different—so much softer! That's because Hinds goes *into* roughness—doesn't just float on top. Every creamy drop does its part in soothing water-puffed hands—in relieving chapping.



RED SANDPAPER HANDS...how they sting and burn, feel calloused on the palms, rough on the backs.... That's what hard work outdoors does to tender skin! Put softness back again with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Quicker-acting—not watery—every rich, creamy drop does good. Hands recover a soft feminine look right away with Hinds. It really works!



FREE *The first One-Piece DISPENSER*
IN THE STORES NOW!

The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser! Free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle! Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together! Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Every drop works better! Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream all during the day. It puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

NEW RADIO TREAT—"Between the Bookends" brought to you by Hinds at 12:15 pm E. S. T. over WABC-CBS

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Copyright, 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation



MOTHER

KNOWS BEST


There'll be little stepping like the above Rogers and Astaire duet in "Swing Time," if Mrs. R.'s dramatic plans for Ginger work out.

GINGER ROGERS "Don't Wanna Dance" much longer in her film productions and if the plans of her astute managing mother carry through, the peppy blonde star will switch her talents into cinema drama without benefit of terpsichore and lyric writers. Her contract still calls for one musical film a year with Fred Astaire, a combination that has been a box office record breaker, but Lela Rogers believes that the era of teaming dancers in musical romances has already reached its zenith and that the seasons, for this type of movie attraction, are already numbered. The opening wedge into the new plans for Ginger Rogers is "Mother Carey's Chickens," a costume film set in the Spanish-American war period in which Ginger neither dances nor resorts to light comedy.

In a few years, Mrs. Rogers believes her daughter will

be well on the way to repeating, in serious roles, the popularity she created for herself as a dancing heroine. And in the Rogers combine, mother knows best for, while Ginger may be an admiral in the Texas Navy, an honor conferred on her when she visited the Texas Centennial, it is Lela who is captain of the Rogers' ship, a command she does not intend to relinquish. She candidly admits that her smart supervision of her daughter's career has built Ginger's camera efforts into a million-dollar movie business. To her it is important that the builder of such a successful financial investment remains the boss on important decisions.

Not since the days when Bebe Daniels' mother managed her pretty, talented daughter into the front rank of silent screen stars has this sort of mother-daughter asso-



Ginger relaxe
Carey's Chick
Ginger doesn'

ciation worked s
Because, as M
when Ginger w
and was master
woman saw a bi
wood stardom a
turned on the e
ambition.

Texas claim
daughters, but
Missouri, tha
world that wa
formative yer
those Texas
but mother

OR'S



Edys Hall

is Bob

like?

e tells

m s e l f

I tell you that
is the great-
entury. And
well, too.

TRUE LIFE STORY



Bob Taylor has played with many famous women stars and now he is with Garbo in "Camille."



Such adulation as is Bob's has not been given to any male star in years—yet he's unspoiled.

GABLE WASN'T spoiled by the terrific avalanche of popularity and fame that hit him," said Bob Taylor, "and why the heck should I be? There'll be far less excuse for me, if I go haywire and 'Hollywood,' than there would have been for Clark, if he had. He worked hard for several years before stardom hit him with a wallop between the eyes. He had known discouragement and set-backs. And then, when suddenly it did happen, as it hadn't happened to anyone, since the days of Valentino, it was a complete reversal for him. He might well have been excused if he had lost his head. But he never has; not for one moment.

"I on the other hand, haven't had to work for any length of time at all. I've never even had time to get discouraged. I haven't had any set-backs—yet. I've always had everything. My whole life has been one smooth, progressive pattern. And while this Hollywood 'fame' is by far the brightest and most spectacular of all the patches that have made up the pattern of my life still, it is also of a piece with the rest of it.

"By golly, if I get 'spoiled' someone should line me up against a wall and shoot me. I'll deserve it. If I can do half as well as Gable, I'll be okay. I have the most tremendous admiration, amounting to awe, for him."

While Bob was talking to me, perched upon a camera case the while—Mamo's strong hands were massaging the Taylor shoulder muscles. You remember Mamo, who

played the beautiful native girl opposite Clark in "Mutiny on the Bounty"? I don't know what Mamo was doing on the set other than serving in the capacity of a masseuse. I didn't ask. Anyway, there she was, wearing slacks and giving Bob the Hawaiian version of the Swedish "works." Bob remarked that he didn't know how he'd ever done without her.

"I've told, in almost every interview I've given," Bob went on, as he jerked and jolted under Mamo's kneading hands, "about this last year and what it has meant to me, and how I've reacted to it, and so forth and so on. I've said that I don't think I'm spoiled, don't feel spoiled, hope I never will be. I've said that I feel, if anything, an increasing sense of responsibility, a sense of the gravity of the work itself and a need to keep my feet planted firmly, Gable-wise, on the ground.

"I've said that when I first came to the studio I was afraid of the stars. I was. I'd been a fan, you see, on the other side of the line. I'd believed that these people were compounds of moonlight and magic and probable madness—and not mere flesh and blood people like me.

"I'm not afraid of them now. I haven't said this, you might say it for me. With the exception of my awe of Gable, I've discovered that they are just human beings and swell, hard-working ones at that. I'm not even afraid of Garbo," Bob said, his gray eyes laughing. "No, not even after playing Armand to (Continued on page 80)

Is an education a luxury or a necessity to those who would make the grade in the movies? You'll find the answer here



Robert Taylor



Fredric March



Katharine Hepburn

By Martha



DOES A DIPLOMA

WHAT VALUE has a college education in Hollywood?

For years young university graduates and other young men and women, to whom a college education is an impossibility, have been asking that question, their eyes following the curve of the rainbow to the fabulous pot of gold which lies in the motion picture studios.

The answer is surprising, but true, and proved by long years of Hollywood experience. A college education has little or no value in Hollywood except, of course, in the technical departments of the studios, where trained

engineers and architects and electricians have a very necessary place. With these exceptions, the individual, himself, not his university degree, is the important factor in his success.

Only a very few of the more popular stars have ever sat in a college classroom. Strangely enough, few of the successful writers for the screen have university degrees and only a small number of the ace directors have diplomas tucked away in their trunks. The top-notch actors, authors and directors are proud graduates of that



They went to college! Fredric March, Katharine Hepburn and Robert Taylor all boast college degrees. But theirs is a small number compared with the imposing list of successful, self-made stars who succeeded without a Phi Beta Kappa key and, in most cases, not even a high school diploma.

They graduated from the school of hard knocks! Pictured on this page, there are Janet Gaynor, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. In the article itself you'll discover dozens of others in their class.



Kerr

COUNT IN HOLLYWOOD?

well-known "college of hard knocks," the school which has no ribbon-tied diplomas, no June commencements, no honor societies.

Today there are many young men and women in Hollywood who would gladly exchange that once-prized and engraved diploma for four years of practical experience with people and life, instead of with books.

Johnny Mack Brown, for instance, rode into Hollywood on a diploma from the University of Alabama and his fame as an all-American football player. Where is

Johnny today? He has slipped from leading roles in the major studios into the ranks of western serials. While Gary Cooper, who was punching cattle on a Montana ranch and struggling along as an extra in pictures during Johnny's years of university life, is rated as one of the head men of the screen.

Then there's Franchot Tone. Franchot is an honor graduate of Cornell University and a possessor of a Phi Beta Kappa key, the laurel wreath of scholarship. After several years in Hollywood (Continued on page 94)

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR NORMA SHEARER?



Norma's marriage had the rare combination of a man and woman who shared not only a mutual love, but an unusually successful business association.

By Eleanor
Packer

Will this beloved star continue her career or seek



Norma would drop work at a moment's notice to go on a trip to benefit Irving's health. Here they are returning from one.



Irving Thalberg's great monument, the artistic "Romeo and Juliet", with Norma and Leslie Howard in the name roles.

DEATH, SUDDEN and tragic, has ended Hollywood's most beautiful love story, the story of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.

For nine years, since the October day when they were married, Norma and Irving had known not only a perfect love, but also a complete companionship, which included both their personal and their professional lives. They were a man and a woman who loved and married and became the parents of two children. They were also a brilliant, genius-tinged producer and a successful actress who worked, dreamed and accomplished together.

Quietly, as he had lived, Irving Thalberg died, surrounded by the ones he loved. Norma Shearer knelt beside him during those last heart-breaking hours, as she had stood beside him during the happy and almost unbelievably successful years of their marriage. In the final hours of his life, his eyes met hers in the deep and wordless understanding which they have always known.

When Hollywood had recovered from its first stunned shock and grief at the death of the young executive who had given so much, even his life, to the motion picture industry, the thoughts of everyone turned to Norma and her future. One question was on the lips of all who knew her.

"What will Norma do with the years which lie before her?"

No one knows the answer to that question, not even Norma herself. She is too bewildered in her sorrow,

too numbed by the loss of her young husband, even to think of the future except as a blank and empty void.

But Norma is a young and a very vital woman. Time heals even the deepest wounds. She has her two children, the six-year-old boy with the heritage of Irving Thalberg's name, the baby girl to whom were bequeathed Irving Thalberg's glowing, dark brown eyes. Some day Norma will gather up the broken threads and go on. There is no doubt of that. How she will rebuild her life, no one can predict now, so soon after its wreckage.

HOLLYWOOD IS, of course, filled with whispers and prophecies. A few of Norma's friends say that she will never make another picture, that her superb performance in "Romeo and Juliet" will mark her farewell to the screen. That would be a gloriously dramatic gesture, to say her farewell with Irving Thalberg in the masterpiece which they made together, she as the star, he as the producer—to end Hollywood's most beautiful romance with the greatest love story of literature.

Other friends insist that Norma's career will go on, that she will continue to make pictures, that she will use her work to help to fill the new loneliness of her life. Knowing Norma, I believe that she will return to the screen after a few months of retirement. She is too young and too energetic to be idle. Her children will fill part of her life, but not all of it. Work is a habit with her. She has been busy, active, interested in the world of the stage and screen since she was sixteen years old.

"I believe that every woman owes it to her husband and children to have outside interests. A woman, who has other activities, whatever they may be, is far more interesting to her family than the woman who is completely submerged in domesticity, who knows nothing beyond the four walls of her home," Norma told me only a short time ago.

With those beliefs, what would be more natural than that Norma should continue with the work which has been the most absorbing interest in her life, second only to her husband and children? She has grown up with motion pictures. She knows them, artistically and technically, as few women do. (Continued on page 97)

retirement permanently? Here is the real inside story



Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.



Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"



One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks



A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

Claudette Colbert
and **Fred MacMurray** in
"MAID OF SALEM"

A Paramount Picture with Harvey
Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced
and Directed by **FRANK LLOYD**

WHAT HAS happened to Jean Muir? A year ago she seemed one of the White Hopes of Hollywood. Young, ambitious and individual, she had forged ahead with breathless speed. She was put into one fine role after another—the betrayed girl in “Dr. Monica,” the starring roles in “As the Earth Turns” and “Desirable,” the eagerly-contested role of Helena in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

And then suddenly, as though her career were indeed a midsummer night’s dream, it was all over. For eight months she made no pictures at all. Finally she was loaned to Twentieth Century-Fox for a small role in “White Fang,” the kind of part in which any bit player could have appeared.

Recently she completed “Draegerman Courage,” a program picture, and she is now doing “Once a Doctor,” where she is featured with Donald Woods and Dick Purcell.

These are the facts, but what is the story behind them? Why was Jean Muir raised to the glittery pinnacle of stardom and then thrust back into obscurity?

The story of Jean Muir is the story of a rebel—and the price she paid for her rebellion. It is the story of a girl who almost threw away a career because of her critical, superior attitude toward Hollywood and motion pictures.

Jean never used to be very popular in Hollywood, except with a few people who knew her well. The rest found her too destructive, too much of a lone wolf. For one thing she was too frank and didn’t know when to keep her thoughts to herself.

“When I first came to Hollywood,” she confessed to me, “I was constantly making enemies because I spoke my mind so freely. Within earshot of a scenario writer, I would complain bitterly that the story he had written was atrocious and had no more plot than a barrel of sour apples. I would explain what an impossible person a certain director was, and discover a glazed look coming into the eyes of the person to whom I was talking. Nine times out of ten she turned out to be the director’s wife.”

When Jean Muir was appearing in “Dr. Monica” with

Kay Francis, who was supposed to be the star, Miss Muir said frankly, “My role is much better than yours, you know. Do you mind?”

When Katharine Hepburn, after her startling success in Hollywood, appeared in an ill-starred Broadway play called “The Lake,” Jean went backstage to see Katie after the performance and blurted out, “Miss Hepburn, I admire your courage.”

Katharine Hepburn realized the honesty behind the girl’s bluntness, but there were other stars in Hollywood who didn’t, and who hated Jean.

And there were executives who would cheerfully have slaughtered her for, instead of accepting their suggestions meekly as other newcomers did, she asked a thousand questions. She wanted to know the why and wherefore of everything. At other times she acted as if she knew more about their business than they did.

When Jean first came to Hollywood, her ideas were based on how things were done on the stage, and she rebelled against Hollywood’s methods. Her first part was in a picture which Roy Del Ruth was directing, “Bureau of Missing Persons.”

“In this scene,” he told her, “you’re supposed to sit on a bench reading a newspaper and crying.”

Jean did her best to obey. But she was new to picture and very nervous. It seemed to the director that Jean wasn’t crying enough. “Bring the menthol,” he ordered.

Jean was horrified. She thought of her idols of the stage. Did they use menthol to make them cry? Of course not!

“I won’t do it!” she sobbed. But in the end

she did as she was told. And she was so bitterly humiliated at the idea that it had been necessary to resort to menthol that the tears, real ones this time, came streaking down her face, leaving little blotches on her make-up.

Though Warners, impressed by her talent, put her into the finest roles they could find for her, Jean Muir never was satisfied.

Sometimes, of course, Jean was right. When the studio asked her to wear five or six different changes of costume in “As the Earth (Continued on page 83)

Jean Muir now knows that it pays to be good



Jean takes another step toward a screen comeback in “Once a Doctor.”

STORMY PETREL

By Dora Albert

GOOD NEWS



Ginger Rogers and Jim Stewart even do the Air Races together. Is it love?

At a movie the other night we tried desperately to hear some of the dialogue, but the competition was too much. A gal a few seats away, an expert gum-cracker, covered every speech and the picture didn't have a chance. In some cases, not hearing the dialogue is a fine thing, but indications were that this picture might be good if we could hear it, so we leaned over to ask the young lady to hold off until we found out what this rich fella was doing in that nice girl's apartment. Imagine our consternation to discover the gum-snapper to be Margaret Sullavan!

The death of Irving Thalberg was a shock to everyone who knew him. Only 37, he was a slave to his job, working almost nightly at the studio and seldom taking a vacation. He earned millions in his brief life span, but he had little time to enjoy them. An ironic overtone to the tragedy was that his death came just a few days before the Hollywood premiere of his wife's biggest picture, "Romeo and Juliet."

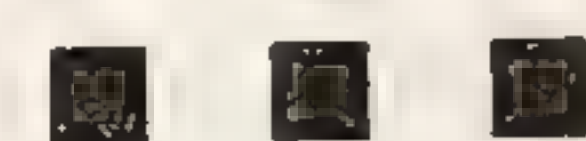
A studio-designed wardrobe is final proof that the Quints are now full-fledged stars. Two dozen seamstresses fashioned bonnets, dresses and matching accessories for the Dionne young ladies to wear in their new picture. There are rumors about that Adrian has his eye on the gals. After all, why launch a new mode on just one Jean Harlow?

Hollywood's off-screen sleuth on a hectic beat

Belles Lettres Note: A recent and highly prized press dispatch is a breathless little paragraph describing the dignified mien of the headwaiter at the Brown Derby. After discussing the personage at considerable length the note ends with: "The only indiscretion the headwaiter permits himself is to write a little poetry now and then in a style reminiscent of John Keats." Make that two orders of Keats, my man, and wrap up a bit of Shelley to take out.



At the moment Bob Taylor is the biggest draw in pictures. Even things he made two years ago are being revived for the edification of large audiences of women, and his studio seems to be making every effort to rush him into as many pictures as possible. The poor guy has made over a dozen pictures in the last year and a half and it looks like he's going to keep on making them as long as he can stand up. Incidentally, he's conferring with his bosses regarding a boost in salary, for he started at the studio at \$35 a week and with a few bonuses and such he now makes approximately \$750 every pay day. Naturally, it grieves him to know that stars with half his drawing power are pulling in \$5000 a week, and since a star's life is a short one, he wants it while he's got it, if you know what he means.

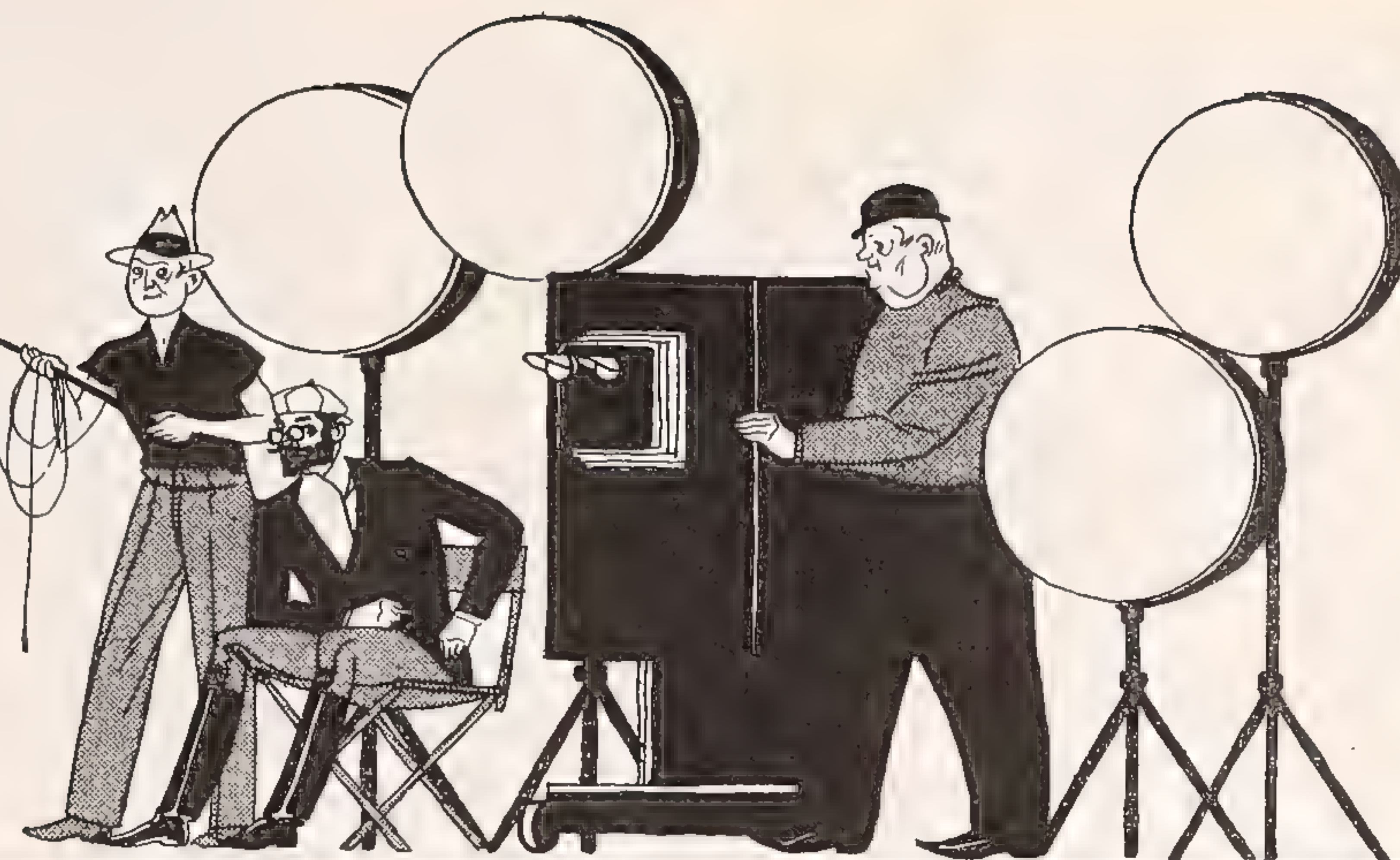


Not that it means anything, but it's sort of a coincidence that Margot Grahame is playing opposite Herbert Marshall in "Make Way for a Lady" while her husband, Francis Lister, is in London co-starring with Edna Best, who is still Mrs. Marshall.



Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray, also on-lookers at the races, beam obligingly.

By Leo Townsend



activities keep our news from parties to sports events

When Loretta Young suddenly walked out of the leading role in "Lloyds of London," people wondered why until she boarded a boat for Honolulu. It was a nice vacation, and just by lucky chance, mind you, Eddie Sutherland happened to be there at the same time.



The social life of the "Born to Dance" cast is really terrific. A few weeks ago, for instance, Frances Langford tossed a swimming and cocktail party at her home for the chorus of the picture, with no men allowed. Then Eleanor Powell cooked a dinner with her own hands for the special benefit of her leading man, Jimmy Stewart, and her studio's publicity department. The publicity department, incidentally, is cooking up with its own little hands a delightful romance between Eleanor and Jimmy. Their love will bloom about the time the picture is released, after which it may slowly fade away.



Sid Silvers, who (with Jack MacGowan) wrote the new Eleanor Powell picture, "Born to Dance," also plays one of the comedy leads. Being author of the thing, Sid wrote himself a swell part, but when he came to play it he found most of it had disappeared. Drawing himself up to his full five feet, he marched into the producer's office to demand an explanation. "We're building you up gradually," said the executive. "We think you're a great comic, Sid. In fact, you've got a lot of Chaplin in you." "I know," said Sid. "You mean I never talk!"



Accident-of-the-month was Lucille Ball's. Lucille, as you know,



The town's friendliest "ex's," Adrienne Ames and ex-hubby Bruce Cabot.



Ruth Chatterton sponsored the Air Races. Here she is with Kay Francis.

gives her all to portraying dizzy blondes on the screen. We bumped into her on the RKO lot the other day and she told us all about it. "I tripped over my dog at home," she said, "and bumped my head. Ever since there are moments when my mind is a complete blank." We stepped back ten before we asked her how she could tell.



Did you know that Jean Harlow is studying French? Not that she contemplates moving to Paris or anything. She just thought it would be nice. During the shooting of "Libeled Lady" there were several French guests on the set one day. They met Jean, and someone told them of her linguistic struggles. So they tested her out by asking her to say "I am well" in French. Jean complied. So they tried her on "I am not well." There were a few minutes of Harlow hesitation and then, "Oh, nuts!" So pardon Jean's French.



The vague rumors about that Garbo is ill are true. The Silent One has a serious intestinal ailment, and we just learned that she spent several weeks in a sanitarium last year. On her way to recovery she became bored with the place and thought she'd go home. That the ailment still is serious is evidenced by the fact that "Camille" was held up two weeks with Garbo home in bed.

Local Boys Make Good: Henry Fonda and Randolph Scott, both of this city, recently went East and brought themselves back a couple of wealthy brides. The new Mrs. F. is the widow of George T. Brokaw and Mrs. Scott was Mrs. T. H. Somerville. She's one of the Du Pont girls and there's talk around that she possesses some \$70,000,000. Wouldn't it be nice if she bought Paramount for Randy?



At the "Dodsworth" preview there was lengthy applause when Mary Astor first appeared on the screen. As this was her first picture since the recent trial, the applause must have been pleasant music to her ears, for it probably means favorable audience reaction throughout the country. Mary's constant companion, these days, incidentally, is Marcus Goodrich, a writer under contract to RKO. Goodrich, an old friend, is now handling all of the Astor personal affairs.



Joan Crawford has been having a lot of success lately at keeping her pictures pretty much in the family, or perhaps it's merely a coincidence that Franchot Tone appears with her in her last two vehicles. In "The Gorgeous Hussy" Walter Abel originally had the part of young Mr. Eaton, whom Joan finally marries. It was a small part, but a kind writer built it up for Mr. Abel. Then it was promptly handed over to Franchot. In "Love on the Run," in which Joan is co-



Michael Whalen takes Astrid Allwyn to a premiere where they are asked to say a few words into the "mike."

wife dutifully looked up at imaginary planes and the photog turned to Benita with: "Won't you look up too, Miss Astor?"



The biggest battle of the season was the battle of the false eyelashes, staged by Mae West and Alice Brady during the making of "Go West, Young Man." When Mae appeared with long eye adornments Alice showed up with longer ones. It went on like that for days, but Miss W. won out by the simple procedure of cutting Miss Brady's part here and there. Both gals should have sent for Marlene Dietrich, who's a real authority on the false eyelash subject. Marlene took three dozen pairs of them with her on her recent trip abroad.



Simone Simon, who skyrocketed to fame in "Girls' Dormitory," is still very much on the temperamental side. Director Irving Cummings had plenty of trouble with the young lady in her first



Some fun! Frances Langford and Tony Martin get a great kick out of a fast spin Hollywood-wise.

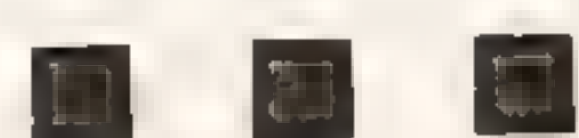
starred with Clark Gable, Robert Young was set for the second male lead. Again the part was built up, but not for Bob, for once more Franchot stepped in and grabbed it. Some agent, Crawford!



Carole Lombard has a prowler. Every once in a while, in the vicinity of the home she and Fieldsie recently rented, she heard strange noises. She wasn't making them herself, so she hired a watchman. A few nights later she awoke to discover a flashlight gleaming through the bedroom window and onto her face. But Lombard is never at a loss for words. "Hey!" she yelled. "Are you the watchman, or are you the other guy?" A meek voice replied, "I'm the watchman, madam." "Then," said Carole, "for Gawdsake take that light out of my eyes!"



The Doug Fairbankses (the actor, remember?) cocktailed in mid-air for a group of their friends recently. They hired one of the new 28-passenger planes, piled everybody in and set out. There was dinner and dancing in San Francisco followed by more flying and more cocktailing. Among the guests were Kay Francis and Delmar Daves, and since the plane didn't return until 5 a. m., there were a lot of worried husbands around Hollywood.



At the air races a photographer approached the Fairbankses and Benita Hume and asked them to pose for a picture. Doug and



A recent bride and groom step out. Allan Jones with Irene Hervey on his arm. They look blissfully happy, don't they?

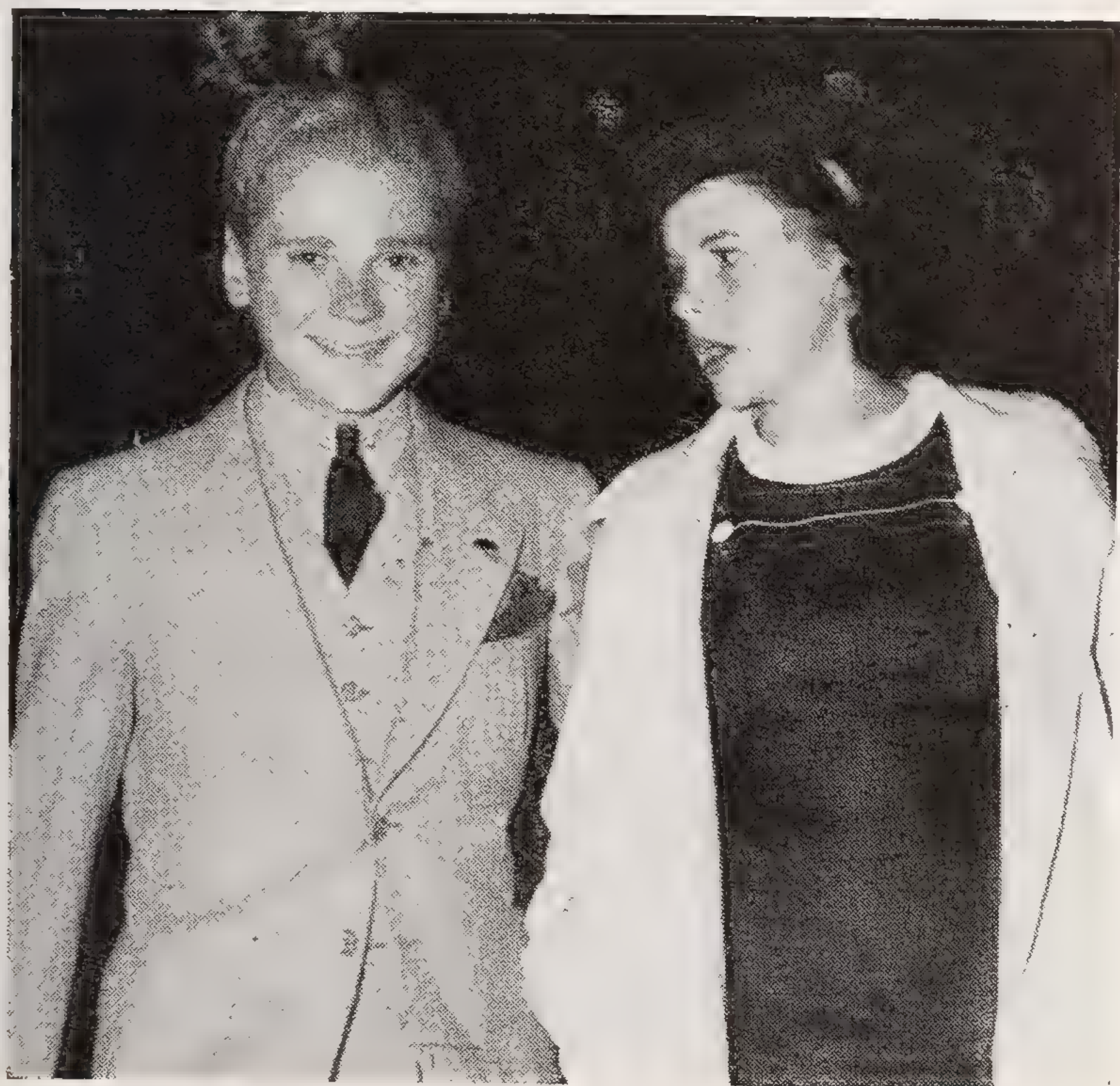


Craig Reynolds dates June Travis for a premiere. He has been Glenda Farrell's swain on and off recently.

picture, but he indulged in the satisfaction of telling her off when the film was completed. She behaved fairly well in "Ladies in Love" but, by the time her third picture came up, the nation-wide ballyhoo had started and the little lady walked right out of the assignment and home to sulk. Have you been reading those billboards, Toots?

Mae West Item: Our spy at an exclusive Hollywood shoppe ("Spying done while you wait" is our motto) reports that Mae is growing. When she first hit Hollywood she slipped into lingerie marked size 14 and now, it is our duty to report, she must have 18. It is heartening to add, though, that Mae still does things with an elegant touch. She never stoops to the gauchery of selecting her lingerie in person—it's all purchased by the Spanish gentleman who is her social secretary.

Another note of elegance is the news that Katharine Hepburn



Why, Jackie Cooper, we remember you as such a little shaver! And now long pants and that pretty girl, Judy Garland.

has discarded the station wagon in which she always used to drive to the studio. Perhaps it was the influence of her royal role in "Mary of Scotland"—at any rate, she now reports to work in a shiny new coupe.

Could it be that Connie Bennett is going soft on us? The regal Miss B., who has always been haughty to the press and the common people in general, has now hired herself a publicity agent whose particular job it is to convince everyone that poor Connie has simply been misunderstood. Just to prove it, La Bennett last month tossed a swimming party at which the lowly press was permitted—even urged—to partake of the Bennett refreshments and leap, fall or wander into the Bennett pool. And we can remember Constance when she was considered 'way up town!

A preview audience changed the title of Shirley Temple's new picture from "The Bowery Princess" to "Dimples." Judging from the reaction cards sent in by the customers, everyone felt that "bowery" was a horrid word in connection with little Miss T. After all, she's making \$5,000 a week, ain't she? So now it's "Dimples" and everybody's happy.



Another young fellow who is growing up—Wes Ruggles, Jr., with mother, Arline Judge.

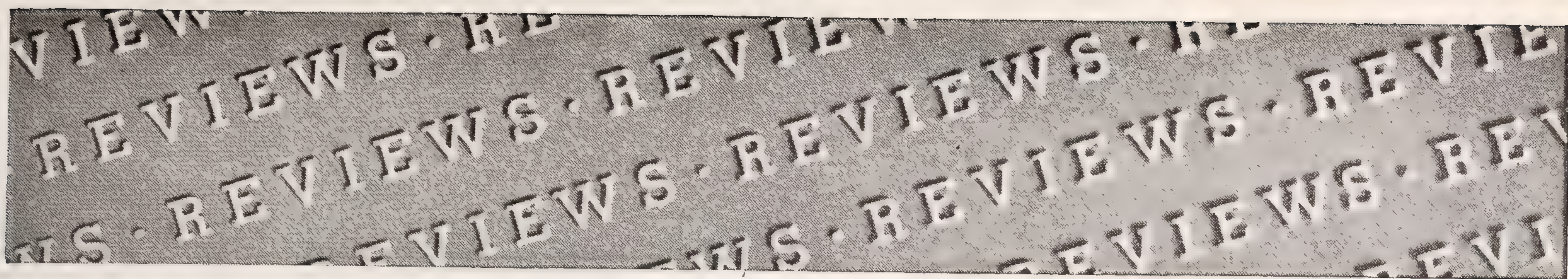
Another gym addict is Warren William. He builds the Body Beautiful at the bars—and not the horizontal ones like some of the boys around town. So there should be one waistline, anyhow, in Mae West's new epic.

Herbert Marshall's going in for horsemanship. Not, however, because he's British, but fattish. In spite of a nasty fall resulting in three stitches which he suffered recently, Mr. M. is still taking his daily workout on that electric horse in the studio gym. That's the old Prince of Wales spirit, Bart.

We have just learned that Barbara Stanwyck's four-year-old son, Dion, has a pet name for Robert Taylor. It's "Gentleman Bob." We can't find out if Barbara calls him that or not.

It took Gracie Moore to shake Mickey Mouse's position as top guy around town. Miss Moore threw a temper tantrum just before a big broadcast on which she and Mickey are to be featured. Mickey, Donald Duck and their crowd could appear on the program and she wouldn't, or vice-versa. It was vice-versa, with Walt Disney giving Grace the air.

Patsy Kelly Gowns, Inc., is the most exclusive joint in town. In fact, it excludes everyone but Patsy Kelly, who designs all the gowns just for herself. Having a yen all these years to be a glamor girl and getting no coöperation from Hollywood designers, Patsy's decided to spread the coq feathers. (Cont'd on page 69)



the year. As it is, the tragedy of Ramona and Alessandro is told with a moving simplicity in the first sequences, but the pace slackens to a drag in the latter ones. Loretta Young's portrayal of the Indian maiden is adequately done. She looks so lovely that an emotional shallowness in some scenes goes unnoticed. Don Ameche is perfectly cast as the Indian hero, and Pauline Frederick does full justice to the role of austere Spanish senora who hardens her heart against her Indian foster-daughter. Kent Taylor is likeable in the role of her son. Jane Darwell and Katherine DeMille are satisfactory in minor roles. "Ramona" is undoubtedly a picture that will please every audience.

Preview Postscript

Main location for filming was a 55,000-acre ranch in the Mesa Grande area of the San Jacinto Mountains, 140 miles south of Los Angeles, which was selected only after innumerable color tests had been made of other areas in California . . . Sun, wind, fire and birds combined to furnish formidable obstacles for Director King. Due to the extreme brightness of the sun in the clear mountain air, many scenes had to be filmed under "scrim"—a fragile bobbin netting which softened the overhead light just enough to eliminate glare, every dart of which the color camera would have faithfully reproduced. The continual high winds often ripped the nets to shreds. Other times the powerful arc lights fired the lace-like nettings, which went up like tinder. Months beforehand a cherry orchard and an apple tree had been contracted for use when in full fruit. Both ripened on schedule and Indian boys had to be hired to guard them from the swallows with shot guns . . . More than 3,000 persons took part in making this film. The cast of seventeen feature players, seventy-five minor artists, a technical crew of two-hundred and fifty, the remainder consisting of Indians, and extras, constituted the immense community which went on location. All lived in tents and cabins with the exception of Loretta Young and Kent Taylor, who rented special trailers, complete with two rooms, electric refrigeration, shower baths and all the trimmings. Each night "rushes" of the day's work were shown at an improvised outdoor theatre. Swimming, horseback riding and tennis offered the cast an enjoyable time. Twelve weeks were spent filming location scenes before the company returned to the studio for another three weeks of interiors . . . Don Ameche started stage work eight years ago in Madison, Wisconsin, substituting at the last minute for a main character in "Excess Baggage." Later he entered radio work and was snatched up by movie moguls in short order. He will broadcast from Hollywood now, due to picture engagements lined up for him.

★★★ Craig's Wife (Columbia)

On the stage, "Craig's Wife" was a Pulitzer Prize winner back in

See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 22.



These youngsters, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew, turn in excellent performances in "The Devil is a Sissy."



Rosalind Russell is so good in the title role of "Craig's Wife" that you'll hate her. Assisted by John Boles and a very fine cast.

the days when the Pulitzer Prize meant it was the best play of the year. On the screen, it is one of the most compelling dramas of the season. Rosalind Russell, in the title role, is a complete shrew, a coldly beautiful woman who loves only her cold beautiful home. Her husband and her friends are mere annoyances who are tolerated only in the degree that they can be of value to her. She believes in marriage only because, as an institution, it gives her security and, in her own case, wealth. Her husband's friends no longer come to her because there is no welcome there. Gradually her selfish existence closes in on her and one by one maid, cook, sister and finally her husband walk out on her, leaving her with her fine empty home. It's a tragic picture, and one which you wouldn't soon forget. Rosalind Russell's performance definitely stamps her as an actress of the first rank. She's so good you'll despise her. John Boles is better than usual as her husband, and there are fine performances by Jane Darwell as the cook and Billie Burke as a next-door neighbor. Much of the picture's power is due to the able and sensitive direction of Dorothy Arzner.

Preview Postscript

Known as Russell's Last Stand, this picture was awaited with great curiosity around town. Rosalind was forced into the role against her better judgment, which makes the celluloider's triumph considerably more interesting . . . It's a woman's picture from start to finish. Directed by Dorothy Arzner, edited by Viola Lawrence, scenarioed by Mary McCall, Jr., and starred by Miss Russell. Dorothy Arzner is Hollywood's only female director. She started out as a typist at Columbia but gave herself a five-year plan for bigger and better things. In three years she was directing . . . The set for this one was undoubtedly one of the most artistic and complete interiors ever constructed on a lot. A ten-room house was built in its entirety, with an estimated cost of \$60,000 in furnishings. Exteriors were filmed at a home in Beverly Hills . . . Two brides of four months worked on this picture. Dorothy Wilson is now Mrs. Lewis Foster, while Kathleen Burke has married Juan Fernandez, a dance director at Paramount . . . John Boles found time for this film between personal appearances in Cincinnati, Montreal and Toronto. While in Hollywood he is rarely seen out, except to and from the studio. John is perfectly contented to stay in his Santa Monica beach home with his wife and daughters and forsake the bright lights of Hollywood . . . Rosalind Russell is another who'd just as soon stay at home—at least while in Hollywood. But of late she's been kept on the run between one night club and another. The reason being Mary Jane Russell, who is Rosalind's sister and a first-time Hollywood visitor. She seems to like Cinema Town a lot.

(Continued on page 101)

AROUND THE TOWN



Elissa Landi is back in Hollywood and busily at work in "The White Dragon." However, her off-screen hours are occupied socially with the handsome Nino Martini. Here the two of them pose for Scotty while spending a recent evening at the popular Trocadero. Nice looking pair, huh?



Now it's June Travis who seems to have captured the dating time of Cesar Romero. Cesar usually turns up at events with Virginia Bruce or Betty Furness but here he is at the Biltmore Bowl, smiling adoringly into June's piquant face. And she seems to be enjoying the attention, too.



"Have a peanut," said Glenda Farrell as she leaned across the bar at her own gay party recently. And, not to be left out, Mary Brian hurries up with a batch of popcorn. Barton MacLane can't seem to make up his mind but Wini Shaw dips right into the dish. The party was a Farrell success.



The grinning gal here has stored her ice skates in favor of grease paint. Sonja Henie, champion skater, is caught at a preview with attractive Tyrone Power, Jr.



Humphrey Bogart and Margaret Lindsay in a scene from "Isle of Fury."

Just how that Bogart boy ever became an actor still puzzles his old New York gang

HUMPHREY'S HALCYON DAYS

By Ruth Rankin

THIS STORY is about Humphrey Bogart, late of the New York stage, now in and of Hollywood. Humphrey was the man without the shave, in "Petrified Forest," who made Dillinger look like a sissy. He menaced things up in great shape for "Bullets and Ballots"—he was that nasty man named Fenner, who finally shot the hero. Now, after all, the man who shoots the hero in any picture is pretty important.

They are lining up things fast for Humphrey over at Warners where they predict stardom for him within three years.

Well, all I have to say is, it will be no fault of Humphrey's. He will have to be a star in spite of himself. He hasn't the remotest idea of playing studio politics and wouldn't if he could. He can't suppress his joy in the fact that he has no tact and an unholy habit of not minding his own business. And by the time three years have elapsed, he will have had a fight with everyone on the lot. However, everyone will wind up by liking him because he won't sit still and take it. Anybody who gives him an argument will have to see it through—and Humphrey will even start the argument, if things look sorta slow.

Someone once remarked that Humphrey's father probably had to be a doctor to keep Humphrey sewed up. Enough stitches have been taken in that guy to run up a little light summer dancing frock, with ruffles.

The first time I ever saw him—it was in 1918—he was laid out on a sidewalk in New York's Greenwich Village. It seems that a girl in a doorway yelled "help" and Humphrey responded. The girl faded out when he got there and two tough gents emerged from the shadows, intent upon his wallet. They got it—but they had to fight for it. We happened along two minutes later, picked up all we could find of Humphrey, took it home with us and telephoned for Dr. Bogart, who seemed less surprised than would be ordinarily indicated. I guess he'd been called before, on similar occasions.

It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship which has lasted eighteen years, or until Humphrey reads this inspired revelation.

He carried a souvenir from that little fracas for some time—an upper lip like an awning, which blurred his speech but didn't stop Humphrey from talking. Finally his papa took a pleat in it and you'd never know the difference now. But at that time it didn't look as if Humphrey would be an actor. (Continued on page 95)

Girls, who knew Humphrey-when, say dates with him were colored by speedy driving and battles!





Claudette and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, attend the Night of Stars show.

SHE HAS

And so Claudette is adored

others were sick with malaria. And so on and on. Dangers to her career, as well as her life, were just as easily waved away. Very few actresses, before or since, have survived the number of play flops that she survived during the early part of her career.

Then came what surely must be the end—the announcement that Claudette was picking her own next play. That such a newcomer could pick anything but another flop was inconceivable. But the wand waved, Claudette muttered “Abacadabra” and “The Barker” turned out to be a hit, the first and the biggest in her whole career.

The incident of “It Happened One Night,” about which you have heard umpteen times, is another example of her uncanny luck in story selection. Constance Bennett and Miriam Hopkins had turned it down when Claudette Colbert accepted it. Claudette was in a bit of a career-pickle, too, when that picture came along. She was badly in need of something to get her out of it.

But—and that’s the point I’m making—Claudette always gets out of everything. It may be a good story that does the smoothing-over, but mostly it’s that smile, that appealing something I referred to back in the beginning of this opus. And no matter what the evidence against her. There was that time she should have been arrested, for example. That was in the days when she was just fifteen-year-old Lily Chauchoin. Claudette laughs as she recalls it.

WHERE IS that woman?” And nobody smiles when they say that either. The scene is Paramount’s publicity department. It is twelve forty-five. Claudette was due at eleven for her first interview. At eleven forty-five she was to have had her second. At twelve-thirty, her third. The three interviewers—and interviewers should never meet in the same line-up—are sitting in a row, pock-marking pencils and optically slaying each other. The boy from the portrait gallery breezes in. “Am I going to get Claudette at one?” The publicity woman throws a memo pad at him. He retreats, but comes back a second later. “That reminds me. You told her to bring those new furs of hers? We’re counting on them for winter fashion releases.” This time the publicity gal controls herself. “I told her. But you know Claudette! If she doesn’t bring them, don’t blame me.”

Then suddenly Claudette appears, standing in the door in a pair of dark blue slacks. She smiles and peeks out sheepishly from behind dark glasses. “Hello, everybody. I’m so dreadfully sorry!” She greets them all, all around, with some personal word. Then she asks the publicity girl if she may speak to her for a moment outside. A moment’s conference. The girl returns alone. Her eyes are frantic, appealing. But a faint smile twitches her mouth. “Sorry, kids, Claudette’s got a luncheon date. A friend from New York. She wants to know if you’ll please excuse her until afterward. She’s sorry, but she sort of got everything all bawled up.”

A hushful moment. To hide their eye-softness, three writers look floorward. Three pair of feet do a school-room shuffle. “S’all right with me,” the male writer, first. “I don’t mind either,” one of the girls. “I’m hungry myself,” sympathizes the other.

Claudette Colbert charm? Yes, Claudette has that certain something which enables her to “get away with murder.”

THAT PHRASE might also apply to the charm that guards her life, for if there is magic in her smile, there is no less of it in the godmother wand that controls her destiny. When she was fourteen she was run over by a two-ton truck and lived to tell the tale. When she was eighteen, doctors told her she had stomach trouble from which she would never recover and a year later she defied them to find a trace of it. In 1930 on an around-the-world trip on a tramp steamer, she arrived at the Malay peninsula, the only healthy passenger on the boat. The

ONLY IT wasn’t so funny then. It was my first driving experience. I didn’t have a license or even a permit, and the car wasn’t mine. It was a brand new one belonging to Harry Wolf, a friend of the family’s. How he ever happened to let me drive it, I don’t know. But anyway, there I was behind the wheel breezing down New York’s 72nd Street in the very heaviest evening traffic, when I stalled right in the middle of the trolley tracks. The traffic piled up behind me and an irate policeman came over to see what was the matter. There was nothing really the matter except that I hadn’t the least idea of how to start

It has been a long wait between pictures for Claudette’s fans. Her newest picture is “Maid of Salem.” Right, she and Bonita Granville appear in a scene from it.



WERE MARRIED



Because Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor had forgotten California's three-day marriage license law, they had to postpone their wedding until one minute after midnight on September 28th. However, the wedding took place with full church pomp at that unusual hour.



Henry Fonda and Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw met abroad last summer. Their engagement, announced from there, came as a great surprise. They were wed in a fashionable church ceremony in New York on September 16th and left for Hollywood at once.

of the town's most famous couples to the altar. Just look!



Jean Harlow (left) is still in her twenties and Myrna Loy (above) has just turned thirty, yet they both have the fresh sparkle of the 'teens. Beautifully cared for hair and unblemished skins will be their challenge to age for years to come.

A POUND OF CURE

By Mary Marshall



You'll never hear a screen star make that feeble excuse, "Oh, ten extra pounds is rather becoming, don't you think?" Beauties like Carole Lombard realize that their star sets when that svelte figure begins to show a rubber tire waistline.



Joan Blondell is a shining example to all who insist that it's simpler to be "pleasingly plump" than divinely slender. Joan literally shaved the pounds off to gain that alluring figure with its softly curved contour. You can do it, too. Try!

That old bogey, "the fat forties," won't get you if you watch your step between twenty and the early thirties

THERE COMES a day in the life of even the best-looking lass when she suddenly realizes that she ought to "do something" about herself—about her figure, skin or hair. One girl in twenty actually does "do something," and that's a very conservative estimate. The other nineteen young ladies are all too inclined to say—and quite humanly enough—one of several things: "Oh, that ten extra pounds is rather becoming, don't you think? I was really too thin." Or, "I guess it's natural to gain a few pounds—or a few lines—as one gets older." Or something else which is nice and comforting but which, as the song goes, "ain't necessarily so."

I want to hold the floor for the duration of this article about girls from the early twenties to the early thirties. There's no good reason nowadays why anyone should look materially older at thirty-two than one does at twenty-two. That certain girlishness departs with the passage of ten years, and so it should. But physically speaking—from the standpoint of figure, skin and hair—

the passage of a decade should tell no age secrets.

It's all very well for me, sez you, to adorn these two pages with pictures of the Misses Harlow, Colbert, Lombard and Blondell. "What have they got to do with me?" asks you. "They're beautiful. I'm not. They've got money. I haven't. They can hire masseuses. I can't. They can . . ." But save the rest of it, my sweeties, for I'm way ahead of you.

LEAVING THESE beauteous gals right where they are in their artistic poses for a moment, let me give you what I consider, in my not too humble opinion, an ideal for every one of you to follow, from the early twenties right on into the thirties and—yes, lady—clear through to middle age also. Here 'tis:

1. Clean, flowing body lines, whatever your size. Your chassis may not have the "oomph" of a Dietrich, but you can emulate Dietrich's splendid posture. You absolutely need not have lumps here and (Continued on page 88)

By Franc Dillon

IT WOULDN'T be much of an exaggeration to say that the greatest disappointment Tom Brown ever had came to him on his twenty-first birthday.

Of course there was a party, a grand one given by his parents at a local hotel, with presents and a birthday cake with candles and an orchestra and all his friends there to wish him well and help him celebrate. Everything was, apparently, perfect, including the fact that the party was a complete surprise to Tom. But just the same Tom was bitterly disappointed.

"I don't know what exactly I expected to happen on that day," Tom said, in talking of it, "but as far back as I can remember I had looked forward to and planned for it. I'm sure I didn't expect to wake up and find that I had a long, grey beard or anything like that," he laughed, "but I did anticipate some startling changes that weren't forthcoming."

WHEN THE doorbell rang one noon recently and I found Tom standing on my doorstep, my first thought was of food, for what boy isn't hungry, especially at meal time?

"I was just going by," he explained with an impish grin, "and I thought I'd better stop and see if you were behaving yourself."

"Hungry?" I asked suspiciously.

"No, honest, but if you don't mind, I'd like a glass of milk. You think it's funny for me to be drinking milk?" he asked. "Well, it is, really. That is, considering that all my life I looked forward to the time when I would be old enough to accept a glass of beer or a highball when it was offered to me. Now that I'm of age, I don't want it. In fact, I'm strictly on the water wagon."

And that is how this conversation began, during which he told me all the things he had expected from life when he should be twenty-one, all the dreams he had which had exploded in his face. (Continued on page 85)

Tom thinks it's fun to be twenty-one, but it has its drawbacks, too.

Nick Lukats, Priscilla Lawson and Tom appear in "Rose Bowl."

FREEDOM'S A FLOP...!

And Tom Brown, who has waited long to attain it, tells you why



IS BEAUTY A BOOMERANG?

Virginia Bruce's answer will hearten all girls who long for it

By Faith
Service

A great beauty herself, Virginia has had beaux and adulation galore, so she knows the answer! "Born to Dance" is her newest screen appearance.

ISN'T BEAUTY, a boomerang, in a way?" I said to Virginia, on an impulse.

"What say?" asked Virginia, her delicate brows lifted slightly.

We were sitting in the sunlight, outside Virginia's dressing-room on the studio lot. The white-gold sun of California, which shows many a noted beauty to be something made-up while electric lights do not, made of Virginia something whiter and goldier than the sunlight. She wore a pale blue sweater, a rose sport skirt, a rose scarf, bobby socks and sneaks. Her golden hair, hung loosely about her face. She looked sixteen and like a poem, a valentine, a song, a dream.

I recalled how, at odd times, Jimmy Stewart, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Cesar Romero and other cavaliers had spoken of Virginia's beauty. I glanced at the volume she held in her hands, Maurois' "Life of Byron." I thought back to her passionate, self-sacrificing love for John Gilbert, her eagerness to retire completely from public life when she married him, her deep, maternal love for the small Susan and

her often reiterated desire to have other children. I wondered whether the reputation of being a Great Beauty, deserved as it most authentically is, satisfied this girl who has more than a silky skin, golden hair and eyes as blue as forget-me-nots.

So I asked her. And she laughed, or rather, to tell the plain truth, she snorted. And she replied, "You're not trying to make me admit that I am 'a beauty,' are you, for heaven's sake? Because, in the first place, it's ridiculous. And in the second place I hate to be so labelled—even with such lovely libel.

"I do think beauty can be a curse. I don't want to be known as a beauty. I think the reputation of being one starves a girl of most of life. And just so you won't contribute to any such mistaken ideas about me, I can tell you half a dozen things that are wrong with my face. Half a dozen things I hate about myself!"

"I dare you!" I said.

"Take you on," laughed Virginia. "I hate my chin. Look at it! Can you find it? (Continued on page 78)

THE GOOD

Muni and Rainer bring you Wang and O-lan in all

CAST

Wang.....PAUL MUNI
O-lan.....LUISE RAINER
Uncle.....WALTER CONNOLLY
Lotus Liu.....TILLY LOSCH
Grandfather

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN
Cuckoo.....JESSIE RALPH
Aunt.....FOO YONG
Eldest Son.....KEYE LUKE
Youngest Son..ROLAND LUI

—Adapted from the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER picture. Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN. From the screen play by TALBOT JENNINGS, MARC CONNELLY, FRANCES MARION. Based on the novel by PEARL BUCK. Fictionized by MARY MAYES.



Wang greets his new wife, O-lan, from The Great House.



O-lan, once a slave, works hard for her beloved Wang.

INTO THE eyes of Wang, the farmer, came a furtive, frightened look. He glanced surreptitiously from the great cauldron of hot water on the stove to his aged father, making such a to-do there with his bowl of tea. Tea, by the gods, which the Old One—grumbling between great drafts of the fragrant beverage—declared was like silver and too good for poor farmers who should be content with hot water to warm their lungs of a morning. But then, as Wang had said, in excuse, "This is the day!"

Young Wang, the furtive look gone, decided to throw caution to the winds. He started to take the *whole* cauldron of water—not just a panful—into the inner room, attempting with

very poor success an air of nonchalance. The Old One glanced up from his tea. What was this, what was this?

"Now there's enough water to bring a crop to fruit!" His thin voice crackled with amazement.

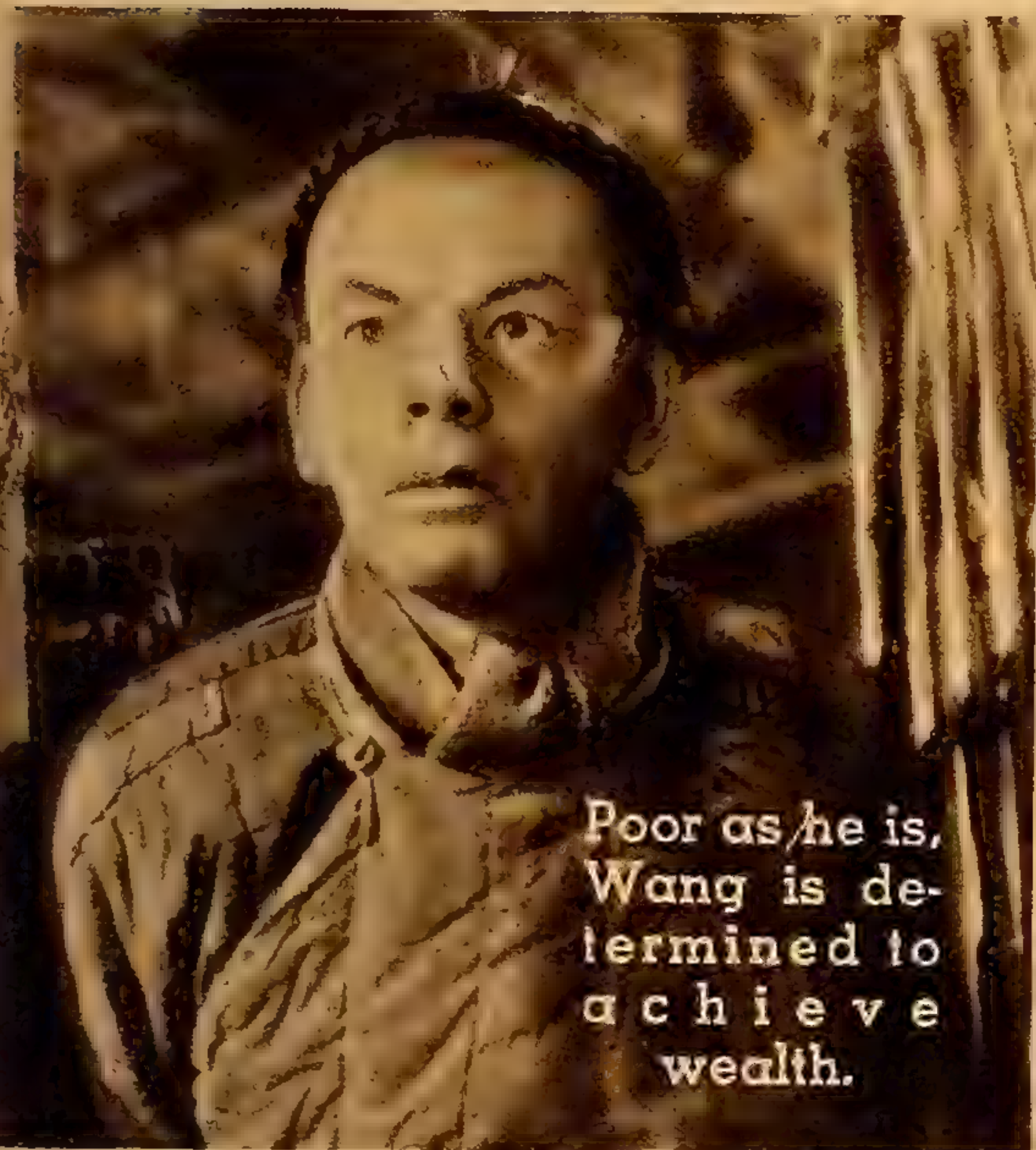
Wang, his great shoulders bending not one whit under the cauldron's weight, mumbled low, "Father, I haven't washed my body all at once since the New Year."

"It won't do—it won't do," said the old man. "Starting your woman like this—tea in the morning, and all this washing!"

Your woman! For days, Wang had thought of nothing else. A woman! A wife! Of course, he had not yet seen her—it would not have been seemly. But his father had assured him that, though she was

EARTH

the romance and pathos of this great story



Poor as he is,
Wang is de-
termined to
achieve
wealth.



Tired of O-lan,
Wang takes
Lotus Liu as
his second
wife.

only a kitchen slave in the Great House of Hwang, she was not deformed, nor did she have a hare-lip. Wang dared not hope for a pretty face—nor small feet. But anyway there would be someone to work with him in the fields. Someone to bring a semblance of home to their humble dwelling. Someone who would bear him sons, the gods willing. . . .

Now the Father, who was really a kindly old man for all his complaining manner, was led by Wang's long-considered persuasion not to cry their poverty too loudly at the suggestion of a feast that night—a very small feast. Indeed, when neighbor Ching came by their door bearing a jug of wine

“for the bridegroom!” the Father set forth the feast as his very own idea.

“If you will come,” he invited farmer Ching, “my son will be honored, for you were boys together.”

In the inner room, Wang grinned delightedly and recklessly splashed a little more water over his strong body. This was the day! . . .

The woman sat there, never moving, by the kitchen door of the Great House. Beside her, from a sink, drain water dripped into a bucket. On her other side was a heavy wooden box, its hinges gone. Giggling and chattering slaves passed and re-passed.

“He is here—the bridegroom!”

“His basket of (Continued on page 105)



A STAR AND HER

Ruth Chatterton tells why worth" clothes so very much



Omar Kiam has used the dramatic peplum flare to accent a short lamé jacket worn over a simple black gown. The fitted waist and wider shoulders are of the new line.

Ruth bought this two-piece woolen costume for her personal wardrobe upon the completion of the picture. The top is a black and white check woolen and the skirt is black woolen cut with a circular flare.



FOR YEARS Ruth Chatterton had to traipse about Hollywood under the burden of one of those strange titles which seem to cling to some celebrities like moss or sticking plaster. Her special tag was "first lady of the screen," if you can imagine a stuffer title to affix to a person, especially one with a sense of humor and a vivacious personality like Ruth's. Anyway, it must have depressed Ruth thoroughly, for she seemed to dress like a first something-or-other with the result that she looked dignified, unhappy and definitely frosted. Then came her temporary retirement from the screen—and lo, the next any of us saw of la Chatterton, there had been an amazing transformation. She emerged as a very dusty and slightly hectic lady aviator (aviatrix, to you) who was sailing madly through the skies in an air derby. She

DESIGNER TALK CLOTHES

she likes her "Dods-

By Adelia Bird



Over a trim little brown tweed suit, Ruth wears a beige woolen cape trimmed with bands of leopard. Colorful pheasant tail feathers trim her brown felt hat.



Typical of the new flare in costumes is the black wool coat below. The bodice is slightly fitted and the skirt part opens at front. Lavish silver fox trims the collar and forms the huge muff she carries.



posed, grinning broadly, arrayed in the decidedly casual garb of the airways. Very little of the formerly veddy elegant Miss Chatterton has been visible in either press pictures or newsreels since.

And now, with her return to the screen, she steps out as still another personality. It is as if she has blended her two former selves into a new and very exciting version—one that has the well-groomed, chic appearance of the screen star and the other, the casual, gay person who pilots airplanes with a devil-may-care outlook on both life and wearing apparel. If you have seen her as Fran in "Dodsworth" you'll understand what I mean. However, you don't even have to wait for that, you need only to study this array of interesting costumes which Omar Kiam has designed for her to wear

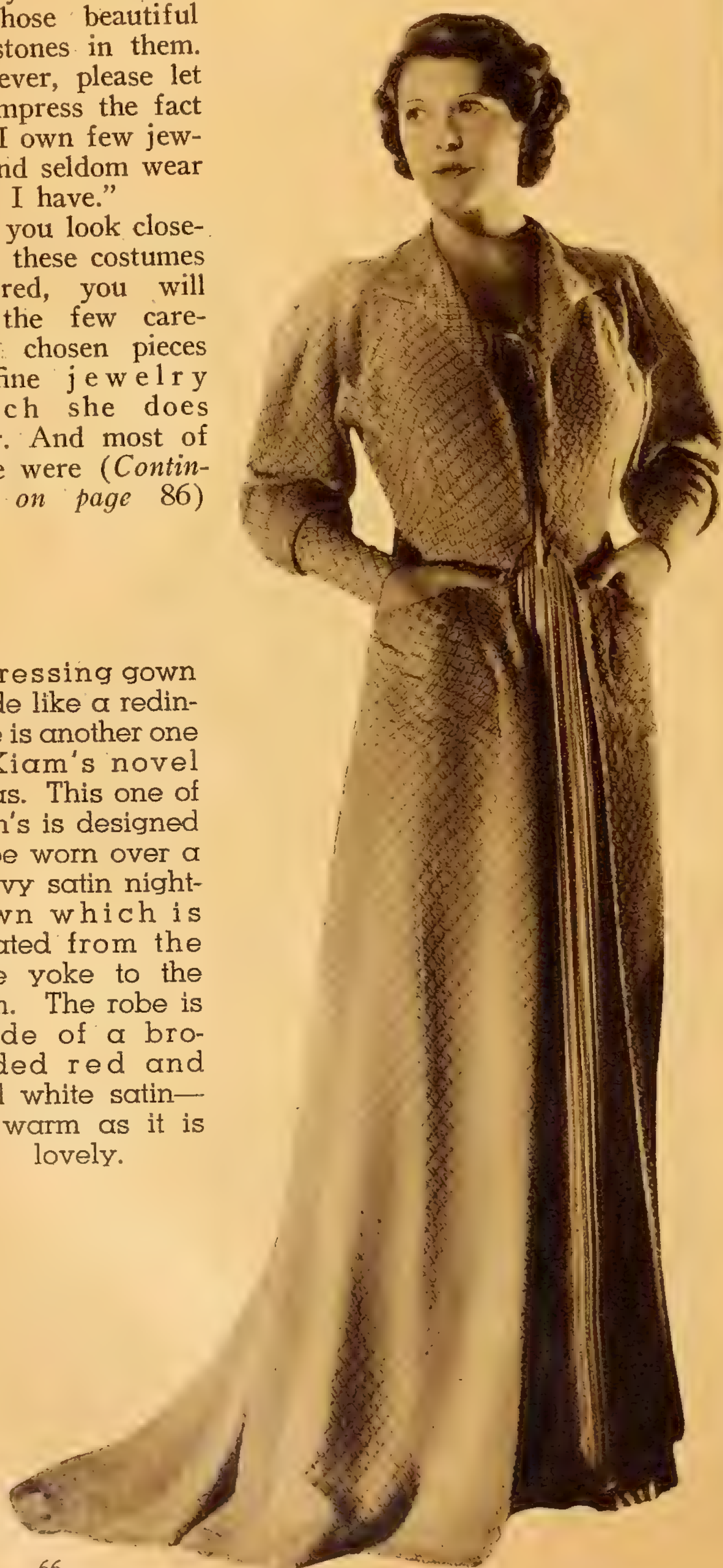
in the picture. Since she has bought several of these for her personal wardrobe, you can see that Kiam knows his star designing to a T.

ANYONE WHO interviews Ruth on the subject of clothes invariably gets the quick answer, "I prefer slacks." And she does, what is more. But her preferences fortunately don't end at slacks. She loves the comfort of trousers and, since she spends so much of her off-screen time in her airplane, she naturally has a number of slacks which are perfectly suited to her strenuous hobby. But, when she is "grounded" for her more social hours 'round and about Hollywood, she reverts to type and dresses with great care and a definite flair for smartness.

Talking to me about clothes recently, Ruth said, "I prefer simple things, generally in black and white, although occasionally I see something in a color that strikes my fancy. Also I like a touch of color somewhere in my costume or in a piece of jewelry. I particularly am fond of rubies and whatever jewels I may wear you'll usually find some of those beautiful red stones in them. However, please let me impress the fact that I own few jewels and seldom wear what I have."

If you look closely at these costumes pictured, you will see the few carefully chosen pieces of fine jewelry which she does wear. And most of these were (*Continued on page 86*)

A dressing gown made like a redingote is another one of Kiam's novel ideas. This one of Ruth's is designed to be worn over a heavy satin nightgown which is pleated from the lace yoke to the hem. The robe is made of a brocaded red and and white satin—as warm as it is lovely.



Above, a charming hostess gown of pale pink chiffon trimmed with brown fur and roses. Below, a sheer black wool daytime dress with white cord plastron.





Mrs. Alexander Black, descendant of a California family prominent since the early Spanish settlements. This is her latest portrait, a study by Hurrell.

Mrs. Alexander Black of Los Angeles recalls with pleasure:

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...up-country hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film *premières*...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN, III, Baltimore
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York



The Trianon Room, Ambassador Hotel, New York, where you see Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York too! John Gayet, *maitre d'hôtel*, says: "The Ambassador's discriminating clientele prefer finer food and finer tobaccos. Camels are an outstanding favorite at our tables."

Both a pleasure and an aid to digestion: Smoking Camels!

One of the happiest experiences of daily living is smoking Camels. Their grateful "lift" eases you out of a tired mood...their delicate flavor always intrigues the taste. Meals become more delightful with Camels between courses and after. They accent elusive flavors...and lend their subtle aid

to good digestion. For Camels stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, bringing about a favorable alkalizing effect.

Camel's costlier tobaccos do not get on your nerves or tire your taste. They set you right. Make it Camels from now on — for pleasure...and for digestion's sake!



COSTLIER TOBACCOS: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

— for Digestion's sake... Smoke Camels

POISE

is in your hands

There is nothing more captivating than the appearance of perfect ease. Call it what you will, but the natural charm of the man or woman whose every motion breathes confidence, is magnetic...

What is so surprising is to discover how much of this impression is dependent upon the hands. Watch the hands of a speaker. Notice the hands of your favorite actress in action. Or bring it closer home and see how your own hands behave.

Do you find yourself hunting for rough spots? Is one hand always busy exploring the other for defects? It is so easy to fall into the habit of appearing awkward by letting your hands ruin your poise. Make your hands an asset to your personality. It is so easy!

The first step is to keep your hands smooth and delicately fragrant. Your hands must be comfortable to *you*! When they are comfortable and attractive to you, they just naturally appear graceful to others.

Just try the Frostilla treatment for a week or so...your poise will improve tremendously.

Frostilla is the perfect skin lotion...For over 60 years it has been recognized as

the first and basic requirement to skin loveliness.

Frostilla stands apart from other lotions and creams because it does two things. First, it makes the skin smooth, attractive to the touch and delicately fragrant. Second, it imparts to the skin the resiliency that is essential, if the skin is to maintain a youthful appearance.

Fourteen exquisite flowers from Southern France contribute their perfume to Frostilla Lotion. Another ingredient is selected from certain trees found in the Ural Mountains of Russia. No place is too distant, no care too great to bring to Frostilla the qualities that make it the soothing lotion that protects and conditions the skin.

Make these two tests and you will never be satisfied with anything less than Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

Test No. 1. Take your most expensive perfume, a bottle of Frostilla and any other lotion or cream...Then, after smelling your favorite perfume as a standard of fragrance, smell the other two. You will quickly discard all other lotions and

creams in favor of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Its quality is instantly apparent.

Test No. 2. Dip a toothpick in Frostilla and another one in any other cream or lotion...Let them dry! Then slip your fingers along the toothpicks. You will find that Frostilla leaves no gummy or soapy residue. Frostilla does not "coat" the skin. It is a true skin conditioner.

35c, 50c and \$1.00 sizes everywhere.

Travel size at ten-cent stores.
(35c and 50c sizes fit most standard wall dispensers.)

A Gift for Frostilla's Friends... What do you do with your little finger when you pick up a glass or cup? How do you hold a cigarette? Pick up cards? Shake hands? Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on how to use your hands correctly. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it *without charge* to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30, 1937.



Margery Wilson,
International Authority
on Charm and Poise

Just mail the front of a 35c, 50c or \$1.00 Frostilla Fragrant Lotion carton (or two fronts from 10c sizes) with your name and address and your FREE copy will be forwarded post-paid. Address "Frostilla," 436 Gray Street, Elmira, New York.

FROSTILLA

Scented with a lovely bouquet perfume
Alcohol 75%

FRAGRANT LOTION

More GOOD NEWS

Our special investigators have just brought to light the fact that Mae West's screen kisses are the shortest on record. Seems Mae's motto is "Leave something to the imagination." Why, Mae, we didn't know you cared!

Arthur Treacher has gone rural with gusto, spending all his spare time at the new ranch raising vegetables and blisters. "Wonderful, this being so close to nature," he enthused one morning on reaching the studio. "Why, only this morning, while shaving, I looked out the window and there were a couple of John rabbits."

Keep your eye on Gary Cooper's left hand next time you see him in a picture. If he is playing an unmarried role—and ain't heroes always single?—there will be a coating of greasepaint over the thin platinum band that is his wedding ring.

Out on the "Charlie Chan at the Opera" set, proceedings are held up every afternoon by the ferocious Boris Karloff. He has to have his cup of tea. Warner Oland, probably the best-known movie Oriental in the world, thinks the beverage is rank poison.

On a set at Metro we were standing around with a group of people when someone noticed a defective spotlight which had started to

They kept their marriage last March a secret for months—Randolph Scott and Mrs. Mari-
onna DuPont Somerville.



burn. "Hmmm," hummed Joan Crawford, "smells like my last picture." And she *didn't* mean "The Gorgeous Hussy."

They were talking about life one day during the shooting of "Dodsworth." Divorce figuring pretty largely in that discussion, the question arose as to how it generally starts. "Well, from my observation," put in Walter Huston, "the husband goes to Paris, the wife to Shanghai—and then they gradually drift apart."

Hearts and Flowers: Gail Patrick seems to have definitely decided on John King, handsome Universal contract player. Miss P. is the handsome Paramount contract player. . . . Nino Martini sings his tender tenor love ballads to Elissa Landi. . . . And Gertrude Michael and Rouben Mamoulian are sharing a dinner table again at the Brown Derby.

Hollywood's next big merger, it is rumored, will be that of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, seen below at a social event.



Ross Alexander and Ann Nagel became Mister and Missus in a surprise elopement to Yuma, September 17th.

Joan Blondell, who's ready for lunch as soon as she's finished breakfast, has discovered a remedy. On the set she keeps a dish of cream cheese and chives, which she munches at constantly. They say Dick Powell has taken up the practice just as a matter of protection.

Mischa Auer, who did the swell gorilla number in "My Man Godfrey," says he can't decide whether it's he or the town that's dizzy. A case in point is a party which he attended at the Cocoanut Grove. It was one of those all night affairs, so Mischa just had time to get home and change from the dark suit which he wore into business clothes before reporting to the studio. The "business clothes" were full evening dress for a scene in "Three Smart Girls."

*Seductive
fragrance
of Spring!*



CHERRY
**April
Showers
Talc**

THIS is the most famous, best-loved talcum powder in the world. Its quality is superb. Its fragrance is eternally new and forever right—the fresh perfume of flowers after a rain.

Supremely fine—yet the cost is low—28¢ for the standard size at fine stores everywhere.

*Exquisite...but
not Expensive*

1001—An unusual two-piece dress in real Shetland wool. Note double buckled belt.

**Knit these now
and wear them
all year 'round**



READY FOR YOUR NEEDLES



1007—A distinctive pocket with monogram and a flattering neckline on this smart knit.

THE enthusiastic response of you knitters to this department has made it a monthly command performance! And so, our aim is to see that you have the newest and most becoming patterns which can be knitted with a minimum of dropped stitches.

The two styles shown here are especially smart. One is a very new-looking two-piece design with its

skirt made in two pieces, thus facilitating the knitting of it. The blouse part is made like a jacket, opening down one side from the boyish turn-over collar. Two small pockets on either side at top and a knitted belt that fastens with two buckles. The second model is a good-looking one-piece with tie neckline, a diagonal effect to the bodice and an effective flap pocket upon which you can put a monogram. The fitted sleeves have turn-back cuffs.

You may have one or both of these patterns for the mere asking. Just fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope for knitting directions.

Pattern 1001
Pattern 1007

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

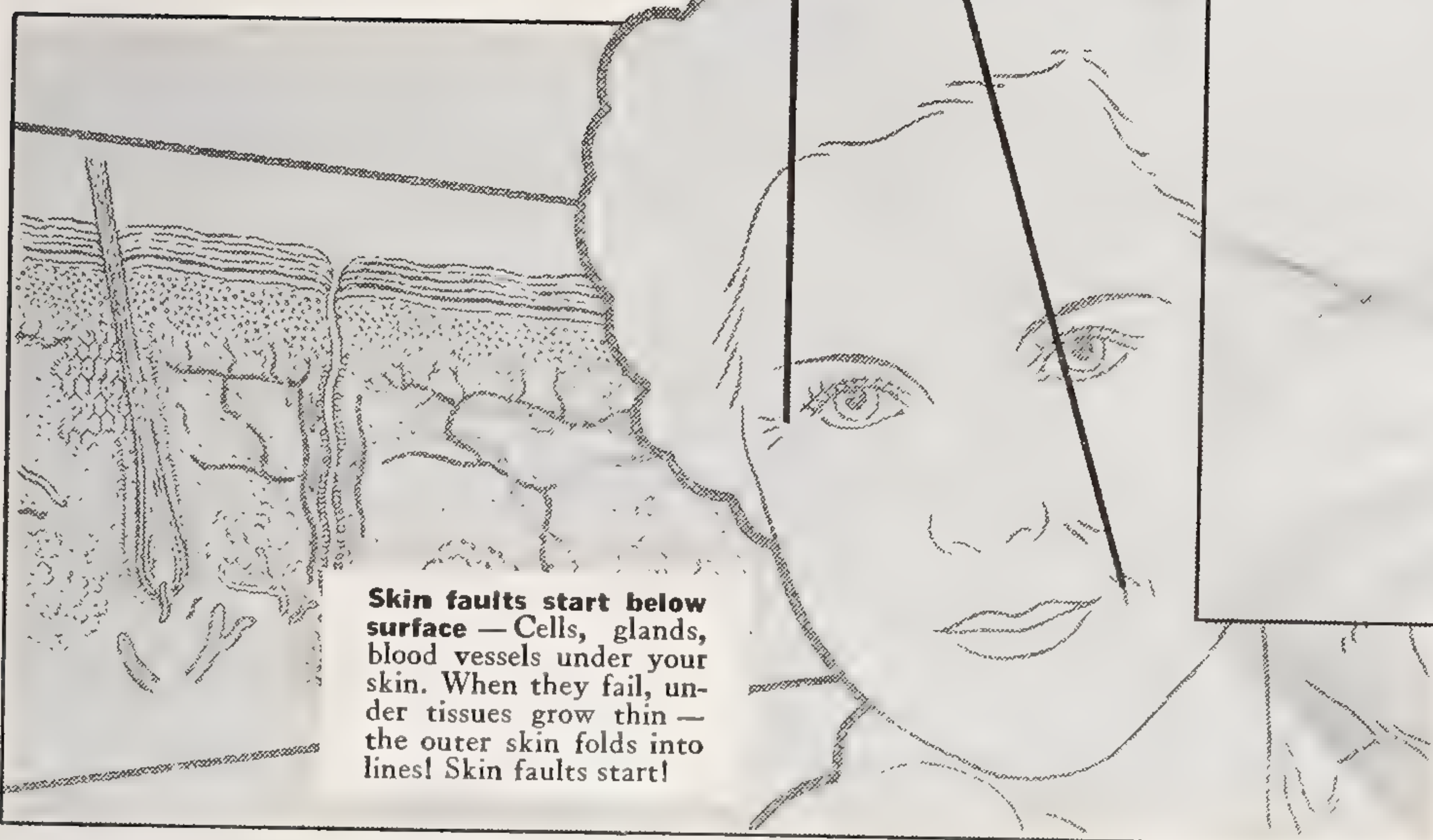
Check one or both patterns and please
print name and address.

LINES

SAY "over 30!"



Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under tissues* at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly bal-

anced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And



Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept M-50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Meals in Jig-Time

(Continued from page 17)

It is hard to believe that FEMININE HYGIENE can be so dainty, easy and GREASELESS

BUT IT IS TRUE • Zonitors, snowy-white antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

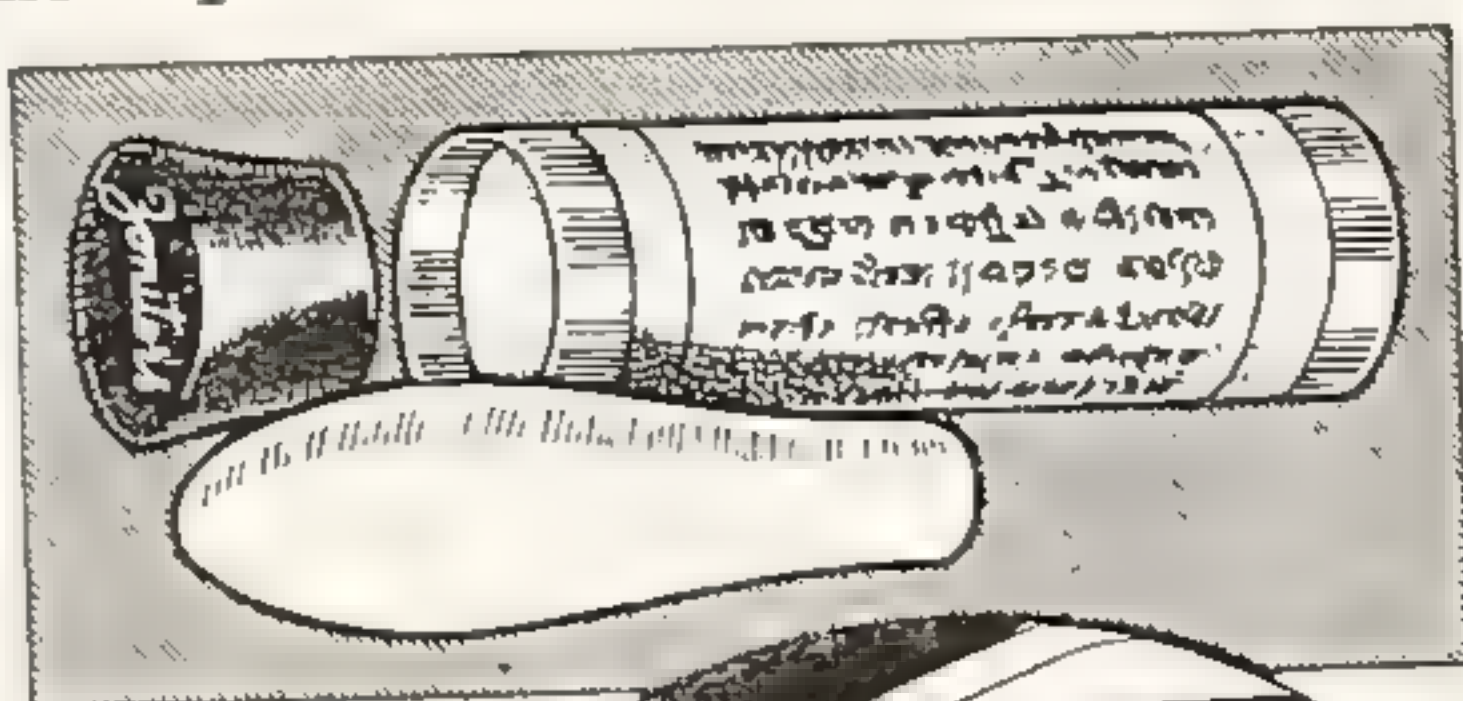
• More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors for modern feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

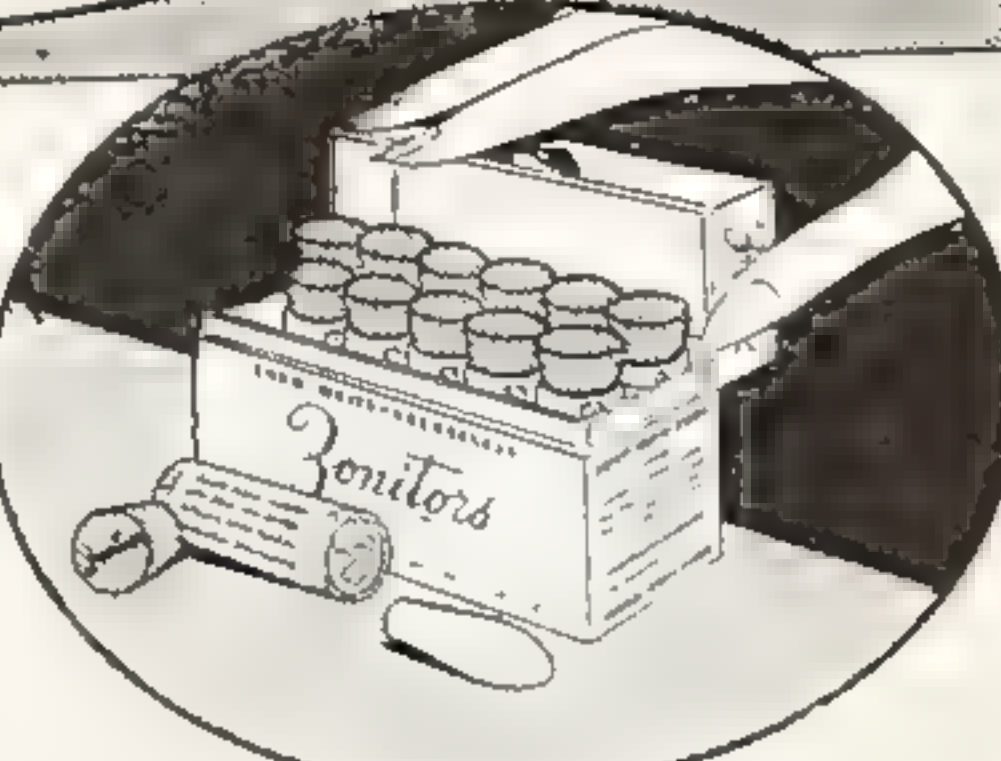
Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

Each in individual glass vial



Zonitors
FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
Snowy White • Greaseless



Zonitors, 3415 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. Send, in plain envelope, free booklet, A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Name.....

Address.....

A ZONITE PRODUCT

Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED FREE

8x10 Inch
ENLARGEMENT
of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing.

These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken.

Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any Kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.



GEPPERT STUDIOS

Dept. 287
Des Moines, Iowa

particular problem—and mighty ingenious were her suggestions, too. Of course, where, with many of us, our approach to the subject of quick-meal planning is often but a sad example of familiarity breeding contempt, with Ginger the problem is sufficiently unusual to merit some real, constructive thought, with the inevitable and happy result that she has collected and invented some excellent and original ideas, which I, in turn, will pass on to you in this month's recipe leaflet. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you her recipe suggestions—entirely free of charge. Not only that, but this same coupon will also bring you a little booklet put out by a prominent manufacturer, containing a large number of candy and cookie recipes which can be described as "quickies," too. Think of that! All yours for the asking—cookies and candies for the approaching holidays as well as Ginger Rogers' pet dishes.

But let's review briefly here these suggestions of Ginger's. For, in so doing, many other ideas are bound to come up that will help you all in making up menus for our own meals.

Naturally, you will find that canned and packaged foods play important roles in such a production. For, in the preparation of meals in jig-time, you will have to rely largely upon the ready-prepared or almost-prepared foods put up in cans, bottles and boxes which now are offered in such variety on your grocer's shelves. You would do well to make a careful study of this supply, whether you are of the fortunate few who, like Ginger, prepare "quickie" meals only when you change your mind at the last minute about going out, or whether you belong to the vast army of business women to whom the quick-meal problem is a daily one. Even the afternoon bridge players and the natural-born procrastinators are sure to enjoy the suggestions Ginger's leaflet has to offer along these lines. So let's see what it contains.

First there is the Rogers' Supper Ring pictured at the beginning of this article. Strictly speaking this isn't a recipe but a "collection" with several well-known favorites suggested in an unusual combination. One of the cards in the Rogers' leaflet tells you how to go about assembling this main course dish and making it so that you'll have only one pot to scour. You see, both the salmon and the canned soup, that are combined to make the noodle ring filling, are heated in a saucepan of boiling water right in the cans they come in. Then if you have one of the new can openers (also pictured) you'll be able to lift out the cans and open them with but a flick of the wrist and no danger of scalding. It's a neat trick.

Another good point about this recipe card is that it gives you the exact amount by cupsful, as well as the size cans required for a service for four. Right here, I want to stop the dialogue for an important aside on the amounts contained in cans of various sizes. As you know, the weight of the contents is given on the paper wrappers. But the following table will show you how to figure approximately how many cups you'll be getting by purchasing cans called No. 1, No. 2, etc. This is an important table to have when making purchases and in following recipes, so be sure and copy it down for future reference.

You never will have any cooking mistakes with canned foods, if you follow this.

SIZE OF CAN	AVERAGE CONTENTS
No. 1 (tall)	2 cups
No. 2	2½ cups
No. 2½	3½ cups
No. 3	4 cups
No. 10	13 cups

And now to return to Ginger and her "quickie" recipes. Another favorite main course dish that she described to me is one she has named "Meat Rounds with Sauce Piquante." For these she uses club steaks or filet mignon, but I suggest that for economy's sake you substitute chopped meat (preferably top round, ground). I made that substitution myself in testing the recipe and I can't see how it could have been better, for after all it's the sauce that makes this dish—as is so often the case. And in this instance, at least, the sauce is fixed in a jiffy with the sort of things found on every well-stocked kitchen shelf.

AN excellent vegetable suggestion of Ginger's is Harvard Beets. These should be made with the tiny canned or bottled beets that are known to be fully as nutritious as the home-cooked variety and which lend themselves to many uses without hours of fuss and bother. Use them in salads, as colorful garnishes, as a relish, as well as in the tasty dish mentioned above.

For the dessert course Ginger came through with two excellent ideas. One is called Dinner Dates, and the other, Pineapple Surprise. Both are dressy enough to serve for company dinners, yet they're easily and quickly prepared. With the first you will want to serve some sort of sweet cracker—one of the infinite number of packaged cookies now available to all. The Pineapple Surprise, however, is complete in itself and suggests but one of the many ways you can use store sponge cake. For these packaged sponge cakes can be made into delicious shortcakes with fresh or canned fruits. Or try one, some night, as a Cottage Pudding, with a sauce made from left-over canned fruit juice thickened a little with cornstarch.

Of course, I'm giving you both of Ginger's recipes in this month's leaflets. But even at that I feel that I'm just skimming off the cream for countless other ideas for "quickie" meals crowd into my mind as I write this. Why, I haven't even mentioned canned tomato juice and the many varieties of delicious canned soups which introduce a meal so graciously! Then, of course, there are those filling and ever-welcome canned foods, spaghetti and baked beans. Excellent in themselves, they also lend themselves to a number of variations. For instance, both beans and spaghetti are delicious used as a stuffing for green peppers or tomatoes. They take on new appeal for the family if you vary the meats with which they are served. They're both especially tempting served with little brown pork sausages or sliced ham, I've found; while baked beans with pork, and spaghetti with meat balls, are already too popular to require any additional words of praise from me.

In seeking speed without sacrificing quality, don't overlook canned meats, either. Many can't be surpassed and I know that in my own case, for instance, I prefer canned corned beef hash to the kind I laboriously fix up myself—any day!

As for canned fruits, they deserve and will receive my attention at a later date in an article all to themselves. But before I forget—and in case you don't know about them—let me urge you to try the

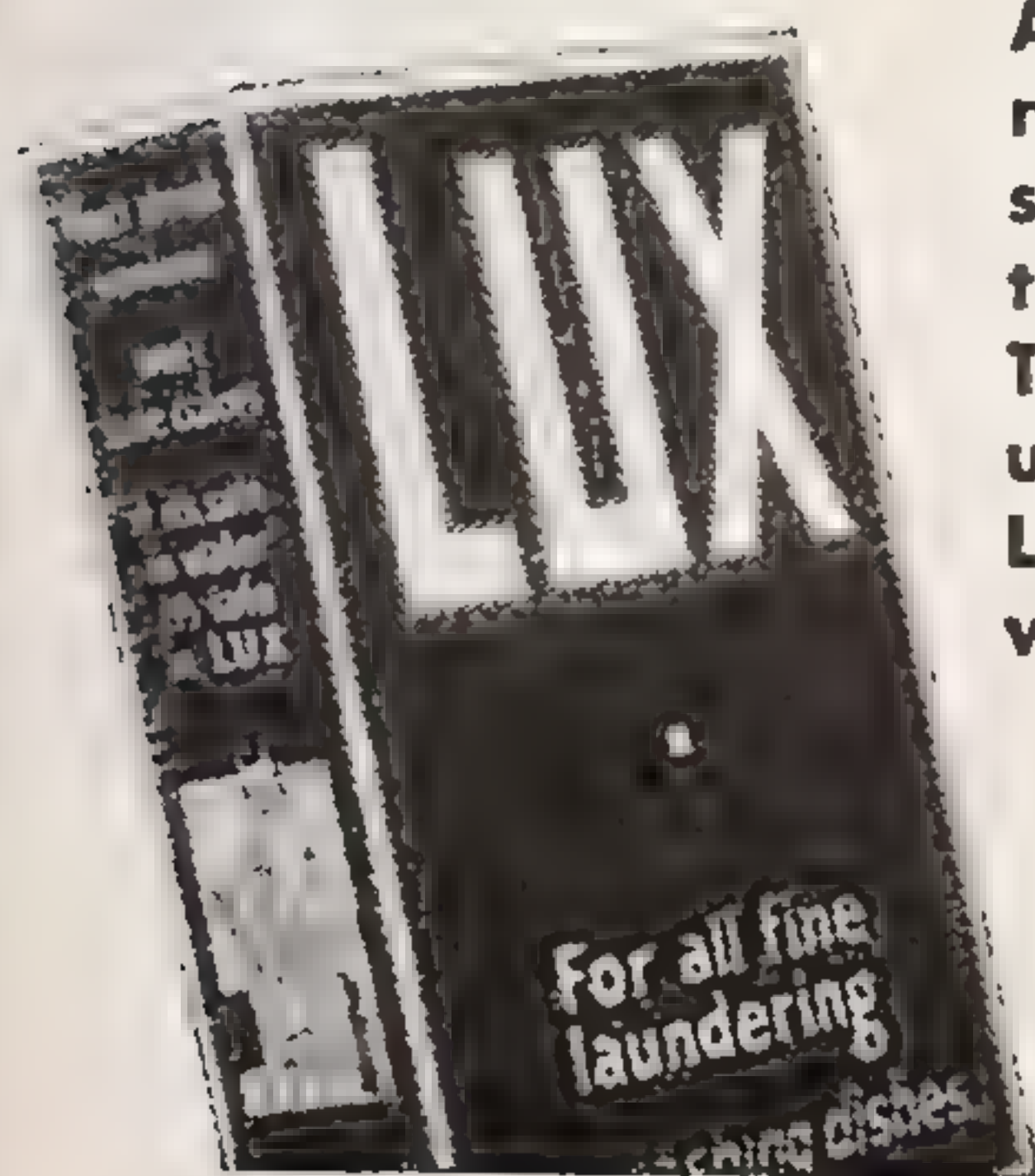
(Continued on page 74)



Betty's
"strike"
was
settled
an easy,
pleasant
way —



Are you wearing the smart, new fall colors—warm bronze, sheer as a shadow, vapory tones, subtle as atmosphere? To keep these lovely shades unfaded, care for them the Lux way. Any color safe in water is safe in Lux.



THE Lux way of washing stockings makes them wear ever so much longer! The *life* of a stocking depends on its *elasticity*. That's the ability of silk to give under strain, then spring back without breaking. Lux saves this elasticity.

Soaps containing harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing

weaken elasticity. Avoid them, and cut down on runs! Lux has no harmful alkali. You'll find it's real stocking insurance to Lux stockings after *every* wearing.

Here's a tip—you can speed up drying by rolling stockings in a towel to absorb moisture. Then it's quicker and easier to pull them into shape, too.

LUX saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y

(Continued from page 72)



CLEANS TEETH

Simply cleaning your teeth may keep them white—for a while! But when neglected gums become soft and spongy all the half-way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Don't take that chance, start using Forhan's. It gives you double protection—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was created by an eminent dental surgeon to provide double protection; with it you clean teeth and massage gums just as dentists advise. It costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, but ends ordinary half-way care! Begin using Forhan's today.

Also in Canada.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL
TOOTH PASTE
for the GUMS
and TEETH
by
R. J. Forhan
D.D.S.

SHUN SKIN WORRY!

Blemishes, Blackheads, Pimples, Muddiness, Should Go Quickly!

Why miss joys of life because of a poor complexion? Thousands report wonderful results with Kremola. Combats surface skin blemishes, pimples, blackheads, dark spots. Smooths, beautifies the skin. A doctor's formula in face cream. Sample free. Send 10c to cover postage and packing. For a jar, send \$1.25.



KREMOLA CO.

Dept. MM1

Chicago, Ill.

Look 10
Years Younger

BRUSH
AWAY

GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



packaged cake mixes now on the market. They've improved so greatly of late that they can invite comparison with home-mixed ones. And what a saving in time and effort these Devil's Food and Gingerbread mixes represent.

And now in the few inches of space still left to me I want to point out to you the importance of seasoning canned foods to your own individual taste. Because, you see, the food manufacturer must strive to please the largest possible number of buyers—or to put it in another way he must not offend the majority by seasoning his product too highly or too distinctively. For that reason most canned foods are, of necessity, bland in flavor. So it is up to you to pep them up according to your own preferences and those of the members of your family. Don't condemn the product because it fails to have a certain seasoning you think essential—just add the missing something, be it a pinch of curry, a little

more ginger, a dash of celery salt, a suggestion of garlic, etc. The improvement will surprise and delight you and incidentally that improvement represents the difference between a plain Can-Opener Cook and a successful producer of "quickie" meals, prepared in jig-time. For further helpful ideas, see the Ginger Rogers' leaflet!

The Modern Hostess

Modern Screen

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Ginger Rogers' favorite quick meal recipes. Also the candy and cookie recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Information Desk

(Continued from page 21)

the leading man. He didn't understudy so long, either. Paramount talent scouts were watching and in April of 1934 he put his John Henry on a long-term contract. You will see him soon in "Maid of Salem."

LA VONNE EDWARDS, San Bernardino, California; HELEN MOORE, Greensboro, N. C.; BARBARA GOUGH, Rochester, N. Y. —"That handsome chap" is what you three girls all agree in calling the young Loch-invar who sang, "When I'm with You" in "Poor Little Rich Girl," and you all are dying to know who he is. The name is Tony Martin. If you like him so much, be sure not to miss him in "Sing Baby Sing" where he plays the part of Tony Renaldo.

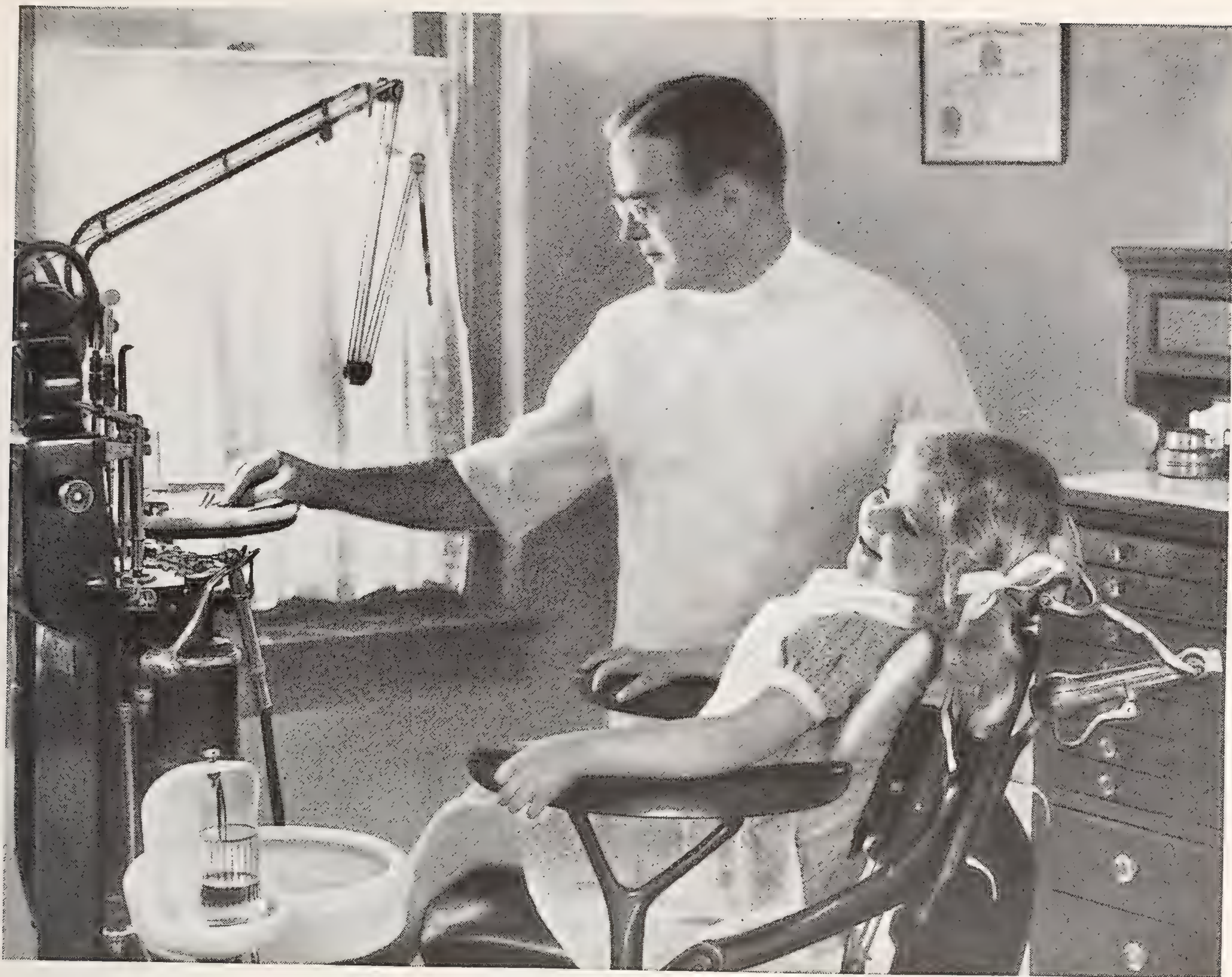
KATHARINE HEPBURN: Miss Hepburn fought and won her own war of liberation from the dictatorship of her stage directors. She collected an indemnity the right to interpret her roles as she pleased. In the course of the battle she withdrew abruptly from scheduled leads in both "Death Takes a Holiday" and "The Animal Kingdom." These opportunities were sacrificed because she refused to recognize her director's right to set limitations on HER art. As a result of her sustained animosity to the nasty men with the megaphone, she did not break into pictures until after her Broadway smash hit, "The Warrior's Husband." RKO-Radio then gave her a five-year contract and starred her in "A Bill of Divorcement." Katharine is the daughter of a prominent Hartford, Connecticut, surgeon. She was educated at Bryn Mawr and received her first important stage opportunity as understudy for Hope Williams in a play titled "Holiday." Once runner-up for the Connecticut Women's Golf Championship, Miss Hepburn is the athletic as opposed to the "party" type of girl. She conserves the energy which she manifests so lavishly by going to bed very soon after supper. She is tall (five eight is tall for a woman), slender, with eloquent grey-green eyes and a luxurious head of auburn hair. Her next two starring vehicles will be "Portrait of a Rebel" with Herbert Marshall and "Quality Street" with your old friend, Franchot Tone.

JACKIE COOPER: Heredity and environment conspired to make an actor of Jackie Cooper. His mother a vaudeville violinist, his dad likewise a vaudevillian, and his uncle the renowned movie director, Norman Taurog. And because the stork wanted to be 100 per cent consistent, he dropped Jackie down in Los Angeles right near the studios where he was to become a little big-shot. But one thing the stork forgot was to find his little protege a high salaried job. Jackie had to start the way most of us do, right at the bottom. Five dollars was the net profit from his first screen appearance in a Lloyd Hamilton comedy. But even in those days Jackie knew that

five bucks was no fortune and so he jumped at the chance to join Hal Roach's half-pint "Gangsters." This was when he was seven. At eight he was a star. Paramount cast him in the title role of "Skippy" and from then on there was no belittlin' Jackie. Nor would anyone want to in view of his later successes, such as "The Champ," "The Bowery," or "Treasure Island." Be sure to see his latest picture if you haven't already done so. It's called "The Devil Is a Sissy" and co-stars Jackie with his two pals, Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney.

GRACE STEIN, Brooklyn, New York—Henry Fonda's bride, Mrs. Frances Brokaw, has a cute little four-year-old daughter. Let's hope she likes her new daddy. Alan Jones also became a foster father when he married Irene Hervey. That makes two kids in the Jones family. Alan has a son, Theodore, by his first wife.

MARGARET SULLAVAN: It happened one night at Princeton. Watching a performance of the Tiger's amateur thespians was author Elmer Harris. Visiting artiste on the Princeton boys' home-made stage was Margaret Sullivan. Naturally her performance was elegant, and quite as naturally talent-scout Harris thought it so—or there wouldn't be any point to our story. Anyway, before the curtain was down on the last bow, Mr. Harris was backstage, and between congratulations, offered Margaret the lead in the Broadway show he had authored, "A Modern Virgin." Universal robbed the legitimate stage of her services after being enamored of her stellar work in "Dinner at Eight" in which production she shared the honors with Constance Collier and Conway Tearle. Her first picture was "Only Yesterday," followed by "Little Man What Now?" Margaret's love life has moved along in step with her career. While playing in New England stock, she met and married Henry Fonda. When Hollywood called her and left Henry back East, absence didn't seem to make her heart grow fonder. Instead poor Henry awoke one foggy morning in New York to discover that he was being sued for divorce. The divorce being granted, she was led to the altar by her director in "The Good Fairy," William Wyler. Right now she is separated from Wyler and for a while it looked as if she and Henry were drifting together again. But his recent marriage to the wealthy Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw should put an end to any such theories. Miss Sullivan was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1909, has blue grey eyes, brown hair, and just the trace of a southern accent. She is five foot four—stocking feet. Her last picture was "The Moon's Our Home" in which she was co-starred with her erstwhile hubby, Henry Fonda. Broadwayites will see her in George Kaufman's "Stage Door."



Special...for a Little Lady

[SPECIAL TREATMENT
...SPECIAL CARE
...EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!]

HERE WE SEE a little lady getting her regular dental examination...*special care* her mother seldom got when she was a girl.



One reason why children thrive better today than 20 years ago is because of *special care* like this. Their food...their clothes...even their playthings are *specialized* for them.

Your doctor will tell you that this new thinking applies to laxatives, too.

They say a child should get only a laxative made *especially* for children—a laxative that can't possibly harm the tiniest and most delicate infant system.

That's why so many physicians recommend Fletcher's Castoria. For here is a child's laxative pure and simple. *Never do*

we recommend it for anyone else. Fletcher's Castoria is exceedingly mild in action. Yet it is thorough. It works chiefly on the lower bowel—not in the stomach.

Quickly and completely it clears away the waste in a baby's system...without the painful griping and digestive upsets some harsh laxatives cause. Fletcher's Castoria contains no harsh, purging drugs, no narcotics—nothing that could upset a baby's delicate system. *A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription himself!*



You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria tastes good, too. Children take it willingly—without forcing. And doctors will tell you just how important that is. For often the act of forcing a child to

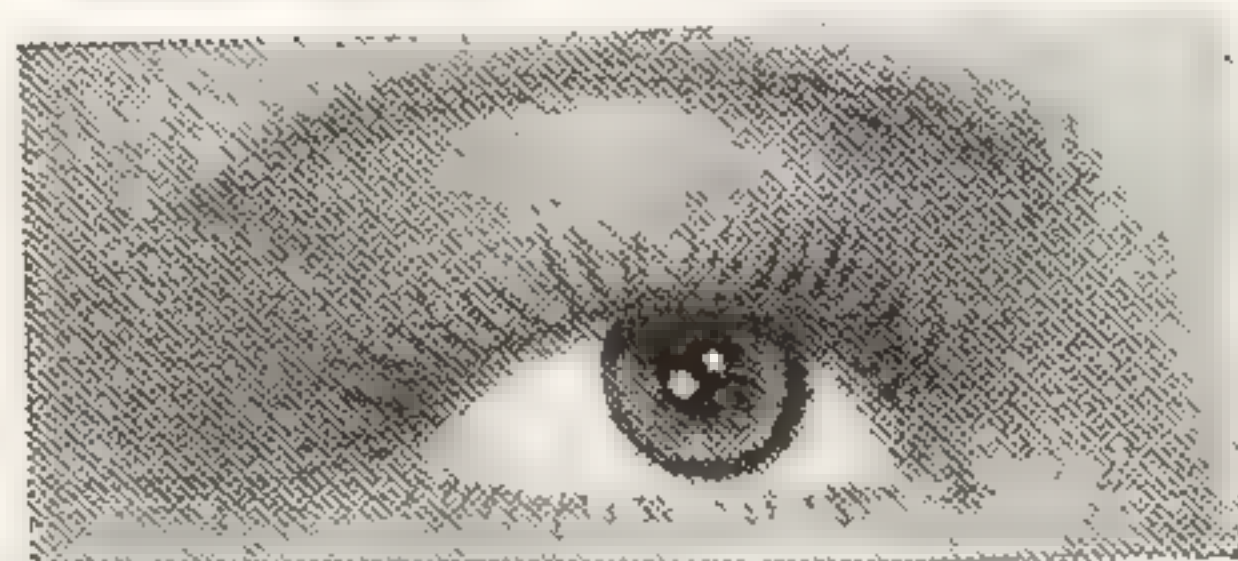
take a laxative he hates completely upsets his entire nervous system.

So, mother, reflect a bit before you next buy a laxative for your child. Always make sure of these two important things: (1) That it's made especially for children. (2) That your child will like its taste.

More than 5,000,000 mothers keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. Why not play safe and get the economical Family-Size Bottle today? The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The laxative made *especially*
for babies and growing children

Which Word Describes Your Eyes?



COLORLESS—Pale, scraggly, scanty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.



CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overloading the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.



CHARMING—Dark, luxuriant lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance—with Maybelline. Eye make-up in good taste.

So Simple—this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard “made-up” look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

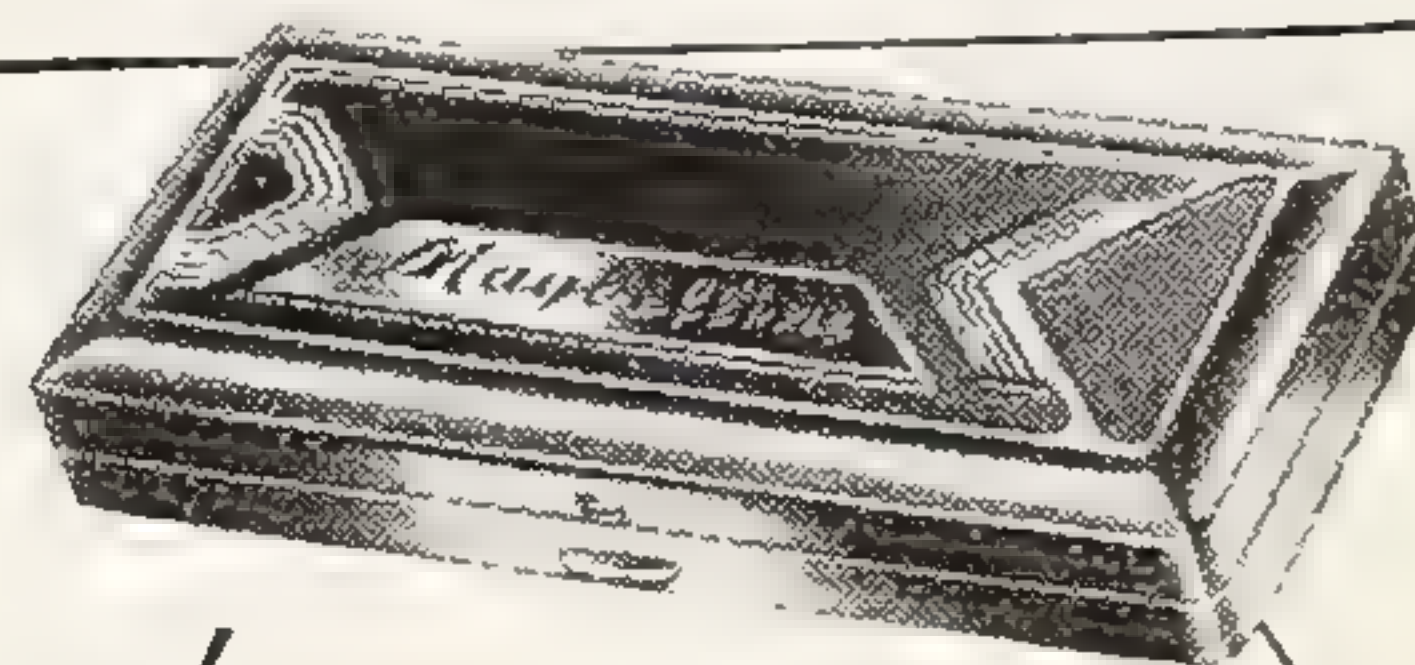
★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you'll be delighted!

Maybelline

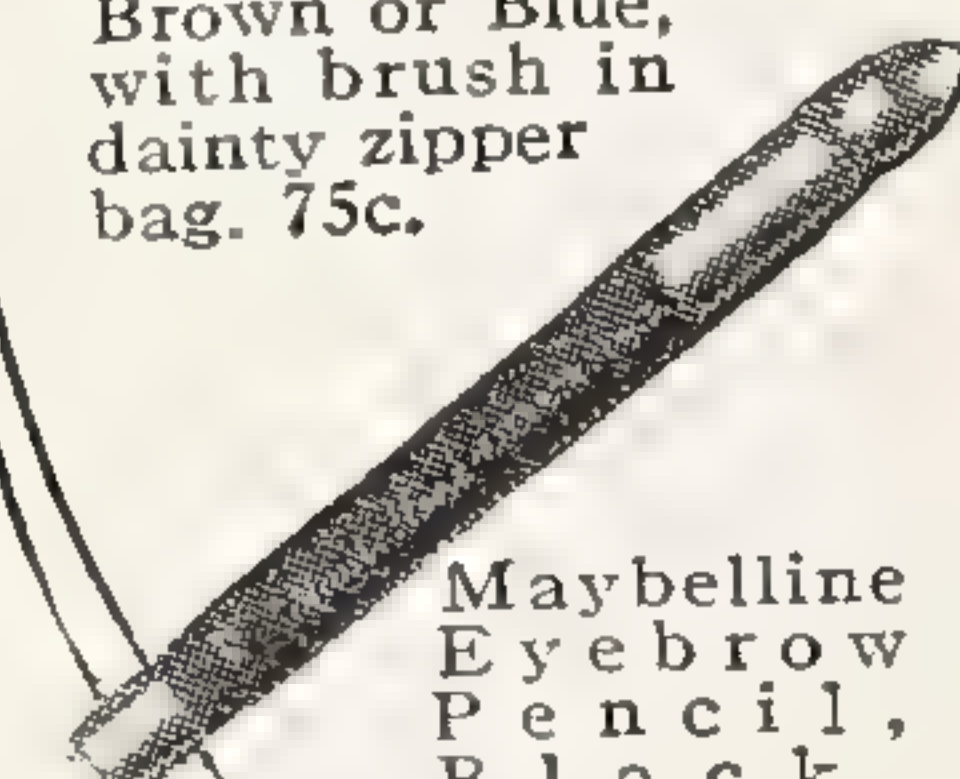
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid Form Mascara, in the brilliant red and gold metal vanity—75c.



Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow, Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.



Mother Knows Best

(Continued from page 35)

“And why not?” frankly explains Mrs. Rogers. “Wasn't that the best way to give Ginger a good stage presence and an assurance when she performed in public? Even then I had decided that some day Ginger would be important in Hollywood and everything we did in those years was done with that plan as the important factor.”

Ginger was popular among the young generation in Forth Worth—she was a pretty, curly-haired, slender young thing with plenty of vitality, a capacity for lots of fun and the peppiest dancer in her crowd. So completely did she believe in her mother's dreams of her future fame, that she adopted Lela's attitude and followed her decisions without question. She went to parties in the town and her mother saw to it that she had a good time but Ginger was never allowed to forget that, while these social activities might be very pleasant, there was something much more important in store for her and she must not let her adolescent fancies obscure the future that Lela had already planned for her.

At that time, the Charleston was in vogue and Ginger managed to put more verve into her steps, mastering more intricacies of foot twisting to fast rhythm, than anybody else. So it was no great surprise that in a citywide contest she was awarded first prize. That led to professional engagements, but the Rogers knew that their way to Hollywood would be far more difficult if New York were not a successful stop-over en route. It was an expected thing that, sooner or later, Lela and Ginger should arrive in Manhattan. And it was not surprising that eventually Ginger should appear in a Broadway musical production, for that was what Mother Rogers wanted and this alert woman has always gotten what she wants for Ginger.

Ginger's first New York role was in a Lester Allen musical which lasted seventeen weeks, but her big success came with “Girl Crazy.” During the seasons when she was and when she wasn't working on Broadway she was also appearing in pictures made at the Paramount Studios on Long Island. Certainly, if that company had realized the future gold mine in Ginger, she would have been signed to a long-term contract. But who could know then that the vogue for musical romances would result in the lucrative Astaire and Rogers team, a combination that has broken two difficult box office records at Radio City? In fact, who could have foreseen that Fred Astaire would have become the sensation he is today? Anyhow, RKO-Radio took the chance and it was “Top Hat” which really brought this popular pair to the summit of their own efforts. No succeeding vehicle has ever reached the class of that outstanding production, but they've all made plenty of money for the stars and the producers.

However, before the Rogers trekked westward to the cinema citadel, there were many times when both almost believed that they had aimed too high, for while Ginger worked as seriously as her mother planned, things did not come so quickly that there were not dark moments which made success seem far away. It was during these periods, as Ginger and her mother now admit, when Ginger stuck

only because the plans had been laid so long and Lela Rogers would not give up faith in her daughter's ultimate fame.

WITH the recent "Swing Time" picture which drew 11,000 people into Radio City before two o'clock in the afternoon, the day the film opened, and which broke all box office records for a first day engagement, Ginger essayed dramatic moments in between dances. Mrs. Rogers thought her offspring did right well with her sober mien for the cameras.

Quite frankly, between sips of coffee in her New York hotel, the morning after the opening, Mrs. Rogers said, "In fact, Ginger made such an effort to be dramatic that I think she leaned over backwards a little, don't you? She has a lot to learn if she is to duplicate her dancing success in serious roles. It will be like starting all over again, but I am confident she can do it. She already has improved tremendously. You know, it takes fifteen pictures for a player to really find herself on the screen and Ginger has appeared in more films than that. However, the public will only take so many doses of any one kind of entertainment, then it wants something new."

It is a little difficult to imagine Ginger Rogers without any big dance numbers and there are some who do not believe that she ever can reach a screen importance in drama equal to her unusual success teamed with Astaire. But as her mother confidently details the plans for a serious screen Ginger, who will deal out emotion instead of rhythm, you have a feeling that where Ginger is concerned, Mother Rogers cannot be so far wrong. The record to date is the best proof that she "knows best" for her daughter.

Ginger and her mother weren't as pleased with "Swing Time" as with others of her vehicles. In discussing this picture, Mrs. Rogers emphasized that, while both Ginger and Fred Astaire gave better performances, the score could not compare with "Top Hat." She was surprised a little at the enthusiasm of the New York critics.

"It only goes to show what they know," she remarked, and she said the best review was that of one male critic who had picked out all the flaws.

"The next picture better be good," she exclaimed vehemently, meaning the vehicle and not the acting. But, as she added, the Gershwins are working on the music and the Rogers hopes are high. She also believes that Astaire has undeveloped dramatic possibilities. "I'd like to see them give Freddy a part without music and dancing. If they would only forget what a great dancer he is and let him be serious on the screen, he would surprise everybody."

Ginger looks more attractive now than at any time since she became a film star. She screens better, too, but that's only because they both feel the studio has learned to light her better on the set. Her hair has more of a reddish gold tint and even away from work she wears long lashes that emphasize the depth of her dark eyes. It is significant that, although this slight, pretty young actress has had two unsuccessful matrimonial experiences, at no time has Mrs. Rogers relinquished her place at the helm.

Ginger does the acting but Lela takes care of the business. Why even when the star is being interviewed, you can ask her the questions but her mother will make the important answers. Ginger has such complete confidence in her mother's ability to manage her career that she never questions the older woman's decision.

When they first went to Hollywood, Mrs. Rogers was on the set all day

and the young actress never made a gesture or spoke a line without advice from her. "In the past few years, however, Ginger has learned to take care of herself. She doesn't need me so much in her work and I leave her acting to her own judgment."

But the slender, blue-eyed, sharp blonde Lela Rogers, who can show seasoned veterans of the Hollywood contract campaigns some smart tricks in getting what she wants on a picture deal, could not content herself with any leisure hours. So last year, the studio gave her some embryonic contract talent in the way of a stock company, a fat weekly salary and a theatre on the lot which seats 250, then told her to turn out screen players. All the newly-signed troupers attend her acting school.

Results in her school, Mrs. Rogers claims, are more fortunate than in other studios where talent is signed every week or so and dropped when option time comes up, sometimes with hardly a screen appearance to show for the contract. Hollywood, she says, is starving for new faces.

"They haven't developed a single new or outstanding personality from among the younger untried recruits in five years," she says. "There's no unusually promising star material which can move up to the front rank to tomorrow's stardom when the public gets tired of seeing the celebrities who are now the big box office draws."

Conversation, wherever the Rogers are, always comes back to Ginger and Ginger's future. A few months ago the studio took out a million dollars worth of insurance on Ginger, for their own protection, and it is Lela Rogers' unfaltering purpose to keep her daughter's status in that class.

THE fortunate think is that Ginger is perfectly content with the present situation—neither a husband nor a friend can interrupt that arrangement. Ginger talks about her clothes, about Hollywood parties, about other pictures she has seen, or plays she has attended. She'll even dwell lightly on a new beau, but when it comes to anything important about her career, she looks confidently at her mother and lets her make the right answers.

Ginger likes a feminine wardrobe of soft materials, fluffily designed. Her mother usually leaves decision on such matters to Ginger and, during their recent vacation in New York, all the star's early afternoons were spent with dressmakers and milliners. She took back with her a flock of dresses and hats and furs that would have seemed like a Cinderella dream in the pre-movie days.

The Rogers were very unofficial about their Manhattan holiday and were quite inaccessible to the home offices. They stopped at a Park Avenue hotel and the publicity department didn't catch up with them until they'd been doing the popular places for a week.

"It took detectives to find us even then," Mrs. Rogers boasted.

On the morning of their return to Hollywood, Ginger was dressing while frantically trying to keep half a dozen appointments, all connected with her wardrobe. Lela was packing innumerable bags and trunks, with only a few hours to finish the job. She was drinking coffee at fifteen minute intervals and helping Ginger. She dismisses as casual topics any new romances for Ginger. In Lela Rogers' eyes, while she obviously can't keep her daughter from falling in love or thinking she is, anything in the world is of minor importance compared to Ginger's work. The pretty Ginger listens with a docile manner that is a perfect "Mother knows best" attitude.



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Is Beauty a Boomerang?

(Continued from page 61)

**SKINNY?
THOUSANDS
GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS.
NEW EASY WAY**



**NEW
IRONIZED
YEAST
OFTEN ADDS
NEW CURVES
—in a few
weeks!**

EVEN if you never could gain, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery brought normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Inc., Dept. 312 Atlanta, Ga.

"I hate my neck. It's set funny on my shoulders. I look like an antelope.

"I hate my eyebrows. They don't arch as they should. My little Susan's brows arch beautifully and naturally and I've always wished mine did, but they don't.

"And I have big ears. See? Oh, don't look so politely incredulous, you know they're big. Why, I have to keep my hair over them when I go to bed at night so they won't get cold. And I never can wear my hair slicked back off my ears as I'd like to wear it.

"These are just a few of my worst points. And knowing them as well as I do, you can't expect me to smile with smug self-satisfaction, taking the accolade of beauty for my own.

"And I don't want it, anyway. I want to be a human being, not a mannikin or a bisque doll. I'd like to be an actress, not a show-girl. I think it hurts a girl to be dubbed a beauty—it can be a decided liability and not an asset. I . . ."

"Just the same," I interrupted, "you are known as a beauty. The swains of the town go about mooning over you. So what are you going to do about it?"

"I do do things about it," said Virginia with spirit. "I'll tell you what I do specifically in just a minute. I know what people say. Everyone in Hollywood gets labeled. One girl will be known for the most-beautiful-legs-in-the-world. And she has to all but break them before she can get her face in front of the camera.

"Someone, in an expansive moment, thinks it would be good publicity to call a girl 'a beauty' and the poor thing would have to get small-pox to break away from the label.

IT'S stultifying to be known as a beauty—it's impoverishing. You run the risk of being cast as some sort of show-girl or mannikin for the rest of your days.

"Think of most of the beautiful show girls you've ever known—such beauties as took your breath away just to look at them. Have any of them become Katharine Cornells, Helen Hayes, or Lynn Fontannes? They have not. And they haven't mostly because they haven't tried. A beautiful woman has a brain in her head just as a plain woman has. The difference is that the beautiful woman usually doesn't make an effort to develop that brain. She doesn't think she has to use it. Beauties begin to believe, early in life and with reason, that all they have to do is to be beautiful and that the riches, fame and gifts of the world will be poured into their laps. For a time that's just what does happen. And then, perhaps, their beauty begins to dim—or other, younger beauties come their way. And where are they? What are they?"

"I really suppose," said Virginia, moving her feet so that Bob Montgomery wouldn't trip over them, which he tried his darndest to do as he came down the path, "I suppose your question 'Is beauty a boomerang?' is well taken—even though you have put it to the wrong girl.

"And my answer is, 'Yes, it is.' I should say that even the girl in a small town, who has the reputation of being the prettiest girl, is to be pitied. A label like that is like sky-rockets that last a little while and then it dies down and the girl 'dies,' too. I think it is a far happier and more enviable state to be born just average good looking so that you have to work hard to develop your personality, your talents, even your looks. There is a quality of earnest-

ness about girls who are not known as beauties, which beauties never have.

"It's bad for a girl's personal life, too. I know that the girl, who is called the prettiest girl in town, doesn't have half the fun that the regular, all-round tomboy sort of girl has. Boys aren't afraid of the regular girl. They take her everywhere. They are comfortable with her and believe me, I think men care a lot more about comfort than they do about charm. And when a girl is known as a beauty, other girls don't like her. Maybe they're jealous of her, maybe she doesn't make an effort to be chummy and interesting. She doesn't, perhaps, 'give' anything. Girls who are famous beauties feel, because they are made to feel that way, that if they give the world the privilege of gazing upon them that's all that is expected of them. It isn't.

"Anyway, they are very lonely people, I think. They have few girl-friends. Perhaps, at first, they don't feel the need of girl-friends, having so many beaux. But even the beaux don't give them an awful lot of fun, to my way of thinking. They don't take them on big parties any oftener than they have to. Perhaps they're jealous, too, and want to keep them to themselves. Whatever the reason, the prettiest girl doesn't get to go on straw-rides, picnics, and such things because the boys think that she would be too grand for such goings-on.

"I honestly believe," said Virginia seriously, "that beauty often keeps men away from girls. I mean the beauty that is publicized, that is spelt with a capital 'B.' And I mean nice, regular men, the kind of men girls should get to meet and to marry. Oh, men take great beauties out, of course. To show what big-shots they are, to show the girls off. But usually these men are not the marrying men. The nice men, those who want wives, homes and families are afraid of beauties. They feel they haven't the money for orchids and the de luxe cars which they have been taught to believe great beauties expect. They can't afford to go often to the de luxe night spots. And so, the poor 'celebrated beauty' misses out on a lot of fun and—which is more serious—doesn't get to meet the fine, regular men she might love and marry.

MEN, except for occasional bursts of exhibitionism, don't want to be the taggers-on after any woman, however beautiful—not for long, not until death do them part. They don't want to spend their lives standing on the edge of a spotlight occupied by a dazzling wife. They are too practical. They wonder what kind of a home life they would have with a 'Bird of Paradise' at the helm."

"Well," I said, "what do you do about it?"

"Stop that!" laughed Virginia. "Do I have to lay bare my private life in order to prove to you that I am not what a few zealous press agents and youths have wished on me?"

"Listen, I know this great beauty business has been noised abroad about me. And so I do everything I can to break it down. I go out riding with boys, with my brother Stan and his friends, for instance. I invite myself to go with them in their open flivvers with the tops down. We go to hamburger stands along the road and down to Venice Pier and, believe me, when we come home none of those lads is thinking of me as any beauty. I have fun with them and they know it. I don't care

whether my hair is on my head or in my eyes—and neither do they.

"I live the most family kind of life that ever was. I had to rent my house on Toluca Lake because there really wasn't room for all of us. You see, there are my mother and dad, the baby and her nurse, my brother and I. And then we have lots of the family out here, too. My grandparents, who have lived here for twenty-five years, aunts and uncles—and all of them are at the house a lot of the time. On the nights when I don't go out, and there are quite a few of those, I make fudge in the kitchen with Stan and some of his friends—or my mother plays the piano and I sing, we harmonize old songs together. I like to go to bed and read; it is one of my very favorite pastimes.

I always put the baby to bed and hear her prayers. I wouldn't miss that time with her for anything. And she says such darling prayers," Virginia said, her blue eyes very tender. "Lately, she starts by saying 'God bless God' and then next comes always, 'God bless Daddy,' and then the whole family is mentioned, carefully, one by one—including the pets and the toys.

"I knit for the baby. I've knitted a few things for myself. I do not spend hours going through a ritual of cold cream, massages and astringents before I go to bed. I was brought up, in North Dakota, to wash my face and hands, say my prayers and go to bed. And I still do just that.

"There are so many of us at home," laughed Virginia, "that we've had to draw up a 'Table of Resolutions'—we just compiled one, had it typed and now it stands in the front hall of our new house in Brentwood for all the Bruces to read.

"It's headed 'Resolutions for the Bruce Family'—and here are some of 'em:

"Never let the puppy out at night—this is necessary because someone always comes in late who does let him out and then there is a grand to-do in the morning trying to find him.

"Keep one garage door open at night—and that's necessary because Stan, or dad, or I come in late and invariably find that the first one in has efficiently closed and barred the doors.

"Leave closet windows in fur closet open—and that's because dad has a mania for going about, closing and locking all of the windows in the house so one of these days my furs are going to be rendered unto the moths because of it.

"Turn off lights under baby's sleeping porch—and that's because of another mania of dad's, bless him—he thinks lights should be left on all night long so the one under the baby's sleeping porch is apt to be left on and when it is, the term *sleeping porch* doesn't quite apply, if you know what I mean!"

I did know what she meant. And Virginia by then had given proof positive that she does not fancy herself as a great beauty, that she does everything within her power to escape the curse of being one. For, whoever heard of a G.B. riding about in topless flivvers, making fudge, worrying about garage doors and whether the puppy is in or out?

"There is a quality of earnestness about girls who are not known as beauties," Virginia had said, "which beauties never have. . . ."

Right there is the reason for her real beauty. She is honest. She does make an effort to please. Women do like her. She develops her mind and her abilities. She has that "quality of earnestness."

Yet, alas, Virginia! I am afraid you are doomed to beauty for the rest of your life. Because beauty that comes from a warm spirit and an honest heart is a perennial bloom.



MR. TRASK PROMISED ME THE JOB. NOW HE'S INTERVIEWING OTHER GIRLS! IF THAT ISN'T A DIRTY TRICK...

THEN SHE FOUND HER NAME IN AN OFFICE MEMO

OFFICE MEMORANDUM

TO : Office Manager
FROM: Mr. Trask

I have changed my mind about taking Miss Lane as my secretary. I still think she's capable, but I have noticed that her breath—well, frankly, Miss Lane should see her dentist.

JANET SEES HER DENTIST

YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS

ONE MONTH LATER

MR. TRASK SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST SECRETARY HE EVER HAD, JANET!

THANKS, ANN!

AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



Bob Taylor's True Life Story

(Continued from page 37)

HOW TO AVOID THAT "Made-up" LOOK

Be colorful... but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge intensifies your own natural coloring.

Today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is *your* coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier... in your own way.



Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Powder is 55¢ and \$1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83¢. Lipstick is 39¢ and \$1.10.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM-126
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print
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her Camille. At the most, she may be a touch temperamental—but that didn't do me any harm.

"So, I've gone over this past year of mine, this incredible year, step by step. I've torn it to shreds, analyzed every step of the way for publication. But—I've never told anyone my reason for believing that I'll never be spoiled. No, not even if the Taylor star keeps on rising instead of falling, as it well may do. And I've got my reasons, believe me—but hold on a bit, there's some one giving me the high sign, I'll be right back."

"Barbara," Bob said on his return to me, speaking of Barbara Stanwyck, "is the grandest actress in the world, one of the great women of this century. You've got something to work with when you work with Barbara as I did in 'His Brother's Wife.' D'you know, she can turn on the tears the instant the scene or the line calls for them. I can work up tears, too, but I have to have time for it. It's a matter of technique, of course, and Barbara has her technique so beautifully controlled, her emotions so lightly but firmly harnessed that she can leash and unleash them on tap. She's an actress." And aside he said, "Mamo, don't bother any more now, thanks a million—I feel like a new man."

BOB continued, "And now for my reasons why I'm sure I'll never be spoiled. My reasons are—my parents, my home life and my young boyhood. I am an only child, as you know, and my parents thought pretty well of me. I was, naturally, the star on the home lot. Mainly because there was no one else in the cast. And so I was accustomed, from infancy, to being the one king-pin on the lot. And that stands me in good stead now. Because, having been the king-pin all of my life, being one of the king-pins in Hollywood, even if I were, wouldn't go to my head now. I'm used to it.

"And, although I was an only child and my parents rather fancied me, they made me toe the line—and how! I was taught to respect them and my home. I understood vested authority at an early age.

"I was spanked when I deserved it. Not often, but when Dad said he would spank me—he did. And if I may begin, at any early date, giving advice to young mothers and fathers I would say what has been said before—spare the rod and you will spoil the child—and you will run a perfectly magnificent chance of spoiling the star!

"What I mean is, my Dad never pulled his punches. He never threatened to spank me only to forget it or back down on it. I knew that if I did the things I shouldn't do, I would get the licking and there would be no forgetfulness on my father's part, no alibi accepted, no stalling, no reprieve.

"And believe me, that stands me in good stead now. It taught me to be darned certain that a misdeed on my part will be followed by punishment. I still feel sure that no alibi will help me out. I know that life doesn't stall.

"You see," Bob said, with that seriousness which gives his youth maturity, his eyes their depth and his smile its gravity, "a boy's parents constitute life for him. And if the parents act in accordance with the underlying, sound principles of life, a boy is pretty apt to know what to expect and behaves accordingly.

"Then, too, my parents placed trust in me. They expected me to behave decently and honorably. And because they expected me to, I think I can say that, for the most part, I always did.

"The analogy can be drawn right along. For now, the studio seems to have placed trust in me, seems to expect me to behave decently and honorably, to turn in a 'good performance.' And because they expect me to, I'll try like the deuce.

"When I was a little shaver of ten or twelve, I'd be allowed to take my bike or my horse and ride for miles around the country without boundary lines or restraints. I could even ride to a neighboring town, if I felt like it, and spend the night in a local hostelry or with some boy friend. And there were no questions asked at home. People usually walk a fairly straight line, I've found, when they're not being prodded in the ribs every five minutes.

"And that all helps, too, now. Because I was raised in the belief that I was answerable for my own actions, I still realize keenly that what I do or do not do is my own picnic or my own funeral.

"Every little decision that had to be made in my young life, I made. When I wanted a musical instrument and couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted a banjo, a cello or a saxophone the most, I got no help at home. I had to make my own choice and knew I'd have to abide by it. I wanted," smiled Bob, "a saxophone.

"When it came time for me to go to college, I had the choice of going to Northwestern University by myself to study dramatics—or I could go to Doane with my pal, Gerry Wieber. Dad couldn't afford to send both of us to Northwestern. It was a momentous decision in my life at the time. But I had to make it alone. I went to Doane with Gerry.

"My father instilled into me, very early, the grave importance of punctuality. He was a doctor, you know, and he used to tell me that Life and Death wait for no man—or his watch! When he had to attend a birth or to see a man out on his last journey he *had* to be there on time, or else. Lack of punctuality on my part was always attended with drastic results. And there weren't any excuses accepted. I couldn't say, 'I didn't know what time it was or that my watch was fast or slow.' I was told that those were no excuses at all, that it was my business to know the time and to have my watch set right.

"And I'm grateful for that training now," Bob said. "At least, I won't be the type of 'spoiled star' who strolls nonchalantly onto a set anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour and a half late, believing that he can be late by divine right or something. I'm always on the set at least half an hour before anyone else. In fact, I'm the sound-stage-opener-upper of the studio.

THEN, there's this—I always had more than the other boys in my home town. And this, too, proves to be a safeguard against the danger of being spoiled by Hollywood, its money or its luxury. Because I never knew what it was to want for anything I didn't have, I'm not bowled over by having more than I need now.

"I had a bike before any kid in the neighborhood had one. I had a horse of my own when none of the other fellows had one. I had a car long before anyone else. I always had more clothes, more spending money, more gadgets of all kinds

than other fellows my age. And so, having more clothes, more spending money and more gadgets now doesn't go to my head. I'm used to it, comparatively speaking.

"And just as people back home used to say to me, 'What a swell bike, aren't you the one to have a horse' and so on—so, now, people say to me, 'What a swell car, aren't you the one to be a moom picture star' and so on.

"I never got much flattery at home. It was my parents' idea that a chap was supposed to do his job well—why not? I knew when they were pleased and I knew darned well when they were displeased; few words were wasted either way.

"Perhaps that's why flattery never meant very much to me. They say that diet shrinks the stomach. Well, a diet of no flattery shrinks the taste for flattery, too. And such doses of sugar as I did occasionally get from friends and neighbors, always made me feel self-conscious and embarrassed. I've never had any come-back to compliments. I've always felt like a chump when people praise me. I hope I continue in the same way. For when I begin to smile smugly, when I come back at a flowery speech with a smooth nifty, I'll know that it's time to call in the movie morticians!

"There's another angle, too, to this business of my having had so much when I was a kid. It seemed, at the time, to work against me. For, naturally, other kids resented my having more than they did. They were disposed to ride me for it. And I had to work like the devil to make friends. I had to work like a dog to prove to them that I was at least regular even if I did ride a horse while they walked, even if I did have ten bucks to their one.

"It's the same now. I still work like the devil to make friends—and for much the same reasons. I don't imagine any chap tries harder than I do to be friendly. I still feel that I must bend over backwards to try to convince other fellows that I am at least regular, even if I do happen to be a movie actor.

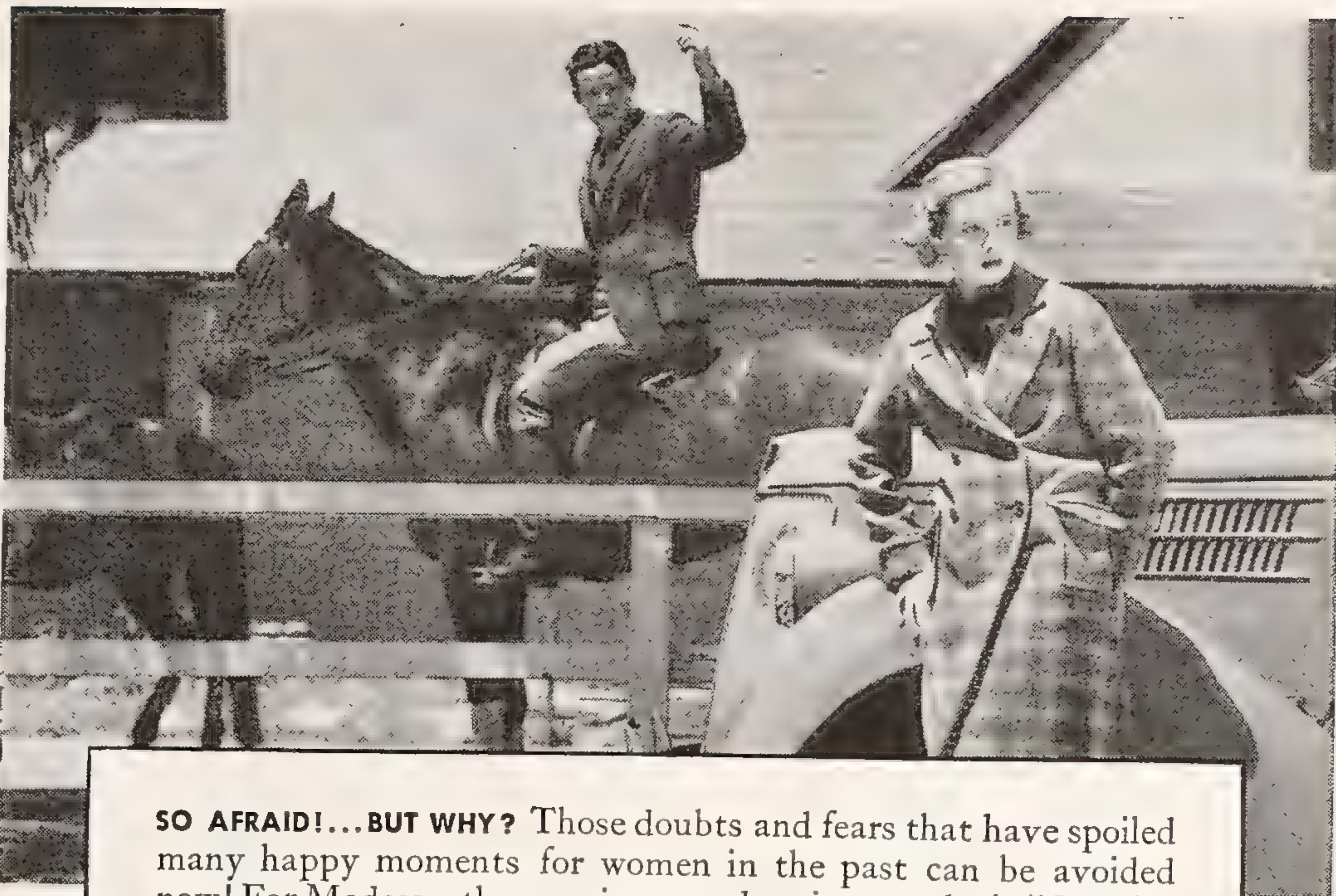
"And I like to be friends with all kinds of fellows. Just as my Dad used to have the time of his life hob-nobbing with the Nebraskan farmers, as well as with other doctors, lawyers and town bankers—so I like to be friends with garage men, the electricians, sound men and all kinds, as well as my fellow actors.

"And this, too, stands me in good stead. For I certainly don't think I give the impression of expecting people to touch their foreheads to the ground when I approach. On the contrary, I always feel that it's going to be a tough job to make people like me.

"I'm not demonstrative. I can't show my feelings easily. Which also should prevent me from making an ass of myself. Because I can't 'show off!'"

And I know that that is true. For I saw Bob and Barbara at the Grove one night a week or so ago. They dined and talked so quietly, they danced so unobtrusively—Barbara in a tailored suit, Bob in dark clothes—that, unless you were face to face with them, you would never have known they were there.

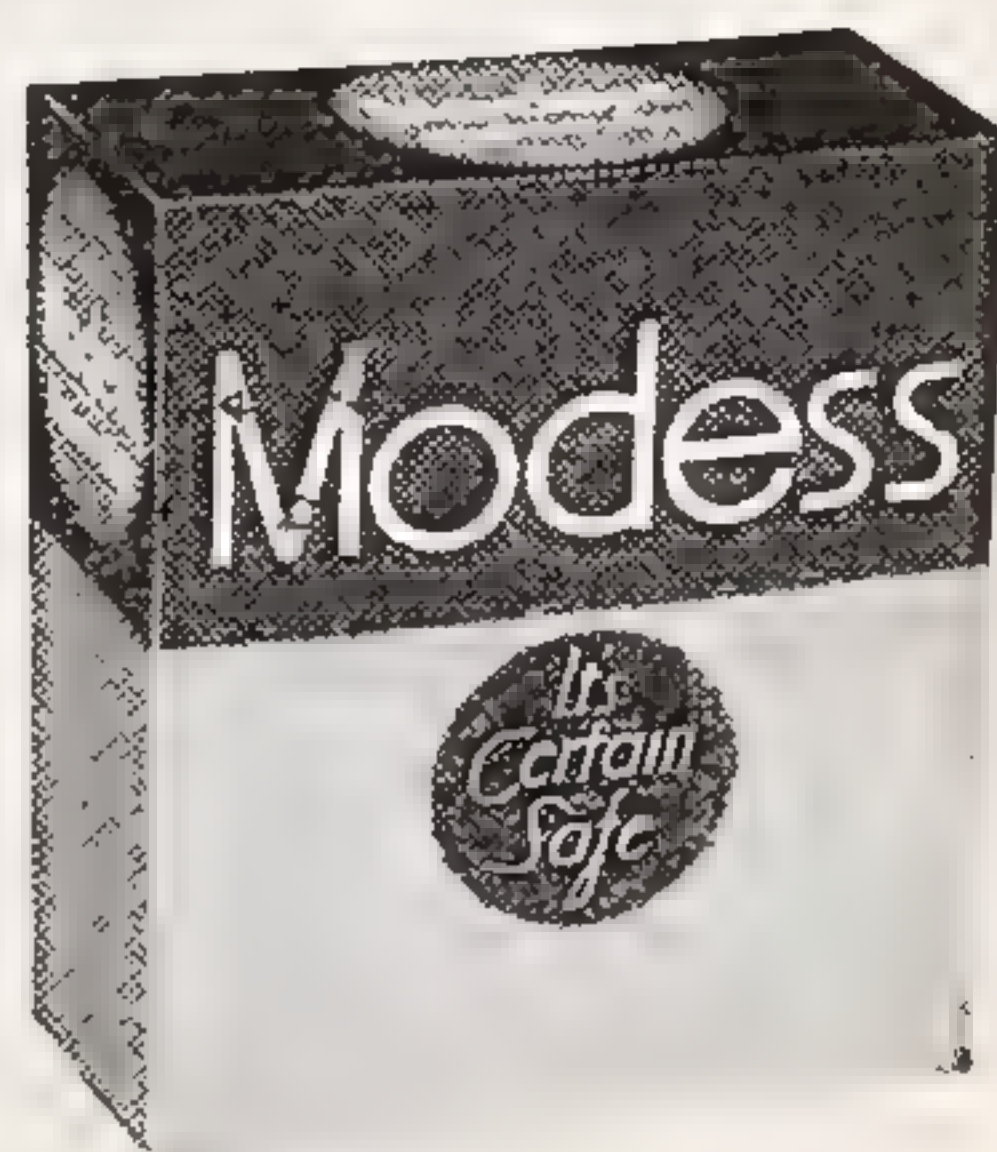
"I'm like my mother in this respect," Bob was saying. "She never can show her feelings, either. A week or so ago, on her birthday, I gave her a diamond bracelet. I knew she had always been crazy about diamonds—women are. Back in Nebraska only multi-millionaires and the people you read about in the Sunday Supplements have diamonds. I had an idea that mother had always had a secret hankering for the things, even though she never would have dreamed of mentioning



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NO UNCERTAINTY NOW! You can go wherever you want to . . . wear whatever you want to . . . with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back which prevents *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection is yours.



End "accident panic"—
ask for *Certain-Safe*
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● Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.

anything so fantastic. Anyway, for the kick I thought it might give her, I handed her the box on her birthday. She opened it all unsuspecting, and there was the diamond bracelet!

"And what did she do? *Nothing*. Not a trace of emotion crossed her face. She didn't laugh; she didn't cry. She just sat there. And then she said, very quietly, 'Oh, Buddy'—and that was all, then or later. But Barbara and I, who were watching her, both felt a sort of chill go up and down our spines because we understood what she was feeling."

And I may say that I felt a sort of chill go up and down my spine too, as Bob told this little tale about his mother. For I could imagine, can't you, what his mother's real thrill must have been when this boy of hers, so able now to buy her diamonds, actually remembered to buy them?

I think the depth of her thrill must have been, not so much his ability to buy them, as his boyishness in doing it.

"I know how she felt," Bob said, "because I am so much the same. Diamonds, you might say, have been laid in my lap. Certainly when I went to Pomona College I had no idea of what was in store for me. I thought that earning my own living had *better* be in store for me, since Dad had just passed away, but I hardly expected such a 'living' as this!

"Naturally—and between you and me—I get such a wallop out of it as beggars description. I can't *believe* it. I go into huddles with myself and have a fit. But I can't show how I feel about it—and that's all to the good. For if I did, I might be put down as an exhibitionist. At least," said Bob, with his frank smile, "if

I do 'spoil,' I'll spoil quietly!"

Even if you knew none of the specific details of Bob Taylor's early life, these experiences, so vividly related by him, tell you what has made him the modest, likeable chap he still is today. You feel the solid, sensible background of his boyhood in Beatrice, Nebraska. You feel the kind but authoritative influence of his father, Dr. Brugh, who, as a busy country doctor, had no patience with a boy who didn't show character and a democratic spirit. Even though Dr. Brugh and his wife gave Bob advantages that some of the other local boys did not have, they never allowed him to feel he was different or superior. He attended public school and got the average bumps and boosts that most kids get along the way. And when, while still in college, his father died, he stepped into family responsibilities that would have had a maturing effect upon him even if he had been a giddy youth, which he wasn't.

"And as for 'girl-trouble'—well, I've always been used to being with girls," he continued. "Doane was co-ed, so is Pomona. And the prettiest girls on the campus were, speaking relatively again, of the same glamor to me as the biggest stars in Hollywood are to me right now. I've always gone out with girls, though always with one girl at a time.

"I don't like double dates. I detest crowds and big parties. I like to go out, as Barbara and I do, by ourselves, to dine and dance and talk.

"But certainly, I did not grow to manhood in a womanless world. I always worked side by side with girls in college, competed with them, shared mutual problems with them, took them dancing in the

evenings. I work with girls in pictures now, share mutual problems with them, take them dancing in the evening. Now, instead of taking 'my girl' to a fraternity or a sorority dance I take 'my girl' to the Grove or to the Beverly Wilshire or somewhere. That's the only difference. I've really gone out with only two girls since I first came to Hollywood. I don't think I can be said to have gone goofy in the girl direction."

And no one can say that he has. When he first came to Hollywood, he went about with Irene Hervey to the exclusion of all others. And when Irene and he drifted apart, Irene finally marrying Allan Jones, Bob started to beau Barbara Stanwyck about.

Certainly a young man with the world at his feet, couldn't have a more down-to-earth person for a sweetheart than Barbara. She has known hard work and unhappiness despite her youth, and she has never been a part of Hollywood's gayer life. She's a realist and a girl whose head will never be turned. Their whole romance has been so quiet and real, too.

If they do marry, which the rumor hounds insist they will, you can depend upon it that both will be truly in love and that their marriage will have dignity and the simple, homely virtues which made up Bob's background in Nebraska.

The director was giving the signal for another take, so Bob said goodbye.

And watching the boy thousands of fans call, "The handsomest man I have ever seen," I thought how truly you could say, "Back of every great man are great parents." I knew that Bob had given the real reason and the sound one for why he is not spoiled, nor will be.



Stormy Petrel

(Continued from page 43)

Turns," she protested that no mid-western farm girl would have so many dresses as that. If she was going to portray a farm girl, why couldn't she portray one realistically?

FINALLY she began to complain that the studio was shoving her ahead too fast and putting her into too many pictures. Shortly after she made "Midsummer Night's Dream," she said, "I've been made a star too soon and I'm just miserable about the whole business. When I went on the stage, I hoped that it would take me ten years to arrive."

I knew that a few years previously Jean had lived in a cheap basement apartment in New York and had tramped from agency to agency begging for a job. Hollywood had thrown out a life-line when she was broke and desperate, thin and undernourished, and when all that stood between herself and failure was twenty dollars.

And yet she dared to complain that Hollywood was smashing her artistic standards.

"Now," she said drearily, her voice tragic and poignant, "I'm afraid I'll never be as competent an actress as I had hoped to be. I can't go back to Broadway and play tiny bits, getting the long apprenticeship which I should have had before I came to Hollywood. And, because of that, I'm afraid I'll never get to the top, never really amount to anything as an actress. Today young actresses are starred too

soon. It isn't only I; it's the host of young people who come to Hollywood."

On the surface this might sound like humility, but actually it was another example of Jean's belief that in Hollywood things are never done as well as they are on the stage. She had accepted a Hollywood contract, not because she wanted to be in pictures, but to save herself from starvation. Always her thoughts were of what-might-have-been, of the career she might have had on the stage if she hadn't gone to Hollywood. She has since said of this period in her life, "I was terribly afraid the movies were going to take away from me the ideals Constance Collier had taught me and substitute in some way the ideals of Jimmy Durante."

Even when the studio sent her to New York to get additional publicity for "Midsummer Night's Dream," she objected.

"What point is there to all this silly ballyhoo?" she wanted to know. "All the ballyhoo in the world won't make 'Midsummer Night's Dream' a better picture than it already is."

Warners, more than a little weary of her critical attitude, sent her to their studio in England where she made "Faithful," a picture so unimportant that it never was released in this country.

Jean came back from England as superior as ever in her attitude toward the movies. As evidence of this, she threw herself heart and soul into the Theatre Workshop, which she had started as a

training school for young people. Here were taught not only acting, but directing, scenic designing and every other phase of the theatre. Though the Theatre Workshop had supposedly been started as a hobby, Jean seemed more interested in it than in her movie career.

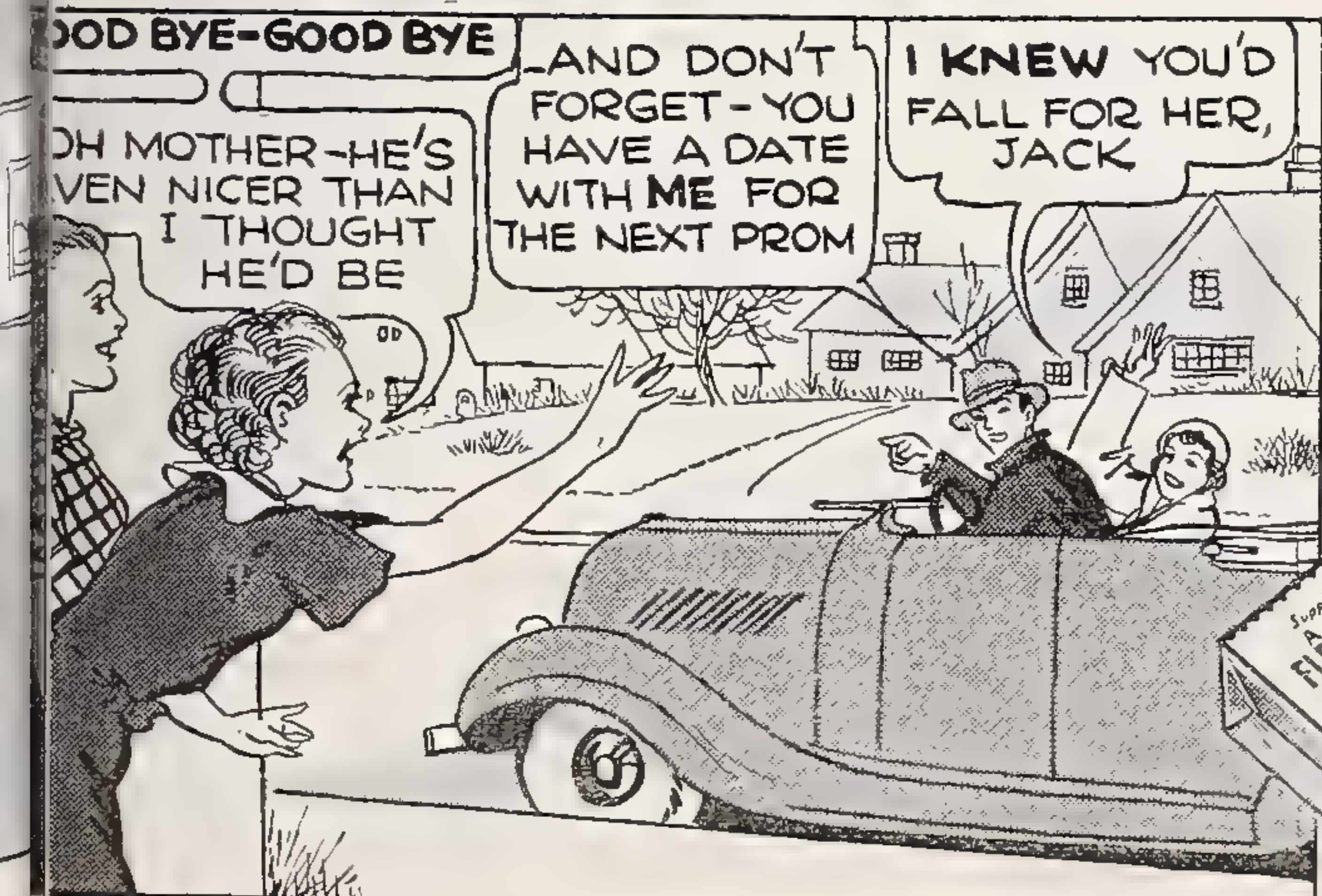
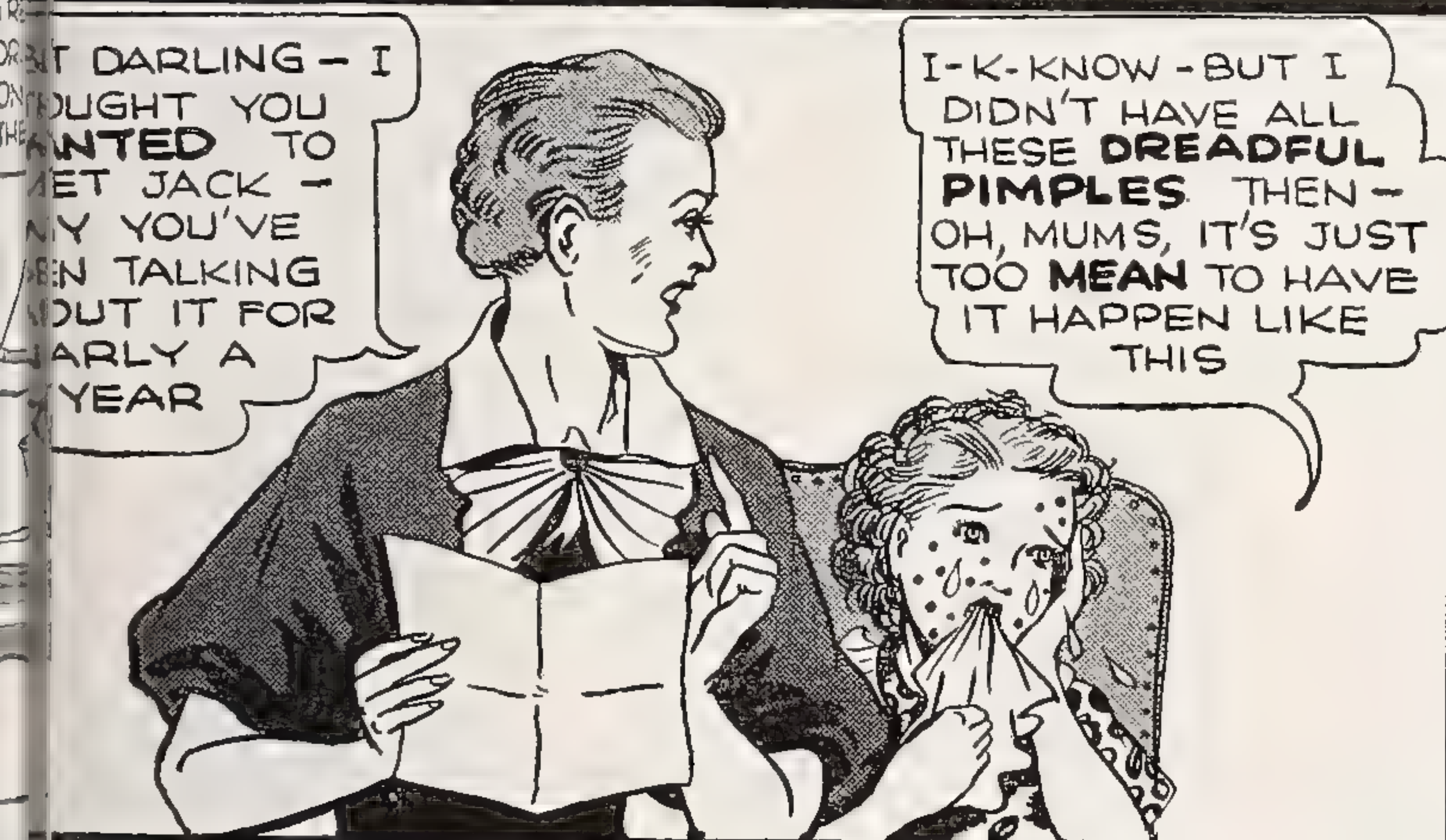
Now matters took an ironic turn. Since Jean had complained that she was being shoved ahead too fast and put into the wrong roles, her studio decided to give her a taste of a different sort of treatment.

Month after month went by and Jean was not cast in any pictures at all. She ate the bitter bread of idleness. She, who had received so much adulation, was now thrust in a corner like an old shoe.

She still had her Theatre Workshop, but she found it was not enough. For the first time in her career Jean knew what it meant to be completely ignored. And Hollywood, quick to realize that the cold wind of her studio's displeasure was blowing on Jean, behaved toward her with indifference. People whom she had hurt now got their chance to hurt her. Jean was going through that particular hell that is reserved in Hollywood for those who are beginning to slip.

BUT Hollywood still held in reserve one final blow to Jean's pride. After months of idleness, Jean was farmed out for "White Fang." Her role was stupid and unimportant, the kind she would have turned her back on only a few months ago. And the picture itself was just an

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ordinary program picture.

Jean knew she was being sold down the river. But months of idleness had taught her humility. She realized what a fool she had been to be so critical and carping in her attitude toward Hollywood. And so she accepted the part. Nor has she rebelled against the roles which have followed at her home studio, though they are not exceptional.

"Jean's attitude has changed completely," a studio publicity man told me. "She's no longer superior and critical toward movies. She now intends to concentrate on her movie career, and she probably will not re-open her Theatre Workshop."

Jean isn't altogether to blame for her attitude toward Hollywood. Everything in her life conspired to make her too outspoken for her own good, too aggressive to be popular.

From the time she was a small child, Jean Muir was brought up by her parents not to believe anything, not to accept anything, until she had proved it to her own satisfaction. They refused to lay down the law to this child of theirs. They told her that she must make up her own mind about religion, about her home, about what she wanted out of life. They would have preferred to give her hand-me-down clothes, if that ever had been necessary, rather than hand-me-down ideas. "Find out for yourself," was the core and heart of all they taught her. "Stand on your own two feet. Use your own mind."

Because she grew up so free and unfettered, Jean made many enemies, even as a child. Accustomed to being the queen bee in her own home, she insisted on dominating the children with whom she played. When they played school, she wanted to be the teacher. Sometimes she turned her backyard into an imaginary court of the Arthurian legends. Then the children came in and played with her, till she herself drove them away by her insistence on always playing the star role.

Lonely and miserable at school, Jean was delighted when her father suggested that she go abroad to visit his people in Scotland. But even there she didn't find happiness. Even there, she was still buried in her own loneliness, her unfortunate absorption in her own personality. So she went to the Sorbonne in France. And there her loneliness was increased tenfold, for she didn't even speak the same language as the other girls.

In her wretchedness she sought some escape, and decided this time that she could find it by studying dramatic art. At once she wrote her parents, telling them that she wanted to give up her courses at the Sorbonne and study for the stage.

You might imagine that they, who had never opposed Jean before, would have written to her now to go on and do as she pleased. But they didn't. "Of course," wrote Jean's mother, "you can go ahead and do what you think best, but do you want to give up something that you have started? Do you want to quit in mid-stream?"

When it was put that way to her, Jean Muir saw only one answer. She had been called all sorts of things in her life, but never a quitter. And she wasn't going to be one now. Or ever!

When she finally left the Sorbonne, she spoke French like a native. You know what happened after that, how through an accident she met the English company of "Bird in Hand" which was going to America on the same boat as she. To learn something about the stage, she offered to work for nothing as an understudy, and they accepted her. But that was the first and last time that accident played a part in determining her career.

After that, Jean fought and slaved for success.

"I found a small room in New York for three dollars a week," she told me. "It was ugly and dirty, and cockroaches swarmed all over the place. I couldn't stand that, so I moved into another place for three and a half dollars a week. That was tiny but it was clean, and from there I laid siege to all the producers' offices."

CARRYING her best pair of shoes in a package and wearing Indian moccasins, Jean Muir tramped from one office to another. As soon as she came to any office, she put on her high-heeled shoes and, thus fortified, walked in to see the producers. Incredible? Jean Muir assured me it was true, and no one in Hollywood has ever known her to lie.

Even in those days she was unusual. Though she was living on six dollars a week, though she was cold and hungry and undernourished, she dreamed of the day when she would be able to stage her own plays. One day she decided to go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to do some research work on the costuming for a certain play. Examining her meager store of money, she found that she had only a dime for carfare. That was enough to take her to the Museum and back by subway. But Jean hated the subway! Instead, she walked sixty blocks to the Museum and squandered her ten cents on a bus to take her home.

She was like a little girl in her worship of the stage and of the great stage actresses. There was the time, for instance, when Jean met Ethel Barrymore for the first time. When Miss Barrymore offered Jean a cigarette, Jean reached forward to take it. But she was so upset by the thrill of meeting this woman, who was the toast of two continents, that her hand began to tremble. Embarrassed at showing her emotions, Jean quickly withdrew her hand, and refused the cigarette.

"You don't smoke?" said Miss Barrymore, smiling. "That's fine, child. Smoking is bad for your voice."

From that day to this Jean has never touched a cigarette.

Usually Jean was lucky if she managed to get a three-line part in a play. But by unwearying persistence, by unending calls on managers, she finally got her first important role, as Helen Menken's mad sister in "Saint Wench." This was her big chance! Remembering how often she had prayed and hoped for such a chance, she drove herself on and on, till her body could hardly stand the grinding routine that she demanded of herself. Then came the opening night! The play opened to the worst notices that any play had ever received in New York!

"Saint Wench" ran a week, and then closed down. When Warners offered Jean a contract, she had been out of work for three months. No wonder she said, "You must be crazy to want me!" But a scout of theirs had seen her in "Saint Wench" and decided she had possibilities; some one else dug up an old movie test she had taken with Franchot Tone and was impressed by her work.

Because she had to fight every inch of the way to get ahead on the stage, Jean Muir pursued the same tactics in Hollywood. "I believed that the way to get ahead was to push and to pound," she told me, "so I pushed and I pounded."

But eventually Jean discovered that in Hollywood diplomacy is more important than frankness, reserve more important than honesty.

Most important of all she learned humility, and in her humility she is greater than she ever was when she was arrogant.

Freedom's a Flop!

(Continued from page 60)

"You know, I've been a juvenile for so long, and for just that long I've wanted, longed, to be grown up. Of course, I've lied about my age for ages, pretended to be older than I was in order to get work, and have said I was twenty-one for the past five years. When I actually became twenty-one, it was a sort of anti-climax to my friends. But to me it was important. It was a milestone. I thought I would put on a role of dignity like I would my overcoat, that people would suddenly realize that I was grown up and treat me with respect.

"I looked forward to the time when I could vote, swaggering up to the polls to cast my vote for President of the United States with a pipe in my mouth. Now that I'm old enough to vote, I was working so hard on a picture that I forgot to register and I can't vote.

"I always thought I would be married by the time I was of age and pictured myself the head of a family and I quite fancied myself ordering servants around and being the man of the house. I took it as a matter of course that I would marry Anita Louise. She's the only girl I've ever been in love with. Now that that's all over, I haven't fallen in love with anyone else, but I'd still like to get married. I'm a one-woman man," he added seriously. "You never hear of me flirting around with this girl and that. I want to be in love with one girl and be married to her for the rest of my life."

He looked so in earnest that I couldn't help but believe him.

"But part of my hopes are coming true soon," he continued. "I'm going to have my own home. By that time my father and mother will be set financially. They are going to build a home for themselves and I'm going to live alone. Of course, I'll be running over to their house all the time and probably spend more time with them than I will in my own place, but I'll know that I have a place that will be just mine," he said with a great deal of satisfaction.

"It will be hard on the folks and hard on me, too," he admitted, "but I think it is the right thing to do."

WHAT a wrench it will be for Tom to leave home, the home his parents have built around him, the home where he has had the best chance in the world to become a spoiled brat—but hasn't—only his intimates can understand. It will be hard for him to give up his bedroom, which he planned and for which he designed every stick of furniture, but he will have to, "because I'm going to live in an apartment at first," he explained.

Tom runs rather to the nautical in a great many ways and in decorating his bedroom he went completely berserk. Everything is designed to make you think you are on a ship. The footboard on his bed is made of carved anchors. There are ship's ropes around everything—a ship's bell and clock and the pictures on the walls are in frames made to represent life preservers. There are imitation portholes, in which rare tropical fish swim about.

"I have to make the break some time," he sighed, "and it might as well be now. My father and mother have their own friends, but they neglect them for me. I'm an only child and they are all wrapped up in me and in everything I do. They make their plans around me and it isn't right. Most of all, I want to learn to rely on myself. I'm getting to the point where

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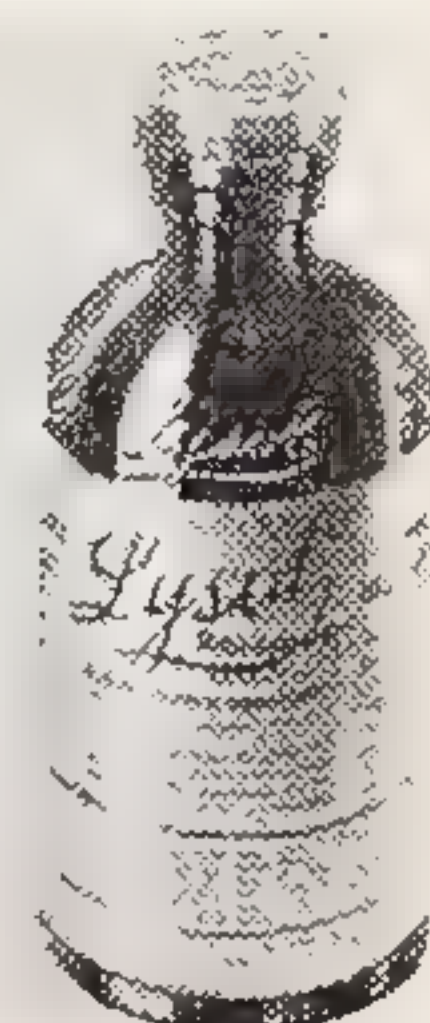
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I have no faith in my own ability to make decisions, just because I've always depended on them to make my decisions for me. I unconsciously turn to them for everything and it's time I learned to make up my own mind, in order to be a worthwhile person.

"Another reason I want my own place is so I can entertain more freely. Oh, don't laugh now," he said, "I'm all over that stuff of wanting gay parties. But if I have company at the house and we start singing at midnight, I worry about keeping the folks awake."

YOU know, in this game you have to do a certain amount of entertaining for business reasons. I don't mean inviting 'the right people' or the social climbing angle. But just suppose I'm cast in a new picture. I get the script and I read it. Well, if I happen to meet the director at the studio I can ask him up to the house for dinner and it gives us a chance to get acquainted and gives me an opportunity to find out what his idea of my role is. Often I've started a picture under a director I never met until the day I began to work for him, and naturally I had no idea what he expected of me. It makes things easier if you have a chance to get acquainted first. But that's just one angle.

"I've been going around with an older crowd lately and I'm learning a lot. I may not be as intelligent as they are, but I've got sense enough to know when I'm out of my class and I know when to keep my mouth shut. They are people who have been places and done things and they talk about what's going on in the world and not about who socked who at the club the night before. It is more or less of a musical crowd and whether or not I can sing, I *sing*, and I'm having a lot of fun and feel like I'm really growing up."

With the aid of his mother, Tom has been saving his money. I don't mean that he is one to catch his finger in his pocket when the check comes. It is usually the other way. But he has always saved a certain amount of his salary. He is saving one-half of his salary now, which is a very good record when you consider his family expenses, income tax and other drains on his income. Recently he put himself on an allowance of fifty dollars a

week, which sounded quite extravagant to me.

"Oh, no," Tom protested. "You see if I were married, I would eat at home and that expense would go on the food bill for the house, but as it is, although of course I eat at home most of the time, I have to take girls out to dine and dance. That comes out of my allowance and besides I take care of my car, buy my clothes and pay my beach club dues. Fifty dollars doesn't go far. Some weeks it doesn't go half far enough."

"I know I'll never be a Clark Gable or a Fred MacMurray," he said, "but if I mind my business and work hard I might get somewhere some day." And he went on to tell me about his next picture while my mind jumped back to a review of his last picture that I had read the day before. Of Tom's work in "And Sudden Death" a noted critic had written: "The stealer of film honors is Tom Brown, that engaging young juvenile who displays surprising dramatic stature in the unsympathetic role of a befuddled, weakling brother . . ."

"But now they've put me in 'Rose Bowl,' a football picture," Tom wailed, but quickly added: "Oh, well, I guess I'm lucky at that."

Now don't think Tom is a Pollyanna, and I wouldn't for the world try to create an impression that he is a recluse, a student, a stay-at-home. He is invited everywhere because, being good company, he's apt to be the life of the party without all the obnoxious implications that often accompany that classification. He is a lot of fun and cuts quite a dash with the ladies. He belongs to the liveliest beach club. He's seen here and there at the good shows, and pictures and dancing places. In fact, he goes as far and as often as he can—on fifty dollars a week. And his inevitable companion these days and evenings is cute Toby Wing.

"She's the most fun to go out with," he says enthusiastically. "She's a beautiful dancer, and always looks lovely. It's a lot of fun to be with Toby. She's the best all-around girl."

But apparently it's all in fun, and marriage seems to be far from Tom's mind at the moment, although he admits he's looking around for the right girl.

"And when I find her, being twenty-one will be all right," he said—and *meant* it.

A Star and Her Designer Talk Clothes

(Continued from page 66)

put on for pictorial effect! A pair of clips, a brooch and one or two lovely bracelets, all set with rubies, are the choice. Even if rubies are out of reach for most of us, we can follow Ruth's hint of pointing up a costume with colors in jewelry by using simulated stones.

SPEAKING of her "Dodsworth" clothes, she continued, "The smart two-piece suit which Omar Kiam designed, I liked so much that I am buying it for myself. It has a short flared black wool skirt and a very chic jacket of black and white checked wool. The jacket is held together by the leather belt and a green scarf is worn at the neck. With this I wear a black wool beret."

This is the costume on page 64. Notice how the sleeves are made all in one with the body of the jacket and that they end just above the wrist. This suit is typical of the smart daytime costumes for this fall and winter—the fit of the jacket and the flare of the skirt giving a trim line to the

figure. Ruth uses one of her ruby-jeweled pins to hold the scarf.

"Another of the costumes which Omar made for me and which I am purchasing, is a stunning black, fuzzy wool suit with a skirt almost identical with the one just described. The jacket is high-waisted and fitted. The tight sleeves flare at the top, and have most amusing little peaks. At the high neck I wear a pair of my diamond and ruby clips. And my hat is *so high*!" (No photograph was made of this particular model.)

And there was still another gown, the most elaborate evening gown she wears, which was not photographed either, but about which she said:

Of the evening gowns worn in the picture, I particularly like a slinky white crepe frock of Empire design, heavily beaded with crystals. It has a long train and I wear a striking white ermine cape with it. Omar and I designed this one together and put into it our favorite ideas. I hope the result is successful.

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

(28)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

"It seems to me that the importance of excellence in materials can't be too heavily stressed. I'd much rather have an absolutely plain gown of fine material, than the most elaborate creation of an inferior one."

And there, my pets, is a little fashion axiom to put right into practice.

As we finished looking at the "Dods-worth" wardrobe she said:

"It's always somewhat of a trial for me to go through the endless fittings and conferences about clothes before a picture starts. I think how pleasant it would be if I were high in the clouds in my plane, wearing my comfortable slacks. But I've learned how to make a game of the whole thing. In preparing these costumes for the picture, Omar and his assistants would come to my house and we would discuss, and fit and argue over tea and sandwiches. If we got tired, we would turn on the phonograph and play a lovely symphony record—our weariness would be forgotten soon and we would start all over again. I think that's the reason we are all so happy about these clothes—we had such a pleasant time making them."

And you feel that she had even a more pleasant time wearing them. Later, when I talked to Omar Kiam, it was interesting to see how he has brought out his pet theories in design for these costumes.

"Short skirts. Higher cut shoes. High hats. In fact, everything is going up!" he said, in describing the new trend.

THE higher cut in shoes is apparent in the unusual suede step-ins which Ruth wears with three of the daytime costumes pictured. Each of the three outfits is quite different in character and yet the shoes are perfect with each. There's the two-piece suit described earlier, then there's the one-piece black wool dress on page 66. It is cut very simply and slightly fitted. The high, round neckline is set off with a triple strand of pearls and the bodice is decorated with a plastron made of white cord in an intricate design.

Her off-the-face black satin hat achieves the height, Omar mentions, with an aigret held by a jeweled pin. Black suede gloves and a black suede bag match the shoes. A distinctive costume from head to foot.

Over this same dress, Ruth wears a nubbed black wool coat that opens, like a redingote, to show the dress beneath. There's a slight flare to the skirt and a trim fitting to the bodice of the coat; otherwise, it is quite simple, with a large collar of silver fox as its only trimming. The huge muff is a lavish detail but not essential to the chic of the whole coat. That tricky black felt hat has a twisted coil of the material to give it a towering look.

Omar's special brand of designing genius is evident in a three-piece ensemble, shown on page 65. Over a collarless, brown tweed jacket and skirt, he poses a beige wool, three-quarter length cape trimmed with broad bands of leopard. These bands run from the widened shoulders to the front hem. Slits in the cape permit the jacket sleeve to show through. In lieu of a blouse, Ruth wears a soft beige scarf caught with a gold clip. Again Omar uses trimming to reach a high point in his hats. This time a fedora-like brown felt has pheasant's tail-feathers as trimming. And how do you like that almost valise-size handbag of brown calf? Isn't it stunning? I could carry a complete wardrobe around in it! You'll find that many of the newest daytime handbags reach such proportions and have the top handle treatment. You definitely are not supposed to tuck these under your arm, they are to be carried by

RID HIM OF WORMS



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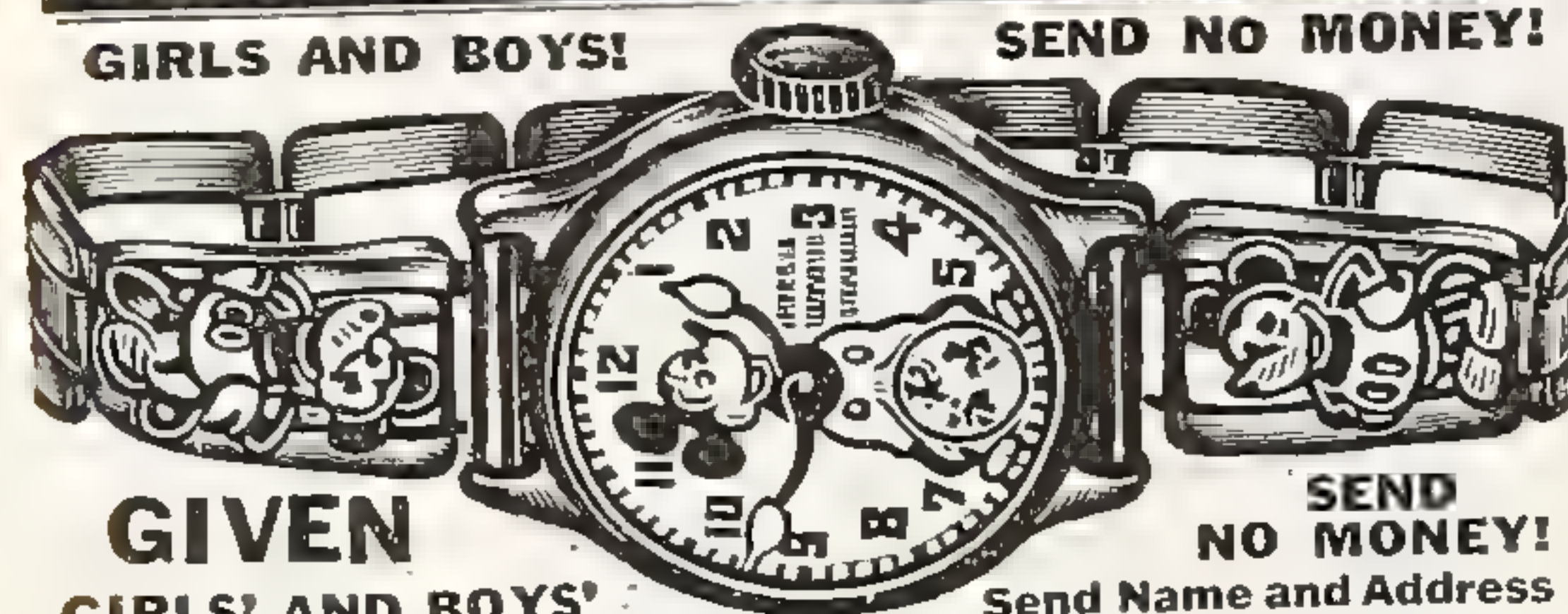
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with Chrome Finish Case and metal bracelet as shown. Or Big Cash Commission—**YOURS** for Simply Giving Away **FREE** Big Colored Pictures with our Well Known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture **FREE**) and remitting per. catalog. **SPECIAL**—Choice of other gifts. Our 40th year. Be First. Write today for 12 boxes of Salve. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 10-K, TYRONE, PA.**

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

"Skirts will be shorter than they have been in many seasons," Omar amplified his first brief statement. "And, of course, they will be fuller. For evening I still prefer the long, graceful line."

And as proof of his feeling about evening clothes, look at the black crepe and lamé dinner gown on page 64. The gown beneath the flared peplum jacket of metallic cloth is cut on form-fitting lines with the fullness drawn to the back to form a short but full train. Vivid red and green is shot through the metal of the jacket giving a startling contrast to the gown. The shoulders are full and slightly puffed at the shoulders. Two clips and one of her bracelets form the only trimming.

As if fearing he might be misinterpreted, Omar said: "When I say that shoes will be cut higher, I do not mean the old high shoes of Edwardian time, but the shoes cut to cover the instep and sometimes the ankle with a higher heel. In 'Dodsworth' I have used this type of shoe almost exclusively, both for street and evening."

"And as for hats, there is no limit to their versatility and height! Most of mine are designed to be worn high off the face."

"There is a marked tendency to smoother fabrics than for sometime past. This, however, might be called a forerunner to the future. We will not discard rough tweeds and knobby materials, especially for sports wear."

Although neither Kiam nor Ruth described or talked about the two negligees worn in the picture, I am showing you pictures of them because they are so utterly charming. One is a hostess gown of palest pink chiffon, made with a sweeping train and high waist. The neckline, bordered with fur, is very low at front and old-fashioned pink roses are

tucked into it at the bosom. The sleeves are short and draped. Velvet would make a beautiful and less extravagant collar for our purpose.

Another robe is a dressing gown of heavy red and white brocaded satin made like a redingote but reaching to the floor where it sweeps out in a slight train effect. The top is rather tailored. It buttons at the waist and has interesting large patch pockets. The gown worn beneath this is finely accordion pleated from the lace yoke to the hem.

This is the sort of screen wardrobe that provides a wealth of inspiration for us all because it is so timely, so full of the important fashion news of the moment. And both Ruth's and Kiam's fashion ideas are alive with hints for all of you.

Before closing, I want to mention that there is a new dye product on the market that is a wonder. I am featuring it in my December Shopping Bulletin with full description, name and price. Be sure to write in for your Bulletin, for there are other grand suggestions besides this dye. Just fill in the attached coupon and it comes to you, free of charge.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your December Shopping Bulletin. Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....
(Please Print)

A Pound of Cure

(Continued from page 59)

there, flabby flesh anywhere, nor spare tires. You need not be of the spindling chest-broad rear variety. You may be large-boned and weigh 140; and still be trim and slim if the 140 pounds are in the right places. You may be tall, but tiny-boned, and be too fat at 130. The actual weight doesn't matter so much. It's the trimness and firmness of your body which means youth. I'll come back to this anon.

2. That clean, scrubbed look which the young skin has. Everybody isn't born with a complexion that is an all-time wow as far as texture and coloring are concerned. But no one need have bumps and blemishes around longer than it takes to banish them with proper diet and a little judicious external doctoring. Nobody need have that muddy look which comes from myriad grimy deposits in the pores and which aren't vicious enough to be called blackheads—yet—but which soon will be. The clean, scrubbed look doesn't bar make-up by any means. More about this, also, as we get on with our lecture.

3. A silkiness and sheen to your hair, no matter whether it's an enviable blonde or plain mouse-brown. As you get older, the youthful gold of your hair may darken; the various shades of red hair, too, get darker and less interesting, sometimes, with the passage of years—even a few years. You may—or may not—choose to do anything to restore the color. That's your business. Your hair even may go pre-

maturely gray at a very early age. About all this, I care not one whoop, so long as you don't let your hair get lifeless, stringy, too dry or too oily, and generally unmanageable. No amount of professional waving will help you if there isn't good hair to start with. Remember that.

4. Of course, you have to get along through life with the set of features God gave you. But you can do a heck of a lot to improve upon Nature's short dealing, if you have been short-dealt. I know heaps of girls—and so do you—with very unclassical noses, eyes that are nothing to write home about, perhaps not one decent feature to their names, and what difference does that make? How often have you heard folks say, "She's not the least bit good looking, but she's awfully attractive"? Where features are concerned, the older you get, the luckier you are. It's pretty bad taste for the poor-featured sixteen-year-old to go monkeying around with the eyeshadow and the bright lipstick. But it isn't bad taste for the older girl—it's just plain smart.

Now, to get down to the tacks made of brass . . . I shall do this, if it's all the same to you, by picking a series of examples from experiences which I've come across and by making up out of my own little head a few more examples which may be helpful to you. If I don't hit your particular trouble, write your case history down on a piece of paper and mail it to me.

Example one: Girl twenty-two, tall, five

feet seven and slenderly built. Basically good figure, with only one fault. A spare tire around the waist. It shows badly in the new waist-hugging dresses when she wears a girdle. When she doesn't wear a girdle, that extra fat is still there, of course, imparting a general thickness to the middle of her body. This girl sits all day. She says, sensibly enough, that she must wear a snug girdle because she doesn't want the rear to spread. That's fine. But the snug girdle *does* push up that hunk of flesh around the waist. Any way you slice it, it's very bad, especially with all the new clothes fitting one's middle like the paper on the wall.

This is a very common complaint. I'm not talking about the person who is too fat all over, or at least plenty too fat in the hips. This particular girl is slim—has a nice figure—good, firm, slender hips and a properly proportioned buzzoom. She's just getting her first warning of what *might* happen if she doesn't start the cure right now.

TEN minutes of bending exercises every morning—that's the first order. And you can't beat the old toe-touching stunt. Then, one-half hour's brisk walk early in the morning. Walking won't reduce you, but it will help make you trim and firm. But you must really beetle along at a brisk pace and keep your stomach and diaphragm pulled in flat every minute of the time.

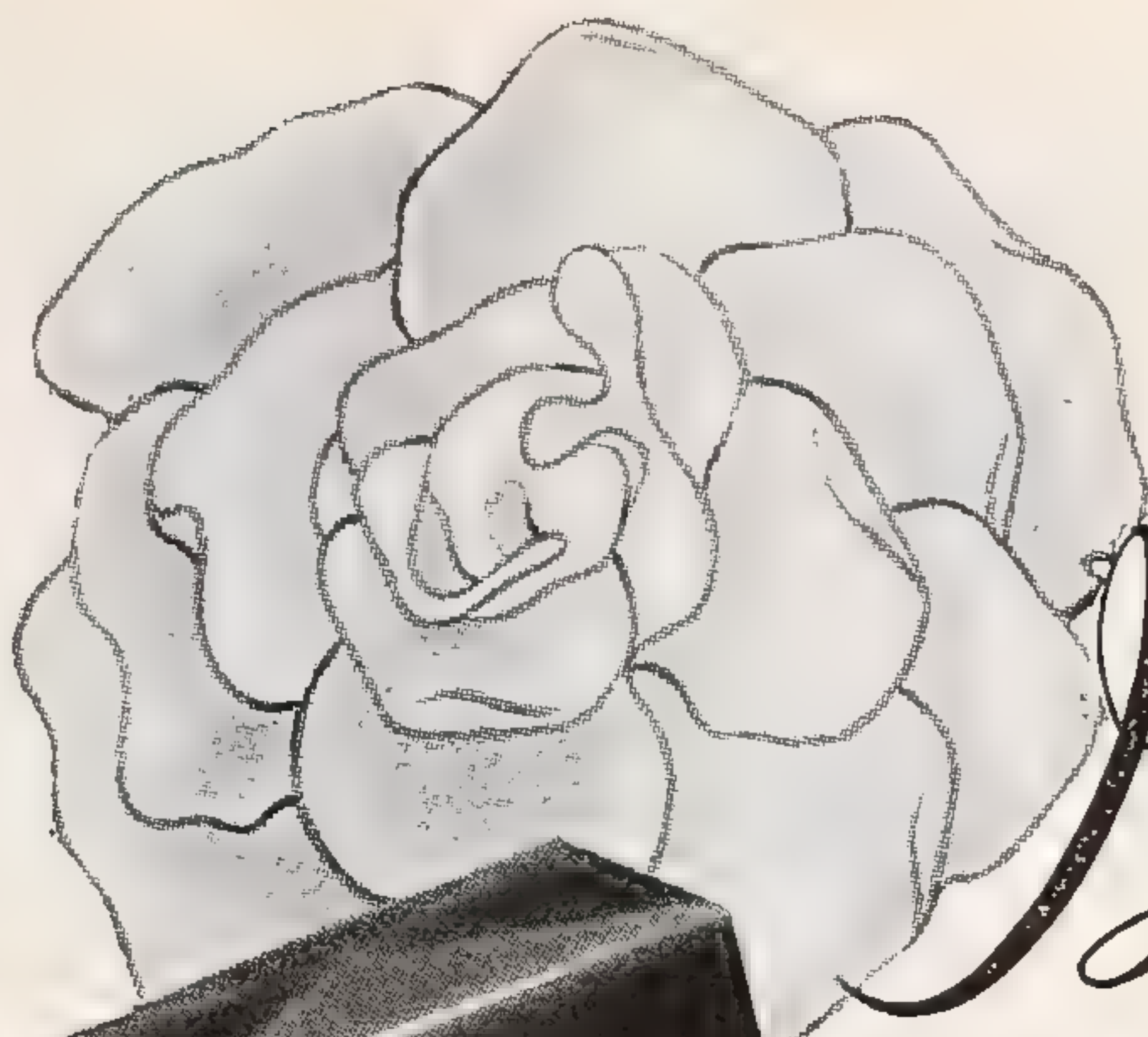
Now this girl should eat no heavy sweets, no heavy starches, and the fat content in her diet should be low. And what does that mean? It means that she may have sugar in her coffee or tea, if those beverages are exceedingly distasteful to her without, but she must have no cake, no pie, no ice cream. Fruit is what she gets for dessert, or gelatine, or sherbet. She may, furthermore, have a couple of slices of crisp toast for breakfast, with a very little butter, but she should not eat spaghetti, or rice, or any cereals, nor need she have bread, rolls, or crackers with luncheon and dinner. She must eat no fried foods whatsoever. A baked or boiled potato is all right, with a little butter rather than gravy. In other words, she should cut down—rather than cut *out* entirely. This is harder to do, sometimes, but if the gal has good sense, she will really make this effort to effect certain eliminations in her diet.

Example number two concerns a young married person who has recently had a baby. If you really want to know, I'm using myself as an example and telling you exactly what my doctor told me to do after my young hopeful appeared on the scene. Already, I've received a small ton of letters from young mamas, detailing their problems to me, and believe me, the problems aren't to be minimized. That's why I'm offering myself as Exhibit B.

First thing, ask your own doctor, please, if the following suggestions are okay for you. Every individual is different. You may have some particular complication that needs particular coddling. If you're strong and healthy, none of the following stunts should be in the least strenuous—but all the same, consult your doctor.

Now I didn't do a blessed thing for the first two weeks. I lay around and got my stren'th back. At the end of two weeks, I came home, and the very next day, I started in. The first exercise was to get on the bed on my knees and place my shoulders down on the bed as flat as I could get them. That's all. And just stay there five minutes the first day, six minutes the second day, and so on, up until ten minutes.

The second exercise—third day out—was to lie on the floor and place one



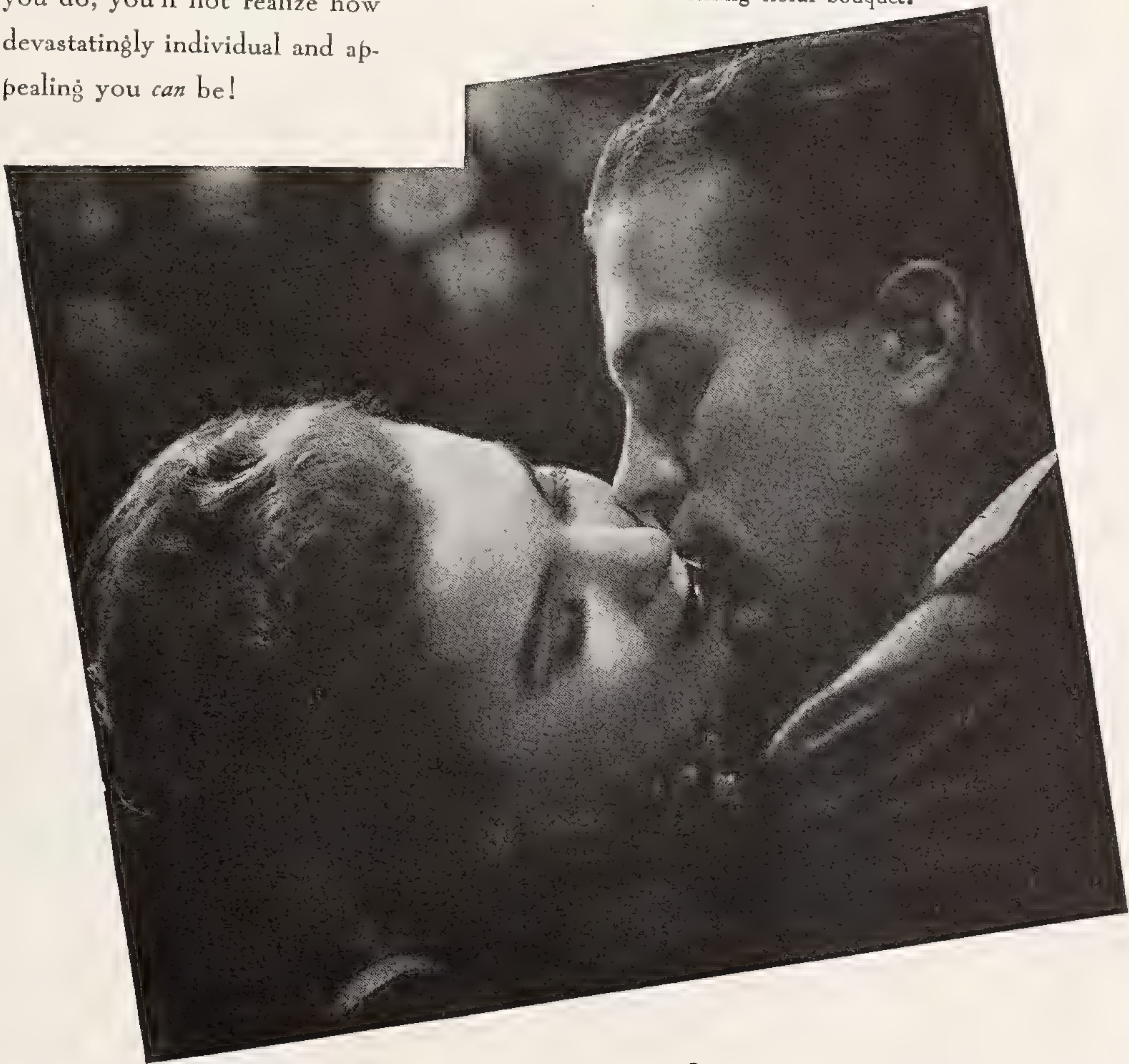
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Two other Park & Tilford Faen Perfumes
No. 3 An exotic clinging oriental fragrance.
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PARK & TILFORD *Gardenia*
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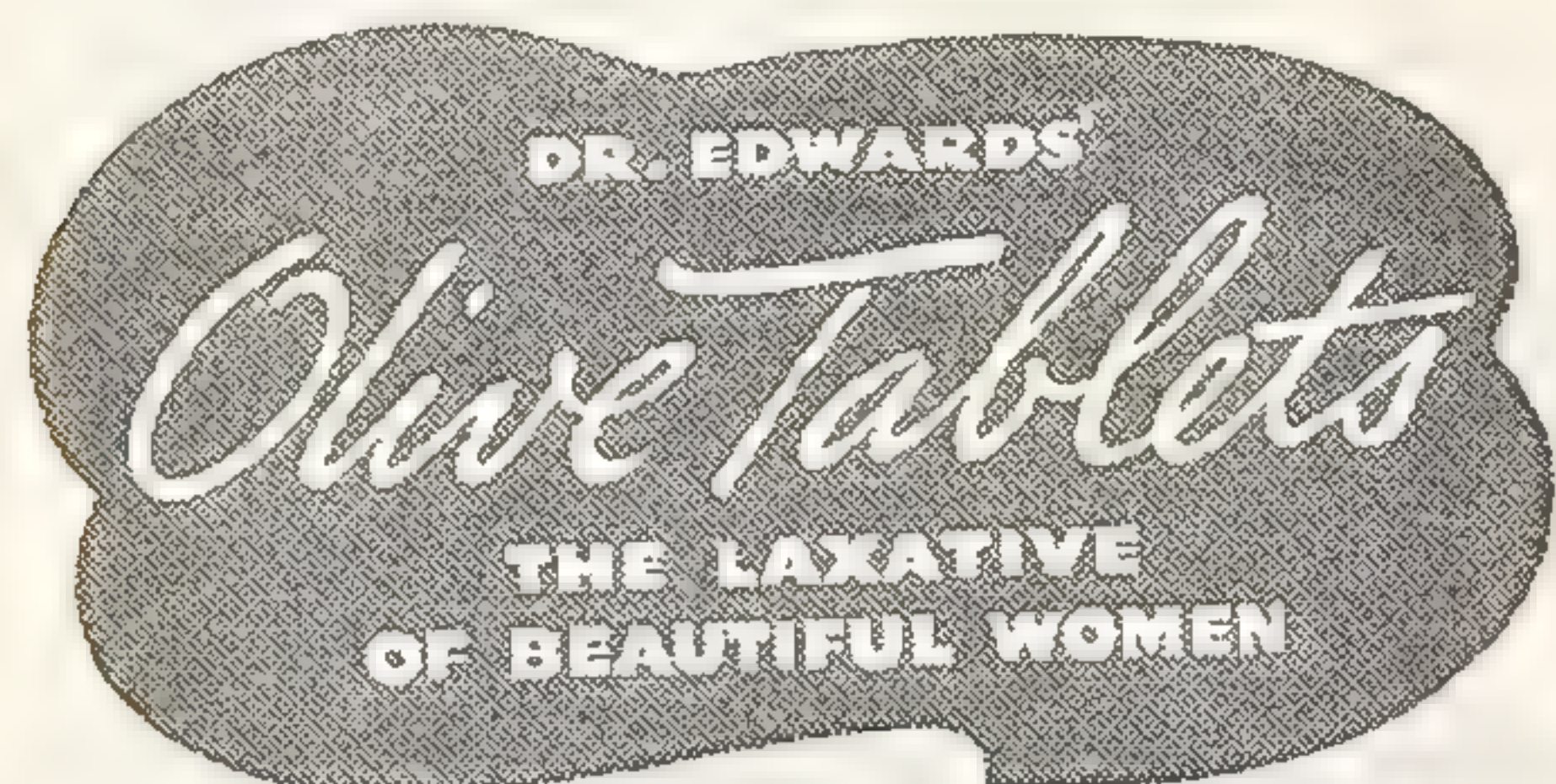
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I take Olive Tablets"*

Most people would rarely have to resort to harsh purges if they kept tabs on Nature.

Usually a mild laxative like Olive Tablets is all one needs to assist Nature on the second day.

Once the exclusive prescription of a practicing physician, Olive Tablets are now an established proprietary, welcomed by millions because they are so easy to take and so mild.

It is simple to keep tabs on yourself. Always have Olive Tablets on your bathroom shelf as a reminder on the second day. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.



WONDERFUL FOR DRY, FLAKY SKIN!

Thousands of Women
Now Use Special
New Cream

HERE at last is a cream made especially for dry, flaky skin—a cream that lubricates the skin, helps "tone up," soften and refine skin texture.

It's a sister cream to Noxzema Skin Cream. It's called Noxzema's Combination Cleansing and Night Cream.

If your skin is dry, scaly, use this cream instead of cold cream, or night cream. Note how it penetrates deep into pores—removing every particle of dirt. Massage it into your skin at night, too—and see if there isn't a really wonderful improvement in 10 days!



Get a 25c jar of Noxzema Combination Cream at any local drug or department store—if not obtainable there, use coupon below.

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I am enclosing 25c. Please send me a jar of Noxzema's Combination Cleansing and Night Cream.

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thick book on my tum and raise it up with my stomach muscle, five times. Next day, six times, and so on, up to ten times. Then add another book, and keep up the good work.

The third exercise—fourth day out—was to lie on the floor and raise first one leg straight up in the air without bending the knee, then the other. Five times each. This is a cinch, but don't skip it, because it prepares you for the next, which isn't such a cinch.

When you're really beginning to feel pretty spry and peppy, try raising *both* legs up off the floor, without bending your knees, and without raising your shoulders off the floor either. This really gets the old stomach muscles to working.

When you can do this with reasonable efficiency, try raising the top part of your body up off the floor without bending your knees or letting your legs leave the floor. Don't go at it too hard. Once the first day, twice the second day, and so on.

The point of all these exercises is to get your middle flat and firm again—and it doesn't hurt the hips a particle either. Don't be too impatient, but be faithful, and pretty soon—you'll be surprised—you'll be able to get into that evening dress you only wore once before . . . well, before.

Example three concerns the girl whose face begins to look old before it has any business to do so. Sagging chin, lines, dry skin—dry skin is the biggest problem—and a sort of roughness and crepiness of the throat that is by no means youthful. The answer to the lines, dry skin and crepiness lies in cream—heaps of it—oily cream. Cleanse your face with cream at night *twice* and then, without using a tonic or water or anything, put on a film of maybe the same cream or maybe a heavier kind, if you can afford two, and leave it on, overnight if possible—if not, at least for twenty minutes or so. Don't use hot water, ever—even the steam that rises from a nice hot bath dries out your skin just a little more. Use lukewarm water in the morning and rinse with lukewarm water—not cold. Cold is refreshing and just dandy for normal or oily skins, but for dry skins it's too harsh. If you simply must relax in a hot bath now and then, smear the jolly old face with plenty of cream beforehand. Use a creamy foundation for your make-up. Use a cream rouge. And the lightest, softest powder you can find. Give your neck all the coddling every time you do your face.

A sagging chin takes plenty of work. Slap under it with the back of your hand. Keep your head up always and kind of stick your jaw out, consciously—whenever you think of it.

Write for my Skin Routine Number 2 which includes (a) treatment for dry skins (b) oily skins and (c) just plain bad skins.

Example four concerns the girl with what is commonly known as middle-age spread. Only, the sad part is, too often the spread happens before middle age. Do the rolling stunt I gave you in my first article: sit on the floor, grab your ankles with your hands and roll yourself round and round until it hurts. Wear a good girdle. Pull in your rear consciously—you can, you know—while you're walking, standing, sitting. Tighten it up and keep it from getting flabby.

Example five concerns the gal whose pretty hair goes completely wonky for some reason or other. An illness, maybe. Children, perhaps. Neglect—usually. So long as there's a wave in it, most women never give a thought to their hair. For a long time, nature will bear up under a constant onslaught of careless shampooing and hasty waving. Then nature says, "Phooey!" and thereafter no wave will stay in longer than two minutes and a general drabness sets in that no amount of artificial doctoring can remedy.

NOW, I often think of the movie stars in this connection. Goodness knows, many of them have their hair dyed and tinkered with until the color bears no resemblance to the original shade. But the texture of their hair—the shine and health of it—persists through all this. Most of you need not and should not submit your locks to the treatment that the movie star just has to, more or less. Why should your hair look like last year's bird's nest? The answer is, it shouldn't. Again, oil, plus brushing, plus massage is the answer to good, shining, healthy hair—and I don't care what else you do to it. These treatments are within the means of everyone. You can use olive oil, castor oil, or prepared oil treatments, which smell a heck of a sight nicer and cost but very little. Warm the oil and rub it into your scalp. Furthermore, take a piece of cotton and rub it along the length of your hair. Then wrap a hot towel around your head; or stand over a steaming kettle; or go out in the sunshine, if you live in the sunny south. And answer letters or do your knitting, while the oil gets in its good work.

Then shampoo—and never use a cake of soap on your hair. Prepared liquid shampoo or a melted down half-cake of any good soap—these are what you should use. Two soapings and half a dozen rinsings, under a shower or spray, and then maybe a light rinse in the last water to give your hair pretty lights and color. If you can dry the wool out in the air, fine. Anyway, keep massaging your scalp all the time your hair is drying. Give your hair sharp pulls and tugs—it stimulates the scalp. And when it's dry, brush it—vigorously, if it's coarse—very gently, with a medium stiff brush, if it's fine. Keep this up for six months and, if you don't find a marked improvement at the end of that time, you have my full permission to write to me and tell me I'm a so-and-so.

You have my full permission to write to me, anyway, whether you think I'm a so-and-so or not. Write to me if you're fat; write to me if you're thin; write to me if your skin is bad. I'm no miracle woman, but I can tell you a thing or two that will help. The address is Mary Marshall, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Up to now, I've been answering all of you who forgot about that envelope but hereafter, I'm not a-goin' ter do it, so there. Furthermore—may I tell our Canadian customers that Canadian stamps ain't no use in these here United States. Enclose three cents, like good girls, if you live in Canada. The mail is coming in like sixty, and M. M. will be broke and busted if she has to buy any more stamps, so plizz forgive me for this little speech.

Contest Entrants, Attention!

. . . Winners of both the "New Movie Types" and "Anthony Adverse" contests will be announced in January Modern Screen

She Has a Way with Her

(Continued from page 53)

would the other feel? They faced each other seriously. "I hope you get it," said Lily. "No, you should have it," protested Katharine. "You're so much prettier than I am."

"But you've had experience!" Recalling that phrase now, many years later, Claudette laughs at her Lily-naïvete.

"Two years before," said Claudette, "Katharine had starred in a school play, so of course, she would get the part. It was so certain that I decided not even to try for it. But it took me a long time to sell her on the idea—all the way down in the trolley, as a matter of fact. How serious we were sitting there side by side, and yet how funny we must have looked to the other passengers. The Irish-brogue Katharine and French-girl me jabbering so earnestly to each other. I went over and over the fact that I didn't want to be an actress anyway. Finally she gave in. I remember she put out her hand and said, 'Well, all right, if you promise not to be envious and never to regret it, and if it won't make any difference in our friendship.' We shook hands solemnly."

TRUE to her intention, Lily refused to announce herself and sat in a far corner of the dark, dingy Provincetown Theatre, while Katharine went up onto the stage to try out for Mr. Deeter. When the reading was over he shook his head and looked doubtful, which was all that was needed to spur the loyal Lily immediately into action. She dashed forward, took Mr. Deeter's arm and in a burst of French enthusiasm began to extol her friend's merits. She extolled so fast and with such pep and vivacity that Mr. Deeter just stood and looked at her. When she saw the arresting look in his eyes, she suddenly stopped. "Don't stop," he said. "Go on. That's delightful. You're just the girl I want!"

For a brief moment Lily failed to understand. Then Mr. Deeter handed her the script. "Here's your part. Learn the first ten lines and report here for rehearsal in the morning at nine. Thank you both for coming down. Goodby." And he left.

The girls in the darkness and the emptiness of that historical barn stood ten feet apart and across the canvas-covered seats searched for each other's eyes. But their vision was wet and blurred. Then they moved closer and their hands met and gripped tightly. Simultaneously, they uttered their thoughts. "Gosh, I'm sorry," said Lily. And at the same instant, "Gosh, I'm glad," said Katharine.

And so in that moment Lily was set on a new path, a path she was to tread in fame, as Claudette Colbert, and in the same moment her friend stepped off it. Never again were they to walk in rivalry. As Katharine often said in the years that followed, "It's more fun being proud of you, anyway." And when she married, she showed her love and pride by naming her first baby Claudette.

One more anecdote about the young charmer, Lily, before we come back to the grown-up one, Claudette. This, too, involves Katharine. As is the case in most French families, Lily was never given any money, but Katharine had an allowance.

"I always sponged on her, too," admits Claudette today. "With the interest added, I suppose I really owe her a small fortune now. For months we had contemplated being really devilish and buying

LOVELY

Miss Helen Bernard—New Permanent Wave by Walter & Sisters, fashionable New York Hairdresser.

"MY SECRET OF LOVELINESS—
I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Helen Bernard, of Wheeling, W. Va.

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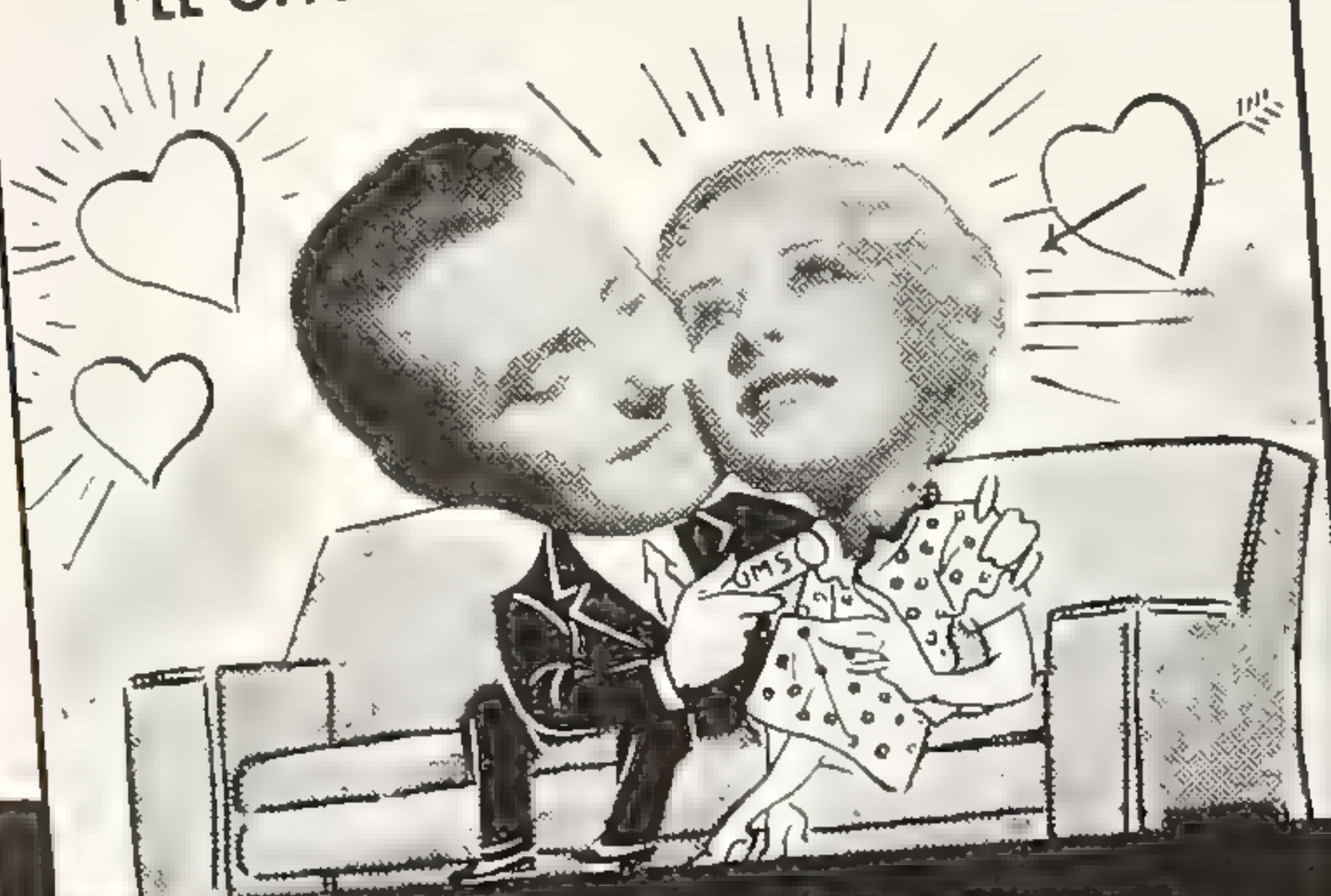
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some rouge. Neither of us had ever worn any make-up and we had reached the ripe age of sixteen. So, our nerve geared up, we advanced one day to a department store's make-up counter and, having heard that it was the best, requested vegetable rouge. You might have thought we were buying a car, we were so cautious and questioning, and extravagance-guilty. Afterward, outside on the street, we broke the cake in two and each took a half. That was what nearly proved to be my undoing, because naturally, from that moment on the rouge was in a constant state of crumble. That afternoon I put some on, but rubbed most of it off, if the state of my fingers was any indication. Of course, I didn't notice the fingers. I was too intent on doing a subtle job on my face. But my mother noticed them. Still she had such faith in the innocence of her 'child' that it never occurred to her that it was rouge.

"She took one look at the red dress I was wearing and said, 'I knew that dress was too cheap to be good. Look how the color has come off on your hands. Take it off this minute and put it back in the box—and don't wash your hands. We'll go right to that store and show them!'"

"So nothing would do but as she said. I tried to rub the rouge off on my slip as I was changing, but soap and water was the only thing that would have worked, and mother was hanging around, so I couldn't tackle that. Believe me, I was scared!"

THE scene in the department store that afternoon is easy to reconstruct. The mother proffering her daughter's red-smudged hands to the saleswoman and, at the same time, pointing to the red fabric in the box. The saleswoman—the type who obviously knew all there was to know about rouge—looking closely at the girl's fingers and discovering her secret at once. Then, on the verge of "spilling the beans," she suddenly catches the mute appeal in the brown Lily eyes. For a moment she hesitates. It takes her back, a long way back. Then she smiles and says lightly, "Of course, madame, we will be very glad to make an adjustment." And another way out is won!

Claudette has been hypnotizing them right and left ever since. What it is, nobody knows, but anyway, it "gets" you. Recently, it even knocked the pins right out from under a determined-to-hate newspaper critic in New York. For years this particular critic had panned Claudette at every opportunity. Not gentle digs either. What he said, he said venomously. Yet, as he admitted in print on numerous occasions, he had nothing personal against the girl. He had never even met her.

For several years Claudette suffered his attacks in silence. Then she decided that she wanted to meet him face to face and personally ask him the reason for his enmity. She gave a party in New York and invited him. Even in front of her other guests she took the cat by its whiskers and asked him.

"Because you're the kind of actress who should never play anything but French maids on the screen," he answered promptly.

There were two things that any other star would have done under the circumstances: one, laugh it off; the other, throw him out. Claudette did neither.

She said, "Gosh, you may be right. I've never done one on the screen, but if I could find a good one, I'd try." That shut him up for the time being, but anyone could see that he was disdainful.

Several weeks later Claudette wired him from the coast, "Well, I'm doing it—the part of a French girl for the first time on the screen. Not a ladies' maid, but I wait on table and sell cigarettes."

The part was that of Cigarette, of course, in "Under Two Flags," the kind of part she had always steered clear of, afraid of being typed as the French girl she is.

"Pick up the aggies—you win!" the return telegram read. "I'm a fan, and an ardent one from now on!"

You see, it isn't that she sets out to entice. Contrarily, the fact that she doesn't, is the secret. Like that morning coming in late to the publicity department. Had she arrived dripping sables or cooing fabulous excuses and apologies, she would never have gotten away with it. Appearing hatless, in slacks, and being herself, she can get away with anything.

Maybe It Was Too Easy

(Continued from page 12)

mascaraed; plucked arches for eyebrows; and even white teeth.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered vaguely. "But, you see, in the theatre no one pays the slightest attention to you, no matter who you are. If you need a hairdresser or want one, it's your job to get her. The same with a dentist and all those things. But, in pictures, there's always the hairdresser and the make-up man, and they're always looking after you. I like it," she admitted, dimpling.

"Did you find Hollywood easy from the start?" we asked.

"Well, yes and no."

Doris Nolan is a New York born girl, who was brought up in New Rochelle, where her family still lives. She was born on July 14, 1916. She has an older sister, Gladys, and a younger brother, Warren. While in the New Rochelle High School, Doris gratified her yearning to act. She appeared in several school sketches and plays and received good newspaper notices for her work.

"After that," she declared, "there was no holding me. I was bound to be an actress."

NEITHER her father, who is a New York woolen importer, nor her mother—whom she calls by her first name of Mary and who is now with her in Hollywood—objected to her career ideas. So Doris, without any difficulty, applied for and received her chance to act professionally with the Clinton Hollow Stock Company at Poughkeepsie, New York. A motion picture scout from the Fox Studios saw her and asked her to make a screen test. She did, and the result was that Fox signed her up and sent her West.

"But that wasn't so easy as it promised to be," Doris said. "Mary and I didn't know a soul in Hollywood and for three solid months we still didn't know anybody. We lived in an apartment in Beverly Hills and just had ourselves to talk to, except when I went to the studio."

But the studio didn't assign her to any picture during all this time.

"Didn't you do anything the entire time you were there?" we questioned.

"Well, yes," and Doris grinned. "You see, I speak a little French. As it happened, the studio signed an actress who was French—I won't tell you her name—

and, knowing I could speak French, they asked me to see that she found an apartment and got settled."

"It's funny that a studio that size wouldn't have an interpreter around for that kind of thing," we remarked.

"Well, I don't know." Doris was diplomatic. "Anyway, I was glad to do what I could for her. But it was a little hard being out in Hollywood six months and not working. I would have gone a little mad if I hadn't been able to ride horseback."

"You like that sort of thing?"

"Um. One of these days I hope to have some horses of my own. The rides are grand, too, on the coast. You can go up in the hills and the mountains, you know. And the mountain climbing is great, too. There are grand spots all around for that, as well as horseback riding."

When her picture contract expired—that was last year, in 1935—and was not renewed, Doris got the opportunity to play the feminine lead in "Daughter of Cain," a stage play produced at a community theatre in Hollywood.

"Luck was with me," she said.

Al Woods, well-known New York stage producer, saw her in this play and engaged her on the spot to come to New York and play the lead in his stage production of "The Night of January 16." That was last winter.

"Luck stayed with me," Doris laughed.

One night, Dan Kelley, Universal studio casting director, who had come East to scout for new screen talent, went to see this play. He saw Doris, liked her, signed her to the dotted line and a long-term Universal contract.

"When the play finished its run last spring," Doris said, "Mary and I went back to Hollywood and this time I went to work almost right away in 'The Man I Marry.'"

"And you're featured in your first talkie," we commented.

"Yes."

"You're right about your career," we agreed. "It almost does sound too easy."

She has been in New York recently, where she played the featured lead in another Al Woods play, "Arrest That Woman." However, the show's run was extremely short and Doris went West again to do another picture. She still has one more play to do for Mr. Woods.

She doesn't go out much socially in Hollywood because she doesn't enjoy the social life. She frankly prefers trailing around in slacks to getting dressed up and going places. Nor does she care for night life. She likes to read, and she likes to have friends for dinner and sit around afterwards or go for a ride in the car or a horseback canter or a tramp in the hills. She wears no jewelry—neither rings, bracelets, nor necklaces. However, she does admit to one terrific yen. She loves to write.

At the rate she is going, Doris Nolan should soon have quite a bit of experience, though perhaps this includes falling in love and at this date Doris hasn't gotten around to that pertinent phase of heart throbs. Hers, thus far, have come through her career.

"And maybe that was too easy," she says.

Maybe Doris Nolan is one of those fortunate youngsters who doesn't have to garner her experience at the expense of heartbreak and tears. Her sense of humor and ready smile should save her a lot of that sort of thing. One rather hopes so, anyway, for she's a likeable youngster and not at all uppity-uppity at being a featured player headed for stardom on both the screen and the stage at the ripe young age of twenty.



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Does a Diploma Count in Hollywood?

(Continued from page 39)



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Franchot is still a featured player, a highly successful one to be sure, but still not a star. While Clark Gable, who called his education complete when he was graduated from a small-town high school and who spent the next years roaming around the world, working at any and all kinds of jobs, is one of the most important of the screen's first-rankers.

"Sometimes I think that too much education is bad for an actor or actress. It so often seems to ruin their natural emotions by smoothing them, inhibiting them," I once heard Norma Shearer say to Jim Tully, the writer. Norma spent only a few scattered years in schoolrooms. Jim ran away from an orphan's home before he had finished grade school and spent the next few years as a youthful hobo. Both Norma and Jim are among Hollywood's favorite children, headliners in their two fields.

Wallace Beery heard the call of life and the open road when he was in the fourth grade. He ran away from school and never went back. Today Wally is glad that he spent those next years, riding the rods and working in circuses, instead of poring over books. He was meeting the men and learning to understand the life which he is bringing to the screen today. During those same years the Morgan brothers, Frank and Ralph, were attending Cornell and Columbia Universities. Today they are featured players but neither has attained the fame and popularity of the unschooled Wally.

FATE dumped Bob Montgomery out of school and into work and, finally, into Hollywood. When his father died very suddenly, Bob was forced to leave the prep school, where he was preparing for college, and to go to work. If that tragedy had not befallen the Montgomery family, Bob would probably have finished his university education and gone into some kind of business.

"I probably learned more in those few years of bumping up against the world than I could have learned in a dozen colleges," Bob said. At least, he learned to fight his way to success and stardom.

Look at the names which twinkle in electric lights above the theatres. Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, W. C. Fields, Greta Garbo, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Myrna Loy, Janet Gaynor, Grace Moore, William Powell. A dozen others. Not one of them is listed on the alumni records of any university.

Instead of going to college, Fred Astaire danced with his sister, Adele, on various vaudeville and musical comedy stages. Ginger Rogers crooned and Charlestoned in vaudeville. W. C. Fields juggled colored balls and learned to make audiences howl with laughter. Greta Garbo worked in a Stockholm department store and played bits in slapstick comedies in her native Sweden. Claudette Colbert played small parts on the stage and in the Eastern motion picture studios. Jean Harlow ran away from a girls' school to be married and, later, played extras in Hollywood. Mae West sang her riotous, lusty songs in vaudeville theatres. Myrna Loy taught dancing, posed for sculptors and played bits in Hollywood pictures. Janet Gaynor struggled to find a foothold in the silent pictures. Grace Moore ran away from a finishing school and sang in musical comedy road companies. Bill Powell tramped in road shows and stock companies.

Of course, there are the few exceptions

which prove the rule. Katharine Hepburn is a graduate of Bryn Mawr. Fredric March was graduated from the University of Wisconsin. John Beal has a diploma from the University of Pennsylvania. They are, however, a mere drop of higher education in Hollywood's overflowing bucket of practical experience.

THE younger set of players, the boys and girls now stepping into fame, are facing the same problems and conditions that were met by their older brothers and sisters. Only one of the headliners of the new crop is a university graduate, Robert Taylor.

The writers and directors show the same indifference to college diplomas. Frances Marion, who has been topnotch among the scenario writers for many years, both in silent and in talking pictures, learned the secret of her human touch and understanding in the editorial rooms of a San Francisco newspaper, in a Los Angeles advertising agency and in the cutting rooms of the studios, not in any university. W. S. Van Dyke, one of the ace directors, who made "Trader Horn," "Eskimo," "The Thin Man," "Naughty Marietta" and "San Francisco" with a brilliant and versatile ease, was working in lumber camps, mining coal, driving trucks and acting in small theatrical companies, while many other boys of his age were studying and playing their way through college.

As a rule, I think that you'll find that the really successful people in Hollywood are the ones who have bumped up against the sharp edges of life, who have had to fight for everything they've earned," Van Dyke told me. "A college education is a wonderful thing, if you can afford to spend those valuable years learning the experiences of others. Understand, I'm not talking about the training for a definite profession where a college education is an absolute necessity. I'm speaking of the general cultural courses which may pave the way for several kinds of work.

"I believe in the cultural benefits of a university education. Again I say, if you can afford it, don't miss it. But I can't ever feel sorry when I hear people bemoaning the fact that some boy or girl is not going to be able to have a college course because of financial circumstances."

A recent census of the studios showed a high percentage of college graduates among the technicians, the cameramen, electricians, sound engineers and designers. In those fields Hollywood puts a high valuation on college diplomas. But, even there, you'll find that the most successful men and women have had several years of practical experience, in addition to their university training.

One producer, who has built many stars, summed up Hollywood's attitude toward higher education among its players when he said, "A young person with only a fundamental education and with his natural emotions unspoiled by the restrictions and inhibitions which so often come with too much training, has a better chance of succeeding than a schooled and polished youngster who has been taught to reason with a clear, cold logic. For its actors, writers and directors Hollywood needs experience and emotional understanding instead of 'book learning.'"

Hollywood is a young person's town and a practical town. If you have an honest ability and a background of practical experience you have a good chance to find success, whether you have a college education or not.

Humphrey's Halcyon Days

(Continued from page 51)

It didn't look as if he would be anything but an awfully naughty boy from a nice family, who thought the world was his oyster.

AT the very beginning of things, Humphrey was born on Christmas Day in 1900, which makes it comparatively simple to keep track of his age. He was a right handsome little boy, from the pictures his mother had around. I can only vouch for him from eighteen on, and he looked all right then, after they got the bandages off.

I wasn't the only girl he had permanently in wrong with her family on account of those three o'clock in the mornings, and the fights, but all of us thought he was worth it. We were convinced that any man who could dance that well and put up a good fight, on any provocation whatever—or none—had a great future.

We virtually thrived on the masquerade brawls in Webster Hall and the Kit Kat Club and even Tammany Hall. We "did" the Village regularly, which was known in a casual off-hand manner as "slumming." Actually the Village was more fun than any place, in those halcyon days. That is, it was when Humphrey managed to keep out of a fight. I guess it was fun even when he didn't, at least he seemed to enjoy it. I had to go home alone many a time.

WHEN we get together these days the dialogue goes like this:

Humphrey says, "Do you remember the time your Stutz ran out of gas on the Queensborough Bridge at three A. M. and I had to push it over the rise?"

"Remember the time we ran into the elevated post on Sixth Avenue?" says I. "And what the cop said? And the time we went to court with that speeding ticket, and the cop lied like a gentleman—said we were only doing forty—so we took him to lunch at Rector's? He ordered everything in the place, and we only had two dollars between us, so he had to pay the check?"

"Did you ever look him up and pay it back?"

Humphrey looks pained. "Madame, you will never find a Bogart lacking in the finer principles. Besides, what if he had caught *me* speeding after that?"

"Ha, my point. He couldn't, because your father wouldn't let you have the car. You always smashed it."

"The last time it was your fault. Remember that masquerade at Webster Hall—you wore two beads and a buckle and I was a Spanish toreador—very hot stuff?"

"Uh huh."

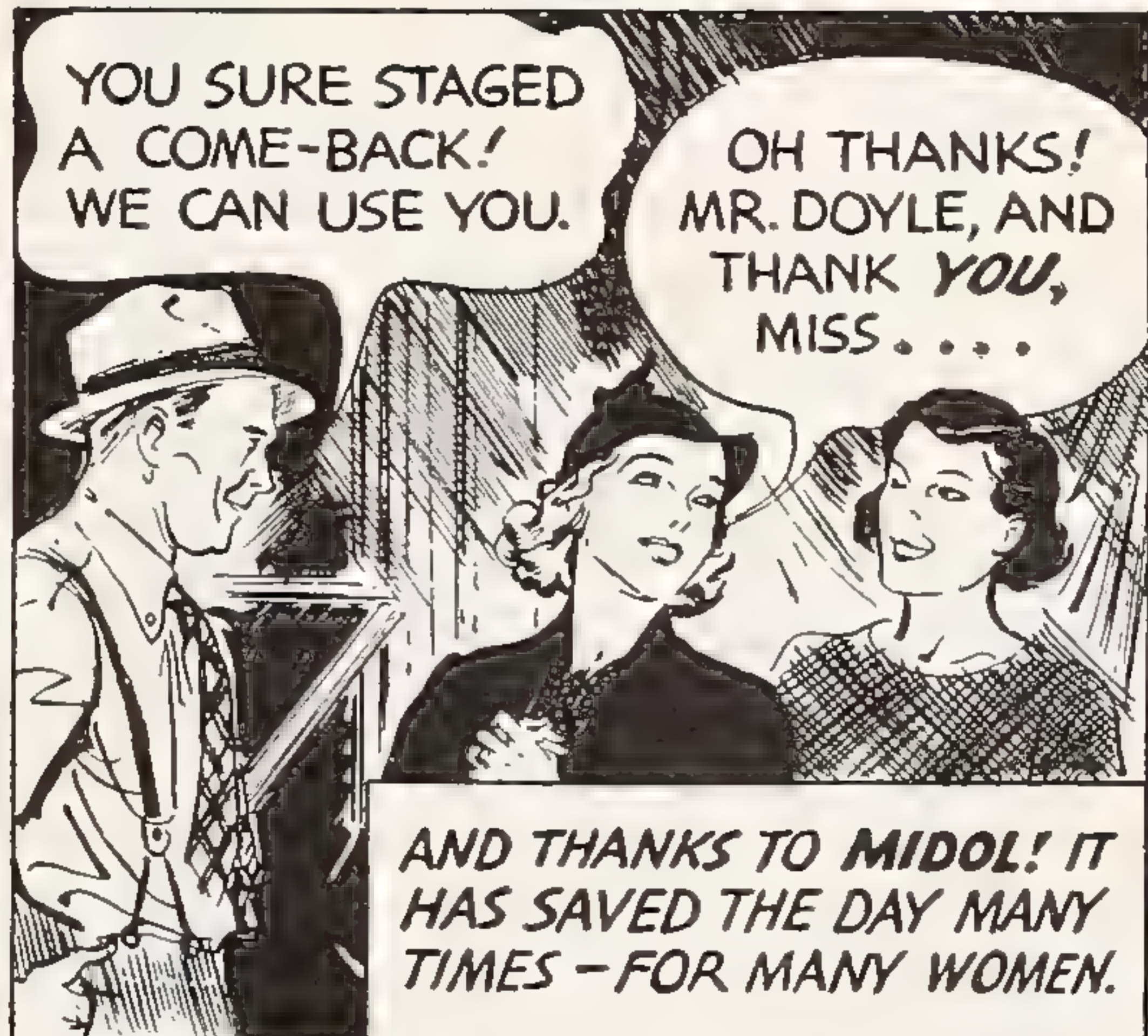
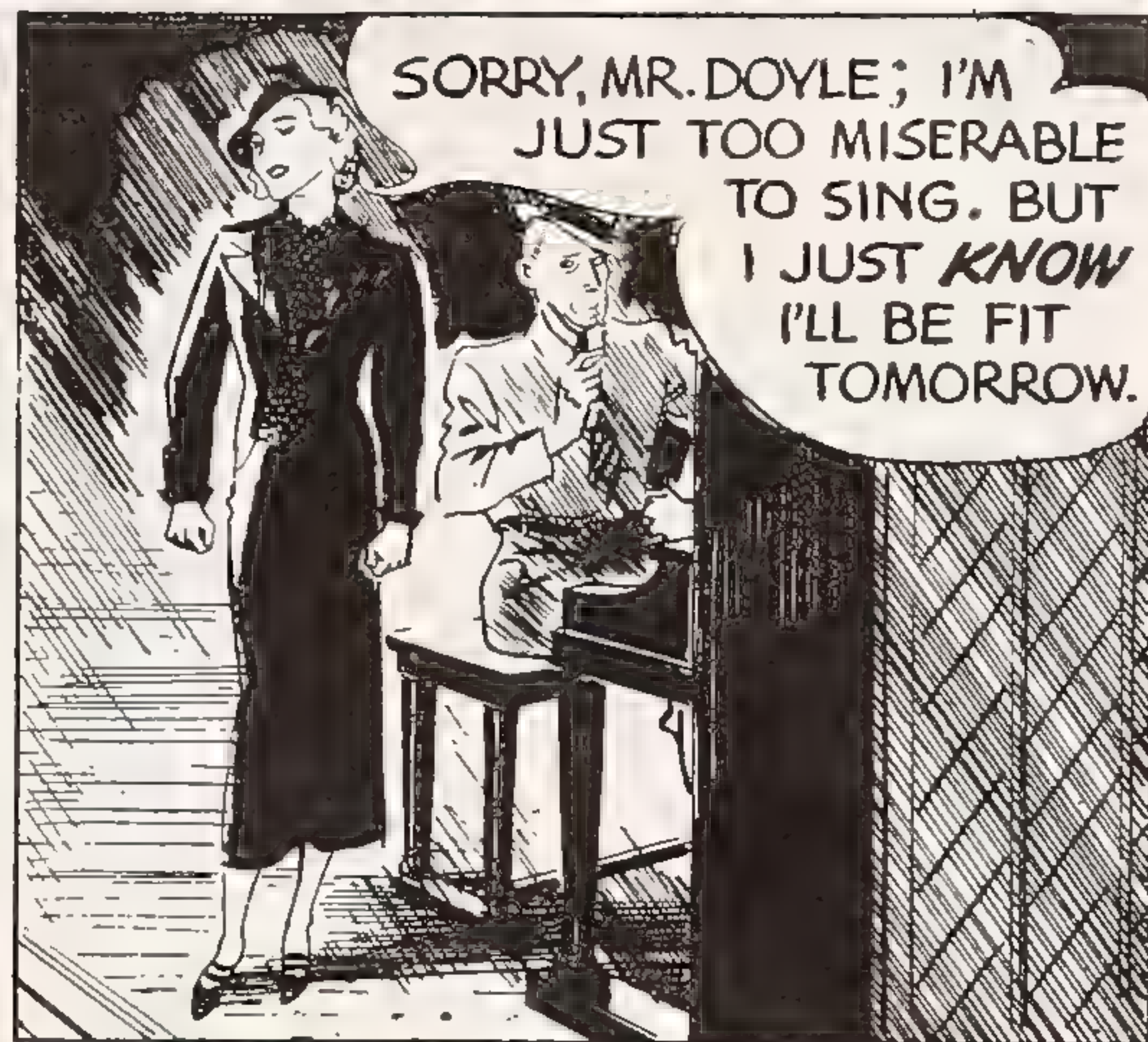
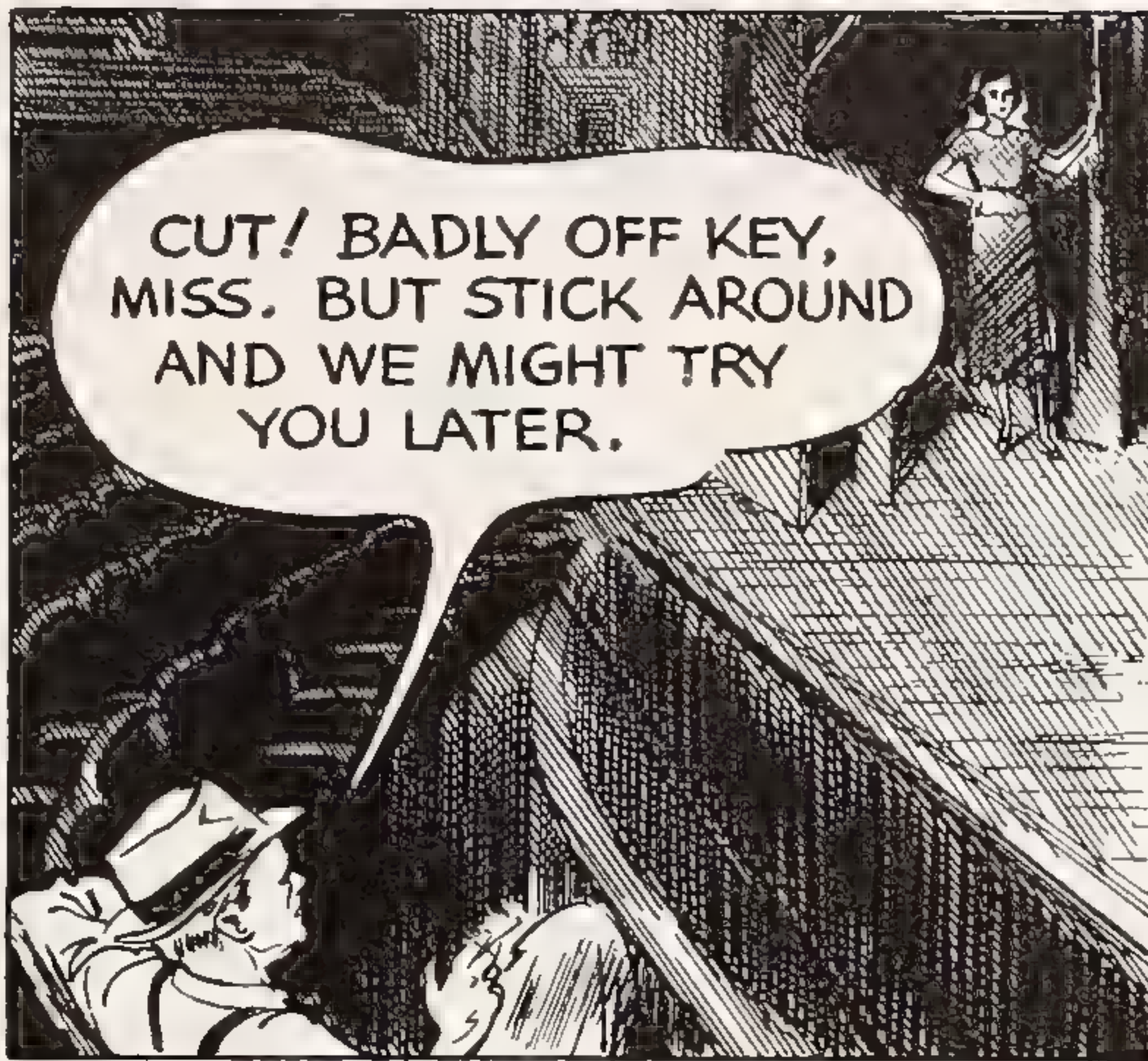
Humphrey is a superb ignorer. He went right on, "And the fenders were off the Stutz having the wrinkles ironed out and the headlights wouldn't work, so we drove past the new subway excavation and picked up red lanterns and tied 'em all over the car?"

"Wonder what kept us out of jail?"

"... and it began to rain pitchforks," Humphrey barged on, "so we arrived at the party soaked and covered with mud—were we sights! Then we retired to the ladies' and gents' rooms to take a bath, with thousands of people milling around. And, if memory serves me right, you were the belle of the ball because most of your beads dissolved."

"You didn't do so badly yourself with that artist's model made up for Lady

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Godiva."

"... and then, at three A. M., you happened to think of the aviator, arriving from Kelly Field at seven, an awful heel but anyway you had promised to meet him, so we thought it would be just dandy to go in costume. The party was about over, so after the fight—it was a lovely fight, too, remember?—we drove uptown to my house, and mother got up and made coffee for us. Remember?"

But, to proceed from where Humphrey left off, it was finally six o'clock or so, and the Bogart butler was sprinkling the lawn out front—even a lawn four feet square is quite a rare thing in New York, and he felt tender about it. Then he observed the splashed car at the curb and felt tender about that, too, so when we emerged to meet the aviator it had water on the spark plugs and wouldn't start. Humphrey's mother (a very grand woman with an understanding soul) gave Humphrey some keys. He sprinted away and returned with his father's car. By that time, we had fifteen minutes to make it.

The gay Spanish toreador, with mud on his bolero, started down Broadway at a pretty good clip. They launder the streets at that time of morning to make them nice and slippery, so when a taxi materialized against our fender, we turned around three times and wound up in a delicatessen window.

The taxi was still healthy, so we got in and arrived twenty minutes late. After roaming around and asking a lot of startled people if they had seen an aviator, we found him in the Pennsylvania Hotel, with his uniform sent out to be pressed and he hadn't brought a spare. After a telephone conference, it was agreed unanimously that an aviator, without his pants, added to our festive group would be one too many. Humphrey decided to let the whole thing drop and have some breakfast, in spite of the fact that I happened to be engaged to the aviator at the time.

Well, that was one episode. The others will have to ride, unless you want a serial. Of course Humphrey was getting educated in the meantime. Just sort of incidentally, he went to school.

Later, there was an interval during which he was part of the United States Navy, a very small part to be sure. But to hear him tell it, he practically was running the show, and all the girls were pretty impressed. I never saw a sailor who did any more for the uniform, I have to hand him that. Whenever he happened to be out of the brig, he cut quite a swath.

Next thing we knew, he was an actor. That isn't what the critics said at first. But they changed their minds later.

The William Bradys being relatives—Humphrey and young Bill (who recently met a tragic death) were inseparable from the time they were kids—Grace George (Mrs. Brady) gave Humphrey a small walk-on part in one of her plays. On the opening night Humphrey discovered he couldn't talk very well, his mouth seemed to be full of cotton—sometimes known as stage-fright—so he walked off to get a drink of water, leaving the leading man standing there with nothing to say. Of course, Humphrey came back eventually. One critic remarked, "The young man identified on the program as Humphrey Bogart was not only mediocre, he was terrible."

Three plays later, Mr. Woolcott ate his words via the public prints, reversing his decision with gratifying thoroughness.

Around this time, Helen Menken and Humphrey announced their engagement. The marriage lasted only a year because they were separated almost continuously, due to professional engagements, and simply drifted in opposite directions. They

were divorced in 1925. Humphrey met Mary Phillips in "Meet the Wife"—she played his wife. They have been married ten years now and they have worked out the separations perfectly by not asking each other any questions. Mary arrived recently in Hollywood, after concluding a long engagement in "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

In his teens, when the century was trying to keep up with him, Humphrey was a pretty arrogant, fresh kid. He had the beginning of a career tossed in his lap and took it all in stride. He was, he says, a "one-dimension person." His first six plays were smash hits, and he made personal triumphs in almost every one, after that first one. He thought the theatre was always like that, one hit after another. Then the rude awakening. He hit a lull that informed him what it was all about, in a few short telling strokes. Plays began to fail—a series of flops, each year worse than the last. One year, he worked six weeks.

In 1932, he came out to the coast under contract to Fox. No outstanding roles resulted. Soon after he arrived that time, I happened to be calling on a friend in the Hollywood Hospital. He said Humphrey was in the next room.

There he was—bandages and all. It seemed like old times. He said I ought to see the other fellow, before I had a chance to say it first.

He returned to New York after this contract expired, and his next real success was in the stage play, "Petrified Forest." Leslie Howard insisted that he play the same part in the picture, so Humphrey came back to Hollywood—sitting pretty, this trip.

He's kind of a nice guy—wears well—and is just as amusing since he got good sense, although it certainly was a surprise.

He hasn't had a fight—not a real one, *avec* bandages—this trip. But you never can tell.

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WCSC	Charleston, S. C.	10:15 a.m. E.S.T.

What's Ahead for Norma Shearer?

(Continued from page 41)

OF course, Mr. Thalberg has guided her career, has led her into stardom. It was he who made all the important decisions of her professional life, who kept her star shining brightly through the years in which they worked together. Norma has always been the first to give him the credit for her success. She has had utter faith in his judgment, has always followed his directions with an implicit trust.

"Irving is always right," Norma told me one day. Higher praise than that, no woman can give a man, no wife can give a husband.

However, all Hollywood knows and respects Norma's intelligence. She was born for success. If she had been a school teacher or a stenographer or a saleswoman, she would have been the best in her field. She knows no half measures. She is a tireless worker. No detail is too small for her consideration. She knows the secret of absolute concentration, of directed determination. There is no doubt that Mr. Thalberg developed and furthered her career as an actress. But Norma possesses the ability which made that development possible. She depended upon Mr. Thalberg, while he lived, knowing better than anyone the depths of his understanding, the quality of his genius. But, now that he is gone, Norma is capable of standing alone, of walking onward without help.

On her wedding day, Norma became two people, and several times, during the last few years, she has been torn between these two selves, the actress and the woman. Always the woman has defeated the actress. After the birth of little Irving, in spite of the fact that she had just achieved the greatest success of her career in "The Divorcee," Norma was willing to give up her professional life in order to devote herself entirely to wifehood and motherhood, if her husband so desired.

"But Irving wants me to go on with my work," she told me at that time, "so I shall continue in pictures. However, we have agreed that I shall stop my work whenever Irving thinks best."

Again, at another high spot in her career, she deserted the screen for a year and went to Europe with her two Irvings. Mr. Thalberg's physicians had said that he must have a complete rest, a change of surroundings, if he wished to regain his always fragile health. The years of long, intense working hours, of wearing, nerve-racking labor, had taken their toll of his strength. Norma, the actress, knew that it was almost fatal to a career to retire for an entire year. Norma, the woman, didn't care about careers or futures for herself. She thought only of the health and welfare of the man she loved.

In the studio they put aside their personal relationship and became fellow workmen, striving for the same results—artistic and successful pictures. They worked in complete accord, the actress and the executive producer. They followed a unique system in preparing a Shearer picture. The script was broken down into sequences, similar to the acts of a stage play. Each sequence was rehearsed in its entirety before its separate scenes were filmed. When the director and Norma were satisfied with the results of the many rehearsals, Mr. Thalberg ar-

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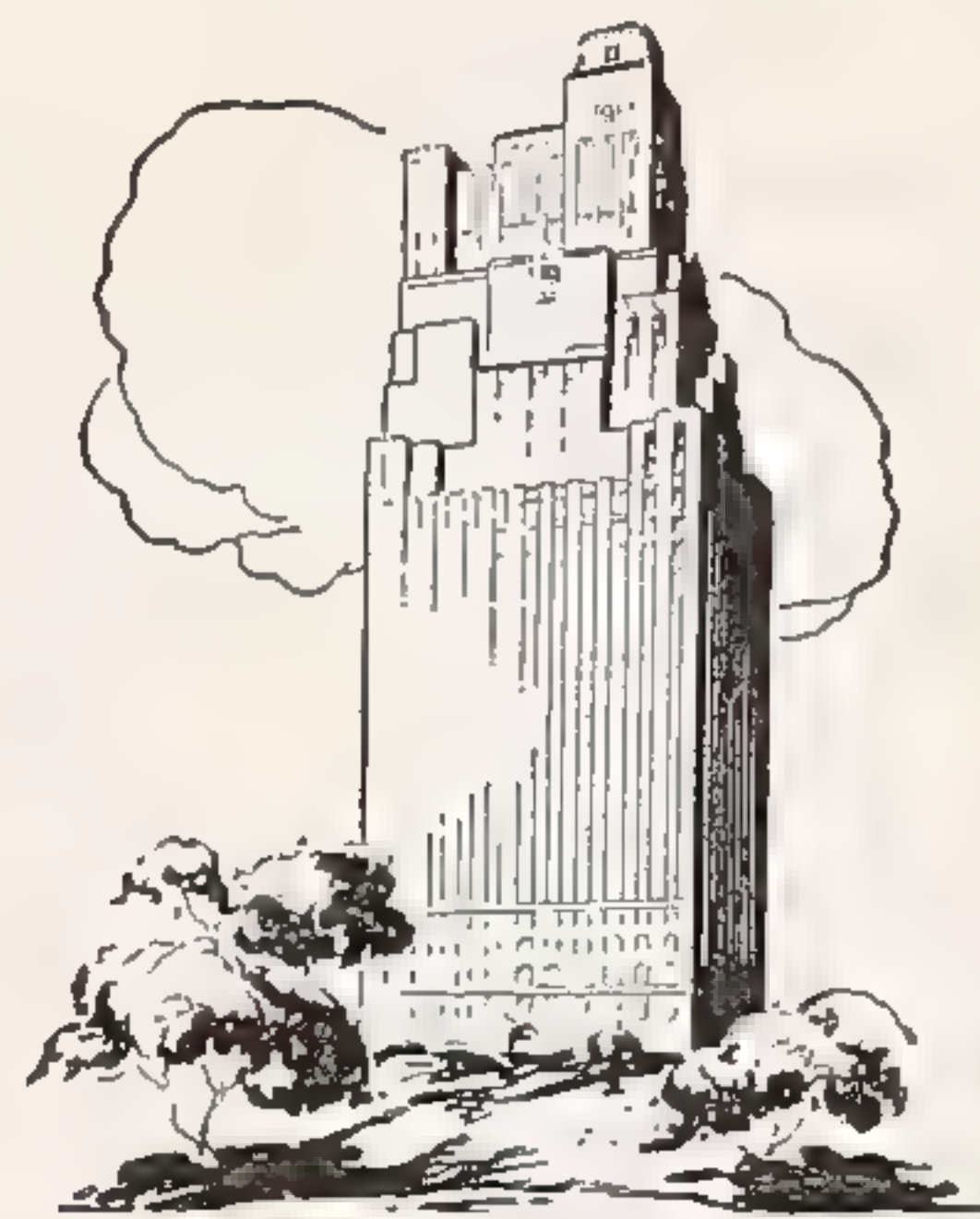
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rived on the stage. Usually he sat on a photographer's stool behind the cameras. Quietly he watched the action of the scenes, making no comment until the end of the sequence. Then his criticisms and suggestions were made in a low, calm voice to the director. When Mr. Thalberg finally approved the rehearsal, the actual filming was begun, the long sequence being broken into the shorter scenes, which were necessary for the various camera set-ups and angles.

"Very often I don't know what picture I'm going to do next until I receive an official notification from the studio or read the announcement in the newspapers," Norma said one day. "I never discuss studio affairs, especially my own problems, with Irving at home. We have enough time to talk things over at the studio. I try to make our home a place of rest and relaxation. Besides, I know that whatever Irving decides for me will be best. So I never question his plans."

ALTHOUGH she never interfered with his judgment, Norma influenced Mr. Thalberg's decisions in her own quiet way. Until the arrival of talking pictures Norma had always played sweet and demure heroines. When the studio purchased the stage play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan," for one of its first sound pictures, Norma wanted to play the heroine, to prove to the public that she was a dramatic actress. But Mr. Thalberg was planning to give that picture to one of the studio's already established dramatic stars. Norma was not an experienced emotional actress.

Norma accepted his decision without argument. But she knew what she wanted and she wasn't defeated. She didn't resort to the tearful pleadings which are the weapons of the average wife. That is not Norma's way of gaining her goal. She has always accomplished her purposes by clean-cut, determined actions. That's what she did in the case of "Mary Dugan." She called in the aid of the play's author, Bayard Veiller, and a group of technicians. Quietly they slipped into an empty sound stage and made a test of the court room scene of the play, with Norma enacting the role of the emotional heroine. Then, with shining and excited eyes, she invited Mr. Thalberg into a projection room to see the test. She proved to him that she was capable of bringing to the screen the harassed Mary Dugan, and the picture turned out to be one of her greatest successes.

Almost the same thing happened when the studio bought the Ursula Parrott, best-selling novel, "Ex-Wife," and re-titled it "The Divorcee." The screen was going through the ultra-modern era of feminine freedom, of unconventionality. Casually, Norma asked Mr. Thalberg to consider her for the role of the very modern and unconventional heroine of "The Divorcee." But Mr. Thalberg only smiled. Norma's career had not been built on sex appeal. There were other actresses in the studio who were better fitted for the role.

Norma said no more. Instead, she rented a luxurious and revealing negligee from a Los Angeles costumer, thus avoiding the studio wardrobe and curious questions. She spent an entire afternoon in the gallery of a clever portrait photographer, who was not connected with the studio. The result was a series of pictures of a new Norma, a young woman who was fairly reeking with sex appeal. Timidly she laid these pictures on Mr. Thalberg's desk. He looked at them in amazement, while Norma stood beside him, smiling the eager smile of a child who is silently begging for a new toy.

"I had to prove to Irving that I could look sexy, if it were necessary, for the

role of the girl in 'The Divorcee,'" she explained later to her friends.

SHE succeeded. "The Divorcee" opened an entirely new field of stardom in Norma's career. For several pictures Norma ran riot as a modern young woman who managed to eat her emotional cake and have it, too. Then Mr. Thalberg, with the far-seeing wisdom which made him the greatest of all motion picture producers, saw the end of the era of flamboyant sex in screen entertainment, and gave Norma the idealistically lovely "Smilin' Through."

With Mr. Thalberg she shared a splendid generosity in regard to the importance of the other actors in her pictures. She and Mr. Thalberg have always followed the creed that the picture is the important thing, not the star. Consequently, Norma has always been surrounded by the most competent actors available. And never has a good scene been eliminated or changed because some one stole it from the star, as happens so often in Hollywood. Several years ago, after the preview of "Strangers May Kiss," people predicted in whispers that the scenes which Robert Montgomery, a comparative newcomer then, shared with Norma would be re-made. Bob had blithely stolen them with his suave, tongue-in-cheek gaiety.

However, not one scene was changed, and that picture launched Bob into a stardom of his own. The morning after the preview Norma and Bob met on a studio street. Cordially, enthusiastically she congratulated him.

"You were grand in the picture, Bob," she said, "but I've learned my lesson. The next time we work together I'm going to say all the last lines. Then you can't have the final word and steal all my laughs."

With her usual intelligent caution, Norma completely separated her two lives. In the studio she maintained an impersonal, business-like attitude toward Mr. Thalberg. She never entered his office without making an appointment. When she telephoned him, she always explained her message first to his personal secretary, as did all the other people who wished to talk to him. She never took the smallest advantage of her position as the wife of the vice-president in charge of all production of her studio.

Away from the studio, she was solely and entirely the wife, the mother and the home-maker. She guarded Mr. Thalberg's health as zealously as do other devoted wives who have no interest other than their family's welfare. She made no plans or appointments, social or professional, without first consulting Mr. Thalberg.

"Irving's hours are so uncertain," she explained. "He never knows how late he will be detained at the studio. So I manage to have a very elastic schedule at the house. I don't want to worry or hamper Irving by making him feel that it is necessary to have a definite dinner hour or to follow any set routine."

Every evening, between six-thirty and seven, Norma telephoned Mr. Thalberg to ask him about his wishes and plans. Then she arranged the evening accordingly, inviting a few intimate friends for bridge or a picture, if he so wished, or assuring him complete quiet and aloneness if he were tired. Norma managed her home to suit the wishes and happiness of her husband, just as she worked at the studio with the one goal of pleasing him.

"Irving's approval is the most important thing in my professional life," she once said. "The highest praise which I can receive is his 'Good work, Norma.'"

Norma left no stone unturned to increase and preserve their personal happiness.

Carrie, and she gives up her profession for a small tailor shop. Prosperity arrives, and the kids grow up and become Arline Judge and John Howard. Young Mr. Howard gets himself into difficulties when trying to be noble, and the whole thing ends with Carrie going to prison to keep her little brood together. Gladys George does an expert portrayal in the leading role, in spite of the arduous task of being so good for so long. John Howard and Arline Judge play capably, although Arline seems a bit mature for her role of a high-school girl. The rest of the cast, including Harry Carey, Isabel Jewell, Jackie Moran, Charlene Wyatt and Hattie McDaniel, is well chosen.

★★ Polo Joe (Warners)

Here is slick Joe E. Brown entertainment for the kiddies, and those grown-up kiddies (bless their hearts!) whose risibilities are easily tickled by slap-stick antics. His final epic for Warner Brothers (RKO-Radio now has his services) puts Joe on a horse; therefore the title "Polo Joe." It doesn't turn out to be a "horse on Joe," of course, because our acrobatic hero triumphs in the final reel, wins the girl (Carol Hughes), has a chance to exploit, variously, his unique talents. They include: 1. Singing a love song, in Chinese, to the accompaniment of an Oriental orchestral trio. 2. Swinging from a chandelier. 3. A gymnastic encounter with two kidnapers. 4. Rendition of the Three Bears nursery story in his famous "little mouse" style. Summed up, Joe gives his customers their money's worth.

★★ Wedding Present (Paramount)

A guaranteed gloom-chaser, you can't go wrong on this picture. There's nothing but nonsense to it, but it's done on such a high plane of idiocy that plot weaknesses can be laughed off. The gay and giddy cast rounded up includes Joan Bennett, Cary Grant, George Bancroft, Gene Lockhart and Inez Courtney among others. Joan and Cary are a couple of reporters who have fallen in love on company time. Having taken nothing serious in his life before, Cary could hardly be expected not to treat love as something of a gag. But Joan decides to find someone a bit less insane for a life partner, and picks out Conrad Nagel who has taken life seriously enough to write books about it. Cary wins her back by calling out all the sirens in town, something the girl-friend could never resist. George Bancroft, another editor on the verge of a nervous breakdown, gives a top performance. William Demarest, a gangster with a heart of gold, and Edward Brophy, his assistant racketeer, provide some of the picture's more hilarious moments. We've seen Gene Lockhart to better advantage and Inez Courtney has been a lot funnier. It's Cary Grant's picture, but Joan Bennett will surprise you by not only looking prettier than ever, but delivering a performance with a punch.

★★ Dimples (20th Century-Fox)

Even the more rabid Temple fans will find this picture hard to take. In all justice, we should say that Shirley is in there fighting, down to the last curl. But story and direction are of such shoddy stuff that with every dimple turned on, Miss Temple fails to click in many scenes. Frank Morgan, the old scene-swiper, pulls a couple of

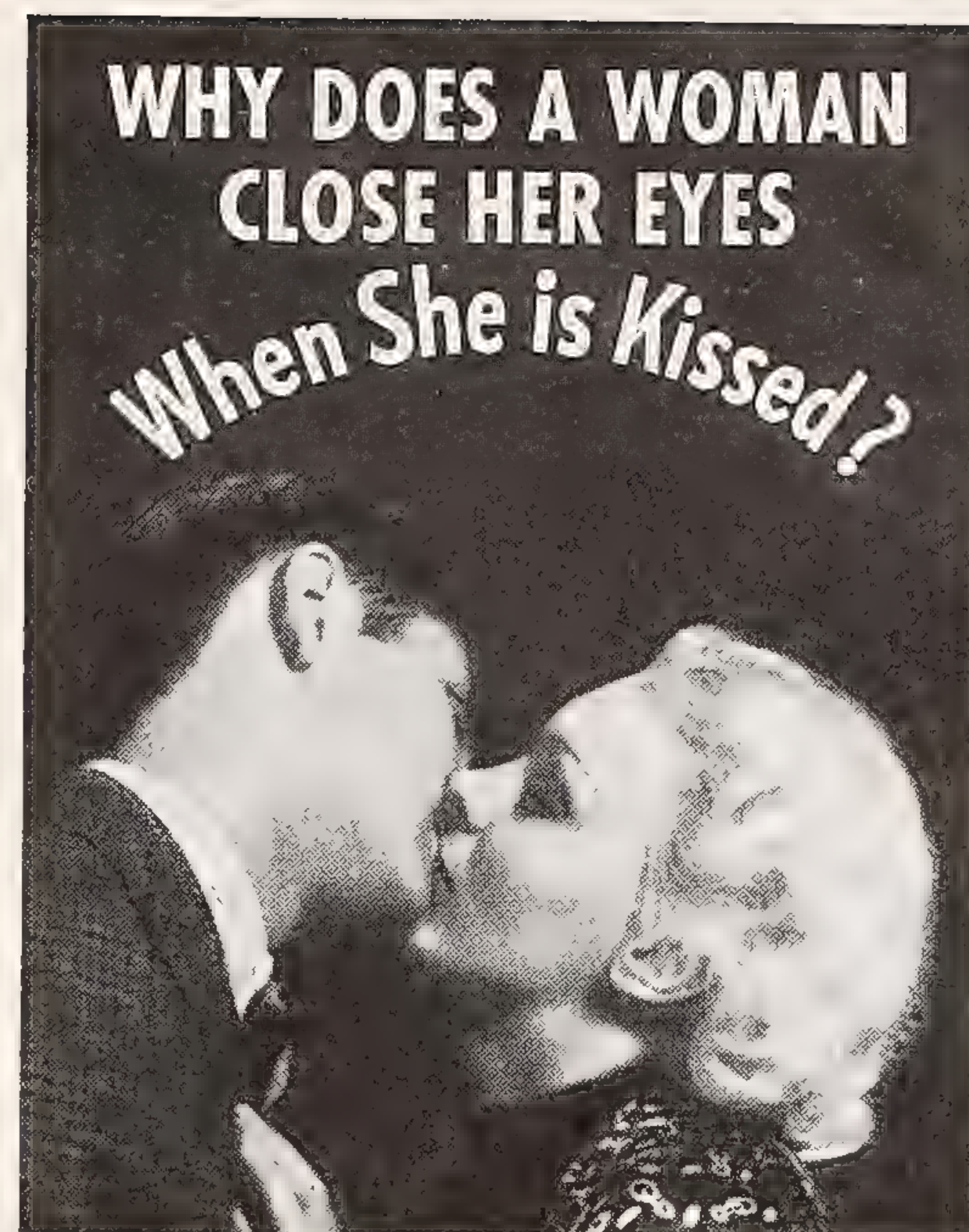
fast ones on the star in this picture, too. He plays the role of Shirley's grandfather, an old rascal with more charm than honesty. True, Mr. Morgan is up to his familiar tricks, but a couple of his scenes brought the biggest hand of the picture from the preview audience. Helen Westley as the kindly lady who wants to adopt Shirley and get her out of the gutter gives an excellent performance; Robert Kent is pleasant enough for the romantic interest, while both Delma Byron and Astrid Allwyn, the feminine leads in his life, are decidedly negative. Stepin Fetchit contributes some of his perennially good antics and Jesse Scott and Thurman Black, the "Two Black Dots" are worth getting acquainted with. The plot is a conglomeration of events all leading up to the inevitable song and dance staged by Shirley. The opening number, "Hey, What Did the Bluejay Say?" sung and danced to harmonica accompaniment, is the outstanding number. The rest range through passable to poor to punk in the final sequence where they have this nice little girl toggled out in a miniature Dietrich model of white satin tails and top hat. There's no denying the Temple talents, but a few more pictures like this will thin out her fans.

★ The Captain's Kid (Warners)

This should go pretty good for the Saturday matinee, but aside from that audience we're afraid it won't meet with too enthusiastic a reception. Sybil Jason is the girl around whom the story is woven, but it's Guy Kibbee who makes the most worthwhile contribution. He gives a really grand characterization of the old sea captain, who divides his time between his beloved boat and the town jail. The captain's kid, Sybil Jason, is the niece of May Robson, a domineering old lady with whom Kibbee has been in love for 10, these fifty years. Miss Robson is too capable in her role, shouting and carrying on in great style between trying to keep Sybil from seeing anything of the captain, and keeping her other niece, Jane Bryan, from seeing too much of Fred Lawrence, the captain's helper. What might laughingly be called the plot has to do with some buried treasure. Sybil finds an old map telling the whereabouts of the buried loot, so she and the captain set sail to find it. This trip gives Sybil an excuse to air a song and dance and Guy a better chance to shoot a man which leads to a long and harrowing trial. One scene in the prison cell between the small star and Mr. Kibbee proves that Sybil really has what it takes. But more care as to story and direction will be needed if she is not to be typed as just too, too cute.

★ The Longest Night (M-G-M)

Mystery, murder, laughs and love are turned at such a fast and furious rate here that you probably won't mind about it all being pretty trite stuff. Robert Young carries most of it off with his familiar, but competent, playboy antics. A large department store, which has fallen to his lot, provides the story's background. And here the usual cross-section of human beings goes into action. There are crooked clerks, poor-but-honest ones, the weak and the strong, the bright and the balmy. There are also some that aren't a bit hard on the eyes—chiefly Julie Haydon and Florence Rice. Robert, when he finally shows up to tend to business, promptly falls in love with Florence. The fact that Julie is her sister and also in cahoots with the gang that's railroading the dirty work



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in the store, makes things a bit complicated. The plot may be found wanting, but there's no shortage in intrigue, excitement and corpses. It's a big dose, but if you can take this sort of thing you'll be well diverted for an hour. Ted Healy, Sidney Toler and Catherine Doucet furnish their usual good comedy.

★★ Wives Never Know

(Paramount)

If you are a Boland-Ruggles fan, you will find this one of their better pictures. Even if you have no yen for their particular type of antics, you will still find yourself chuckling over this one and overlooking the fact that the story is overdrawn and overplayed in many instances. Charlie and Mary have been married some twenty years. Twenty years have not blighted their love for one another, but Adolphe Menjou manages it in twenty minutes. The author of a best-seller on the horrors of wedlock, he comes to visit the happy couple and informs Mary Boland that she and her husband are just contented vegetables. Having seen the light, Mary is miserable over the fact that Charlie has made her so happy. So he obligingly turns to wine, women and song in order to make his wife miserable enough to make her contented again. Adolphe Menjou is not at his best with such obvious comedy and Vivienne Osborne plays the siren role with too heavy a foot on the hard pedal. However, she has one scene that's a wow when she attempts to get Menjou down to brass tacks on the marriage question. Claude Gillingwater, Louise Beavers and Fay Holden are well cast in minor roles.

★ Three Married Men

(Paramount)

Based on the trials and tribulations of three married men, this turns out to be anything but the gloomy picture one would expect. The fact that Roscoe Karns, William Frawley and Lynne Overman are the gentlemen in the case has a good deal to do with it. Lynne and Bill are Mary Brian's brothers and Roscoe is her intended groom. She finally marries the guy, in spite of the fact that her brothers and

her entire family do all in their power to avert the disaster. Mary's family is not the only one which views the wedding with alarm, for Roscoe's is equally apprehensive. It all dates back to a family feud that started forty years ago. There was as much point to the feud as there is to this picture, but both are lively enough. George Barbier is responsible for a lot of chuckles, as are Marjorie Gateson, Betty Ross Clarke and Mabel Colcord, a few of the in-laws. Mary Brian looks prettier than ever and handles her role capably.

★ Thank You, Jeeves

(20th Century-Fox)

This film is one of those things. You can take it or leave it. You can take, for instance, Arthur Treacher's amusing and sometimes hilarious performance as the impeccable "gentleman's gentleman" made famous by the P. G. Wodehouse stories. You can also take the nice light comedy of David Niven in the role of Bertie Wooster, Jeeves' slightly demented master. As for the other characters, the direction and most of the script, faint praise is much too good for them. The scenarists have relied too much on stock situations, and the director went to too many pains to make the obvious even more so. The result is an unsatisfactory picture, but one which makes one hope the Niven-Treacher combination will be allowed to perform again under more favorable auspices.

★ Murder with Pictures

(Paramount)

There were so many people chasing each other in this one that we were too dizzy to get the last sequences straight. However, it no doubt turned out logically—to the director at least—and the cast seemed to be having a fine time. We hope they did anyway, for they were a good crowd—Gail Patrick, Lew Ayres, Paul Kelly, Benny Baker, Ernest Cossart and Joyce Compton among others. The plot keeps up a lively pace and is not without complications if you don't object to tricks. Dialogue is snappy, too, full of wisecracks that you can't help laughing at again.

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 25)

and how! and besides use it like a real Yankee.

4. I get my money's worth of seeing Hollywood-made pictures, for they are better in every way when compared to the poor European and Japanese pictures.

5. I can sing American jazz songs just like a crooner; viz, Bing Crosby or Al Jolson.

6. I learn how to dress like a Beau Brummel by imitating their smart cut in clothes, thereby making me the dandy of my town. But my enthusiasm has changed to sorrow, for it caused my downfall when romancing in typical Hollywood fashion, for what did I get from my girl-friend but a cold shoulder, for she says it's undignified to love in Japan in true movie style!—Tokuo Doi, Kyoto, Japan.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Gable Fans' Rally

I've seen every one of Gable's thirty-odd pictures I've seen him dirty and

messy in "San Francisco"; sinister in "Night Nurse"; comic in "It Happened One Night"; dramatic in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Men in White." Would the handsome Bob Taylor be able to play such varied roles with the same sincerity that Gable does? I think not. Would he remain as fascinating if he acted in an earthquake or war scene, with the subsequent change in his appearance? Again, I think not. Have you heard the men say they find qualities in him to admire as they say about Gable? I haven't.

I've read that Taylor's fan mail proves him more popular than Gable. My idea is that after five years of continued popularity such as Gable has been enjoying, some of us take his fine performances a little for granted and don't let him know how tremendously popular he still is. So come on, Gable fans, let's tell Mr. M-G-M that, while we think perfect, handsome boys are all right, we'd rather ignore big ears in a man who, although only attractive and charming, can really act.—Eleanor Kammerer, New York, N. Y.

The Good Earth

(Continued from page 63)

food—he feared one would steal it. In this house, we throw such meat to dogs.”

“In Shantung, I knew a kitchen girl and they gave her to a farmer. He beat her twelve times in two days and then sent her back.”

Malicious laughter. The inevitable sniggering of the mongrel breed in the presence of the humble and lowly. Then a harsh, authoritative voice sent the tormentors scattering. Cuckoo, stewardess of Lord Hwang's great house. . . .

“Why are you sitting there, fool?” she cried to the immobile figure by the sink. “Are you ready? Is that your box? Open it—we’ll see if everything in it is yours.”

The pitiful belongings were tumbled and tossed about.

“These! When did you steal these?” A bracelet—a cheap string of wooden beads were in Cuckoo's hand. O-lan answered in her slow, flat voice, “My mother gave them to me.”

“Well, pick up your rags.” Cuckoo flung the pathetic trinkets to the ground. “The Old Mistress waits.”

The Old Mistress of the House of Hwang bid fair, for sheer boredom or the drowsiness induced by her ever-present opium pipe, never to complete the perfunctory statements which rendered O-lan the wife and chattel of Wang the farmer. With long intervals of silence, she mumbled the necessary words. She said carelessly that O-lin was a virtuous maid—naturally, since she was too ugly to pleasure the Princes of the house. Wang must bring the first son to the Great House on the first day of the New Year. Well, and what were they waiting for? Begone! Begone!

The feast—the very small feast—was a great success, the food cunningly seasoned with this and that of herbs. The guests were farmers from the neighborhood and—grudging hospitality!—Wang's uncle and cousin. His uncle, a shiftless, plausible fellow, ever borrowing, never giving; the cousin, viciously wise beyond his years. But what would you? The gods punish those who do not honor their father's generation. Heard above the cousin's ribald jokes were many praises for the feast.

“Oh, it is poor food—and ill prepared,” said Wang and his father politely.

In the kitchen, O-lan smiled with quiet pleasure as she heard these testimonies to her skill. And what thoughts were there, behind her plain, stolid face? Perhaps she thought how Wang, when he saw her staggering under the load of her heavy box, had taken it from her and had given her only the light basket of food to carry. Perhaps she thought how, at a fruit vender's, he had bought her peaches, and had not reprimanded her when she dared to eat. Perhaps she thought how, passing the uncle's ramshackle hut, he had, with the sudden anger of the meek, thrown the cousin into the gutter with one twist of his mighty arm, when the cousin had jeered at her plain face and unbound feet. (And then, to be sure, hastily invited the cousin and his father to that night's feast, which invitation was as hastily accepted.)

O-lan took something in her hand and went out the kitchen door. The guests were leaving. . . . her work was done. She knelt down under the stars and dug with her hands in the rich, good earth. She was patting and replacing the soil when Wang the farmer came out and found her

there. Hastily, as though to ward off a blow, she put up her hand.

“The peach seed . . . A tree will grow from it,” said O-lan.

Wang's voice was kindly, though his face betrayed no emotion:

“Why did you put up your hand? Were you afraid?”

O-lan nodded, almost imperceptibly.

“They were not good to you in the Great House?” Again, a slight movement of the head. “No!”

“I shall be good to you.” Wang raised his lantern and held it over her head. Its rays brought something into the woman's face that had not been there before. Tears—unaccustomed—and a beauty that was unaccustomed, too.

IT seemed to Wang, during the next months, that life was a luxury indeed. In the morning, water was brought, and he did not bring it. In the evenings, food was prepared, and food with a difference he well could comprehend. One day, he observed that his blue cotton clothing was ever clean and mended, and the clothing of his father, too. No longer did vermin infest the bedding. And when this or that household implement was broken, no longer was it thrown away, nor was there talk of money to replace it, but it appeared again, neatly mended and as good as new. He wondered about this woman, who gave no talk beyond replies to his questions. And then he upbraided himself for wondering. After all, she was only a woman. . . .

Wang, in his rice field, bent and lifted his great strong back in the patient rhythm of labor. The sun was passing hot, but there was much still to be done. A shadow fell across his path—O-lan, a hoe on her shoulder. Wang glanced at her curiously.

“There is no work in the house until nightfall,” said the flat voice, and she fell into rhythm beside him.

They worked together under the blazing sun, their clothing clinging like skin to their bodies. On and on, without word or pause. After a long time. O-lan said, “I am with child.”

She went on with her work until Wang took the hoe from her. His voice was thick in his throat. “Enough for today. We'll tell my father.”

Once within the house, Wang followed the woman into the kitchen.

“I know nothing of these things,” he murmured. “When the child is born, you'll need a woman. Perhaps there's one in the Great House—someone you knew in the kitchen?”

“No one in that house!” O-lan's flat voice quickened with intensity. Then, more soberly, “When I go back to that house, it will be with my son in my arms. I'll have a red coat on him, and red flowered trousers, and a hat with a gilded Buddha, and tiger-faced shoes. And I'll go into the kitchen where I spent my days as a slave, and into the Great Hall where the Old Mistress sits with her pipe, and I'll show myself and my son to all of them.”

Not before had Wang heard this woman speak at such length. He looked upon her with amazement. Then, gruffly, “I suppose you'll need some money?”

“If you will give me three pieces of silver? It is a great deal, but I will not waste any of it.”

Wang reached into his garments and brought out silver. He counted three

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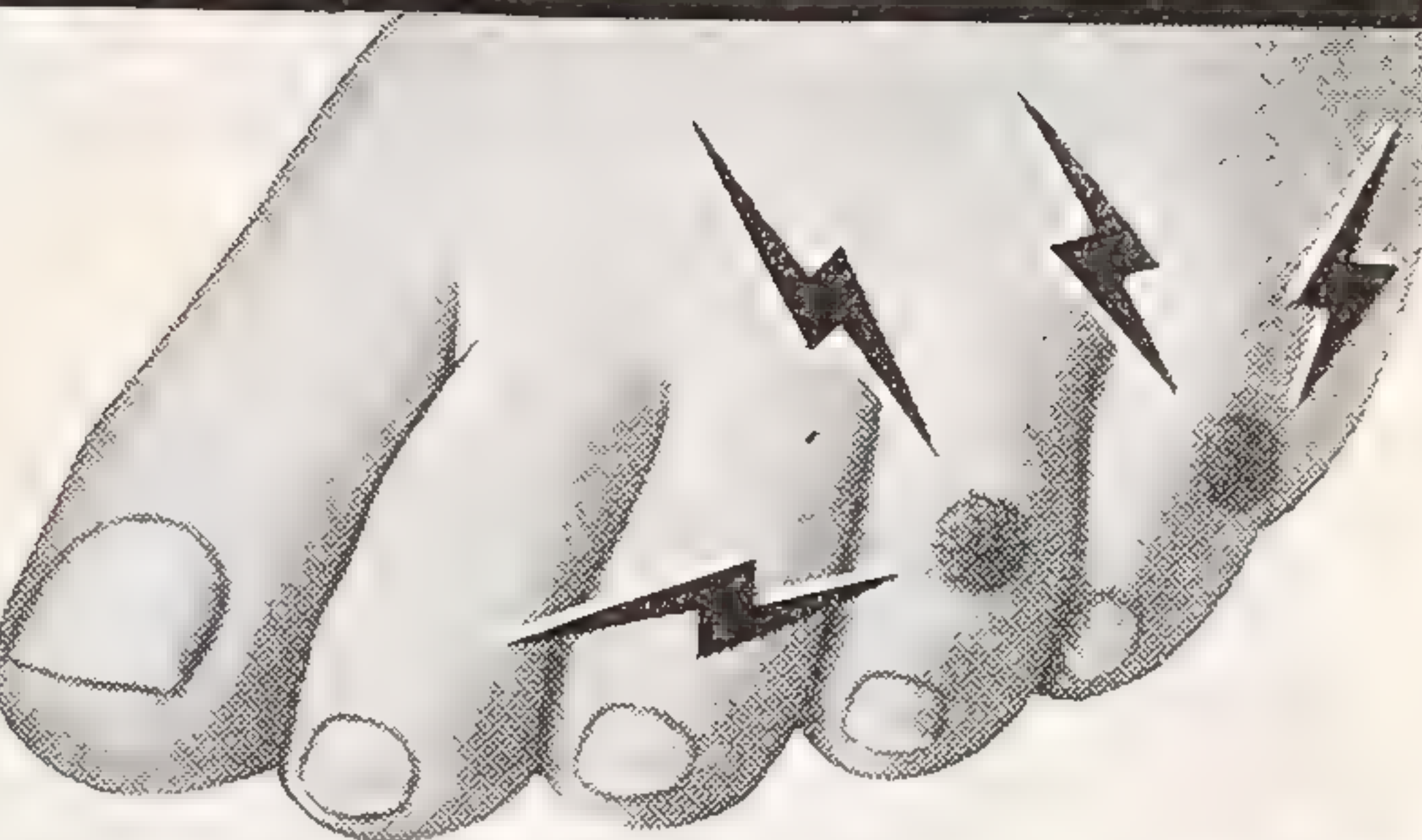
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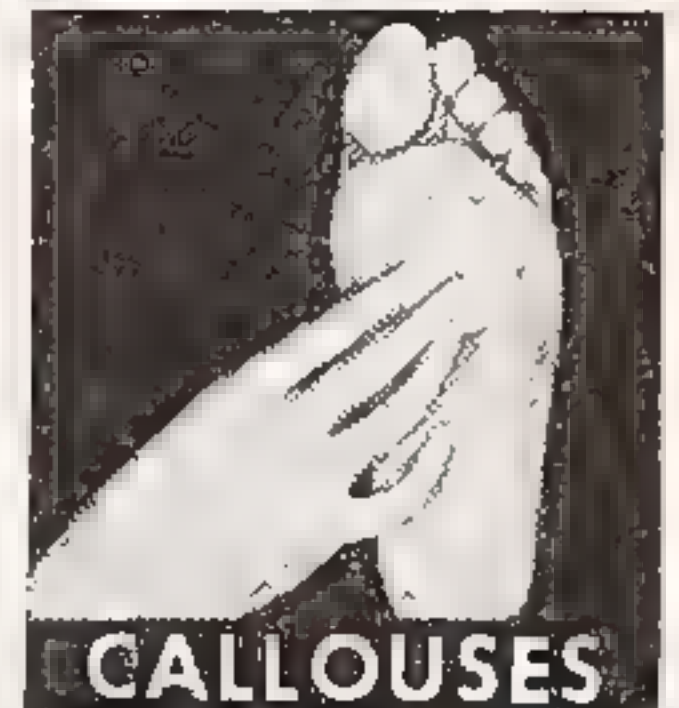
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pieces into O-lan's hand—then carefully added a fourth. "After all, he is the first!" he said.

O-lan's hands were clutched tight to her breast. Her voice came in a hoarse whisper. "This is the first time . . . I have ever held silver money in my hand!"

The harvest came, and was stored safely, but with great labor against a threat of storm. And O-lan worked in the fields with her child nigh born, the pain so great that she could scarce lift the gathered wheat. And at last, against her will, she crawled back to the house, crept to her room, carrying a fresh split reed for what must be done—alone. "No one from that house!" No one, while the wind soared and the rain came down and the farmers worked at impossible speed—Wang and Ching and Ching's wife and even the old father—all, all except Wang's uncle, who glanced up from his game of cards in town and said, "How sorry, my harvest will be spoiled. But my nephew Wang, he is a good and kindly man and will take pity on his poor uncle, whose wife bears him only daughters and whose fields bear him only weeds."

THE storm gone, the uncle and the uncle's wife hurried to the brother's house to see what they could see. They saw wheat neatly stacked in shelter, and from the inner room there came a lusty cry and the uncle's wife, slatternly, but good-natured withal, hurried within, bustling and calling that here indeed was work to be done—after all work was over. And then came Wang, famished and weary from his labor, and he seized a bowl of rice hastily and then he too heard the cry and hurried to the inner room, thrusting aside the exclamations of his father's brother and the aunt.

The child was wrapped in a pair of Wang's old trousers, as was the custom. O-lan was kneeling beside a chest, folding some garment. Another cry—a man child's cry—rent the air and Wang, seeing the little fists of his son waving with baby strength, took that for a sign of recognition and his heart swelled as if it would burst.

On New Year's day, they went to the Great House. O-lan replied not one word to the sarcasm of Cuckoo. The Old Mistress muttered drowsily that it was a fine child. Wang, silver in his garments from the year's harvest, bought from the Great House a strip of land adjacent to his own. Hard-won silver to him—a bit of coin, to the Old Mistress that would perhaps still her craving for yet another day. And there was a great feast that night in Wang's home.

There was yet another feast—but smaller, as was seemly—a certain time after that, when Younger Son was born. And no feast at all, the third time when the first girl came—a mere slave, but what would you? The gods cannot smile on one man eternally. And each year, Wang added to his fields until there were five besides his own original one.

Then, one summer, when Elder Son was eight years of age, the sun shone as it never had before and planting had gone apace, but the sun continued to shine blandly and unceasingly, and there was no rain to water the crops. In the house of Wang, the merest trifle of water was used for household needs and all was poured onto the soil. When one field withered and died, Wang thought, "I have yet four more," but a second turned brown and useless and then a third and when his uncle came begging for a little silver "to tide him over till harvest day," O-lan strove for the first time to curb her husband's generosity. O-lan who remembered the days of famine in her childhood when she had been sold as a slave into the

Great House. Then, day after day, they scanned the heavens, which shone with a wicked brightness, until at last they knew there was no hope. What use silver—little though it was—when there was no food? They ate what was stored, eking it out to endless length, and then ground up corn husks for food. O-lan slaughtered the ox, when Wang could not, for the ox had been his friend, and at last the meat was gone and the bones crushed for the marrow that was in them. There was no work to be done and sleep—fitful, nightmare sleep—stilled for a while the craving of their empty bellies.

Then, the last of all the starving village, Wang said, "Let us leave our home and our fields. Let us go South."

In a hut made of straw mats, leaning against the wall of a southern city, O-lan taught her pupils.

"Now, take the bowl in your hand, so. Now, hold it out, so and cry," her stolid voice changed, rose in a wail that would soften a man of stone. "A heart, good sir! A good deed for your life in heaven! The coin you throw away—feed a starving child!"

"Now then, now then!" called Wang in amazement.

O-lan looked at him and her eyes dropped timidly. "So I begged when I was a child—in times like these."

Well, O-lan and the boys and the old father might beg, but Wang would not, he vowed. He rented a ricksha and pulled his vitals out for a few pence a day. Then came a horde of soldiers through the city, seizing this one and that for slaves to bear their arms and bedding, and Wang dared not go out in daylight. Thereafter, he pulled the great vans down by the warehouses at night for less pence in a week than a day's labor in the fields would bring him. And he so often said, "Ah, let us go home and starve if need be—'tis better than here. If I had anything to sell, I'd sell it and go back to the land."

Then O-lan said, "In times like these, my parents found a way to go back—they sold me to the Old Mistress."

Wang caught his breath. "You would sell the Little One?" This girl, now, a mere slave, but she had torn at his heart strings in those last days in the north when O-lan had found means to feed her only by chewing seed, one at a time, and pushing the pulp into the little thing's mouth. So thin, she had been, and the life fluttering back and forth in her till it was a question whether she would go or stay. And now, with little care enough, as children will do, she was plump and merry and a pretty one, though she said no word as yet.

"You would sell the girl?" Wang repeated.

"I'd sell her," O-lan said. "To take you back to the land."

LITTLE GIRL smiled her baby smile. Wang asked, not looking at his wife, "Were you ever beaten in the Great House?"

"Every day I was beaten."

"But this child is pretty—they did not beat the pretty slaves?"

"No," O-lan said. "They didn't beat the pretty ones."

Wang rose to his feet. "If it weren't for me, you'd die before you'd sell her. We won't sell her—not if I spend my life in this wilderness."

And then later, in response to his misery, O-lan said, "Wait yet a little. There is talk about. When the rich are too rich, and the poor are too poor, things come to pass."

"When the rich are too rich". . . Things came to pass indeed, one day. There was a rush of soldiers' feet in the

streets and Wang stayed within the hut, for fear of being taken to the wars. But O-lan went out and was pushed along with the crowd—through the town, through the gates of a noble house. And on and on she went, not comprehending, but merely going. Through outer courts, from which slaves with pearls in their shoes had fled, through inner courts where there was no man, and at last into a private inner room, and here was a huge mountain of a man, his rolls of yellow flesh quivering with fright. He stared at O-lan, with terror causing his eyes to pop out of his head, and he said, "My life! My life! Take these, but spare my life!" He thrust a heavy pouch into her hands and she took it, still uncomprehending. When he was gone, she dared look, and in her hand she saw glittering red and green stones and white stones, too, but these were not the white she had known, but white with a fire that she had never seen.

After a long time, strong arms came and bore her away into the outer court where were many like herself and the soldiers were lining them up in groups against the wall. From a tattered wretch a stolen satin garment was torn and he was thrown against the wall, too. O-lan shrunk back as far as she could—the pouch of jewels was in her garments but they would find it—they would find it!

"You thieves shall be taught a lesson!" thundered one in a strange garb. There was a roar of gunfire and the line against the wall dropped. Never crying out, but trembling as though with an ague, O-lan kept shrinking back, back—her thoughts of the little ones, Wang, the old father. Then the commanding voice rose again:

"We are Republicans, not bandits. We come to free the city, not to kill. You have seen what happens to thieves. Go your way—but remember, anyone caught looting shall be shot!"

The memory of that time in the southern city passed, as the memory of a nightmare. And the northern farmland came to harvest—to many harvests—again, with the seed that the southern jewels had bought. Neighbor Ching joined his labors to Wang's. Elder Son learned the ways of writing and figuring in the town and could manage the sale of his father's grain. Younger Son, a strange child, was set upon the study of this new-fangled agriculture—a kind of book, Wang believed, which could make the heavens rain just enough and not too much. Little Girl only remained the same. She spoke no words at all beyond her baby jargon and sat in the sun all day, twisting a bit of cloth. Wang often thought to himself, "Suppose we had sold this poor mouse and they had found her this way. They would have killed her." And so he was always gentle and kind with her. O-lan took up her busy life where she had left it, and if a strange fire in her vitals sometimes caused her to sink to the earth in pain, no one ever knew or saw.

One day, in the shop of Liu, the grain merchant, there was men's talk, after business had been transacted, of the new tea shop and sly smiles passed between Liu and Wang's uncle—ever present with his oily tongue and itching fingers—and would not Wang the farmer, nay, Wang the merchant!—care to stop there for a little fragrant wine and perhaps an hour's pleasure with a pretty girl? What harm?

Wang said uncomfortably, "But I don't want any girl. No girls! No girls!"

However, impelled by curiosity, drawn on by flattery, he went to the tea shop and when rice and wine were set before him, a singularly familiar voice was heard.

"Well, and it's Wang the farmer!" Cuckoo, by the gods, her shrewish face no older, her shrewish voice no softer.

And the guile of the uncle and the guile of Cuckoo led Wang to an inner room where there were dream women's portraits on the wall, and though he gruffly feigned disinterest, there was one with a little pink face and tiny curling hands before which he stopped and stared.

"Her hands are so small," he said as though to himself.

"She has little hands—and little feet—and a little pointed face like a flower," said the voice of Cuckoo behind him.

"And she is real?"

Cuckoo smiled. "Put a little silver in my hand and I will place her before you."

FIRST a little silver—then a great stream of silver—poured from Wang's hands from that day forth. To the despair of O-lan, he cut off his long queue. And no longer would her stoutly made garments do for him—he must have this and that of silken cloth tailored for him in the town. And the day came, at last, when he bought the Great House of Hwang, now falling and rotted from within. The rabble that dwelt in the courts were turned away and lilies bloomed again in fragrant pools and more silver went for chests and screens. And Lotus to the very innermost court was brought, with Cuckoo to wait on her. Wang had said to O-lan,

"There is a woman. Not such a one as you—not as good as you . . ."

"But she is beautiful?" O-lan's voice was very low, and her breath difficult, as though she suffered pain.

"She is beautiful," Wang had replied.

O-lan's hands pressed tightly together, to still a cry that a double pain would wring from her. "You are a man," was all she said.

Wang forced down something like pity that rose within him. "It's like a sickness. When I'm with her, it's not enough. When I'm not with her, there is nothing. Even the land is nothing. . . ."

O-lan answered quietly, "Then it will be better when she's in your house."

For a space of time, Wang slaked the thirst of his love and it seemed that peace was upon him. So long as there was silver, Lotus' pretty eyes did not fill with tears and her upbraiding did not ring in his head. So long as there was silver, Ching paid the laborers and managed all there was to do on the land. Yes, silver brought a man peace.

But then, at first there was gossip, to which Wang paid no heed. Gossip that Elder Son went often to the inner court and that Lotus found him pleasing. O-lan, speaking slowly and painfully, urged that Elder Son be married speedily to some maid, but Wang replied that there was time—there was yet time! At last the evil thought grew in Wang's mind so great that he paid a sudden visit to the inner court—and met the ugly truth face to face. He beat Lotus until her meagre little soul was imprinted forever with a respect for her lord. And he shouted that Elder Son should go—should leave his house forever!

Elder Son would have gone, fierce and uncompromising in his youthful pride, but on that very day, a cloud fell across the sky and a laborer brought to Wang a dead thing—a small dead thing that presaged yet another evil that silver could not render non-existent. Locusts! In the distance, the sky was black with them. And Wang rushed out upon his land for the first time in many months.

Elder Son came running forth to see what the panic was about. O-lan stirred painfully from her place in the kitchen, but fell back again, her face twisted anew with the fire in her vitals.

Then Younger Son spoke: "My father, the new scholars say that one should burn

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the outlying fields. Make a great fire, and the locusts will be burned and so you will save the inner fields."

This unheard of thing! This wicked thing! To burn one's fields! But Younger Son spoke with unwonted vehemence and at last it was done and the flying things dropped to the earth in hordes and most of Wang's land was saved.

Then, indeed, sanity returned to him and he saw Lotus for the pretty, but faithless thing she was. She might stay, but no longer would he sicken and die at her slightest frown. Then, indeed, he looked more closely at O-lan and saw that the fire within her vitals was burning her life away and he spoke hastily of getting a doctor—the best—she should have the best.

But O-lan, speaking ever slowly, told him that it was of no use. If he would

see to the marriage of Elder Son? If Wang would forgive Elder Son, and see that this thing was done?

"It shall be done," Wang said.

... In a plain room in the great house, O-lan sat, raised up in her bed. There was chatter and merriment without and it made her happy to hear it. There was rice, there were sweet cakes, there was wine—she had seen to it all. The bride was a pretty maid—and proper. The uncle's voice rose, pompously proclaiming a toast to the groom. Jokes—ribald laughter.

So it had been—but little different, after all—many years ago. Now she could rest and wait for this thing inside of her to come and take her.

Wang came to her side. "You must get your strength. The learned doctor has guaranteed your life to me for five thousand pieces of silver."

O-lan put out her hand and touched his cheek.

"I cannot—forgive me."

"But this I cannot bear!" cried Wang in anguish. "I'd sell my land, if I could heal you."

O-lan murmured with difficulty, "No . . . and I would not . . . let you . . . for I must die sometime. But the land is there after me." She motioned to Wang to lift her up, and he raised her tenderly in his strong arms. "It is raining," said O-lan. "The land . . ."

Slowly, she sank back in his arms and he laid her gently upon the bed. The sound of the rain grew stronger, beating down upon the earth. Wang went out into the court and raised his face up to the midnight black sky.

"O-lan!" his lips moved. "O-lan! You are—you are the earth!"

"Your Autograph, Please?"

(Continued from page 19)

and looked at me for a moment, startled. Then she laughed outright and, taking my book signed, saying, "All right, you win."

As I turn the pages of my book I come to the autograph of Mae West. It took me a long time to get that one. The first time I tried proved a dismal failure. I had sighted her one night pushing her way through a crowd. Stepping between her and her car, I proceeded to ask Miss West for her signature. Before I had a chance to say a word she reached out, pushed me aside, and instead of inviting me to "Come up and see me sometime," she said, as only she can, "Out of my way, son." Instead of discouraging me, those words made me want that signature all the more. I vowed that some day I'd get it, and I did. Recognizing her car as it stood at the curb outside of "Jim's," Hollywood beauty salon, I parked myself alongside the machine, determined to stay there until Mae came out—even if it took all night.

But apparently that had been tried before. I had hardly placed myself alongside the car, when out came one of the beauty operators with the suggestion that if I sent my book in to Miss West she would gladly sign it. The operator explained that Miss West generally did this to save herself from being mobbed by autograph seekers who also might attract an unmanageable crowd. Curious, I asked this operator how Miss West knew that I was waiting for her autograph. "Her chauffeur told her," she answered. "He has been trained to smell out autograph hounds." Wow!!!

These tricks to get away from autograph collectors like myself, have only one result—they have forced the autograph seekers to develop ingenious methods of their own to get at the stars. It's the old, old story of the burglar-proof safe, which is only burglar-proof until some thief invents a means of getting inside it. In my own case these tricks have forced me to learn, for one thing, the license numbers, makes and types of automobiles owned by the various stars. I gained this valuable information by spotting these machines as they waited outside the various eating places, theatres, night spots and shops.

For instance, I can really tell you off-hand the exact color and other distinguishing features of Norma Shearer's Rolls Royce sedan. It's one car I can tell a mile away by its flashy chromium. Of course, Gary Cooper's car is a cinch. It is the only one of its particular type in the United

States—a big powerful Dusenbergs, which should be able to beat most of the ordinary race cars on the average American track. As yet I haven't had a chance to see Gary's new car. But I'll spot it soon.

Eddie Robinson's automobile is also a cinch. Not because it is the only one of its kind in the country, but because of its peculiar shade of blue, which is different from any I have ever seen. Incidentally, here is one thing you can always be sure of where that gas-buggy is concerned. Whenever you see it on the road, Eddie will be behind its wheel, nervously chewing on the end of a big black cigar.

To disclose all my tricks would undoubtedly mean good-by autographs. However, here is one you may find interesting. At least it has gained me a lot of autographs—those of Barbara Stanwyck, Elissa Landi, Gene Raymond, Robert Montgomery and Ann Dvorak, to mention a few. While stars are busy plodding their way through crowds, I hide myself in their cars. When they open the door, I pop up. Startled, they generally sign my book before having a chance to recover their composure. It's great fun—except when I have to worry about bodyguards.

Very often autograph seekers are forced to co-operate with one another. Here is one example of such co-operation. It added Jean Harlow's signature to my collection. Learning that Miss Harlow was having lunch in a popular Hollywood restaurant, I gathered together a group of autograph collectors—who had already obtained her signature—and induced them to stand in front of the eating place. I knew that Miss Harlow would hear of it, and figured she would be frightened into sneaking out the back way. That is just what she did. And when she came out the back entrance, there I was waiting for her, with a big grin and book in hand.

Even the youngsters have their place in autograph collecting, as I found out the time I got Wally Beery's signature. Late one night I had waited about two hours for him to come out of the Beverly Brown Derby. When he did, about 'steen autograph seekers suddenly appeared from nowhere. It was too much for Wally. He started to duck—when up piped a small girl in the group (she was about twelve years old), "Oh! Mr. Beery!"

"What are you doing up so late at night?" he shot back at her.

"I've been waiting up to get your autograph—and the least you can do is give

it to me," was her rejoinder. What could Wally do? Naturally he signed all the books thrust at him.

I always believed that Connie Bennett was "snooty." Here's what made me change my mind. I saw her sitting in her car, in front of an exclusive film colony dress shop. She was giving autographs through the window. I tried to shove my book at her, but the crowd was too thick. I stepped to the other side of her car, and tried to gain her attention there. It was no use. Exasperated, I took the liberty of opening the door of her machine, got in and sat down beside her. First she was startled (that's a big secret, startle them, take them off their guard), then she grinned, took my book and asked me for my pen. I started to look for it and found it gone. What a time to lose a pen! Embarrassing moments. But Miss Bennett proved a good sport. She took her own pen out of her purse and cheerfully signed her name in my, now almost filled, autograph book.

The one autograph I value the most was among the easiest to get. It's Loretta Young's. It wasn't the getting that makes it valuable to me, but the way it was given. I got it at a preview of "White Parade," which starred Miss Young and John Boles. Loretta was in the theatre at the time of the preview. I saw her as she was leaving through the lobby. From the balcony I made it downstairs in less than nothing flat. I had never missed one of her pictures, and felt that I knew her.

Loretta shook hands with me and discussed the film for several minutes, wringing me dry of any ideas I might have had about "White Parade." Then with a smile she signed my book, and *thanking me*, asked where I was from. When I said Boston, she remarked she was glad to meet a true Bostonian, especially since "Boston" was her nickname in the picture. Believed it good luck. Her charm, pleasantness and cordiality absolutely amazed me. I could hardly believe that so famous a person could be so nice to a total stranger. I have since learned that Loretta Young is everything she showed herself to be that night, a sweet, young, beautiful and sincere motion picture actress. How easy it would be on us autograph seekers if all screen stars were like her!

Yet, though many aren't, when I sum up what I have told you, I find myself with the grand total of three hundred and eighty-five autographs—everyone a "big timer."



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